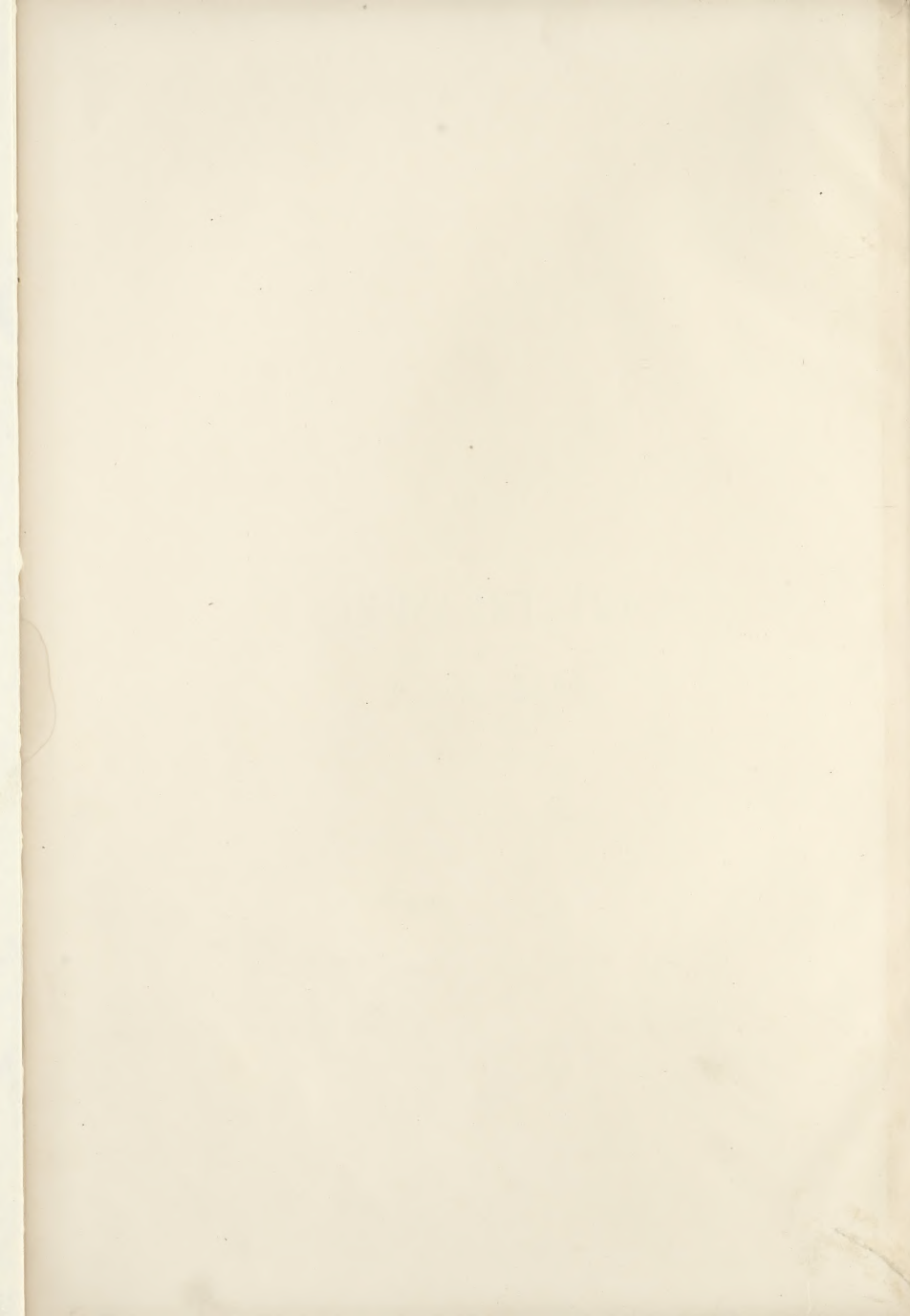
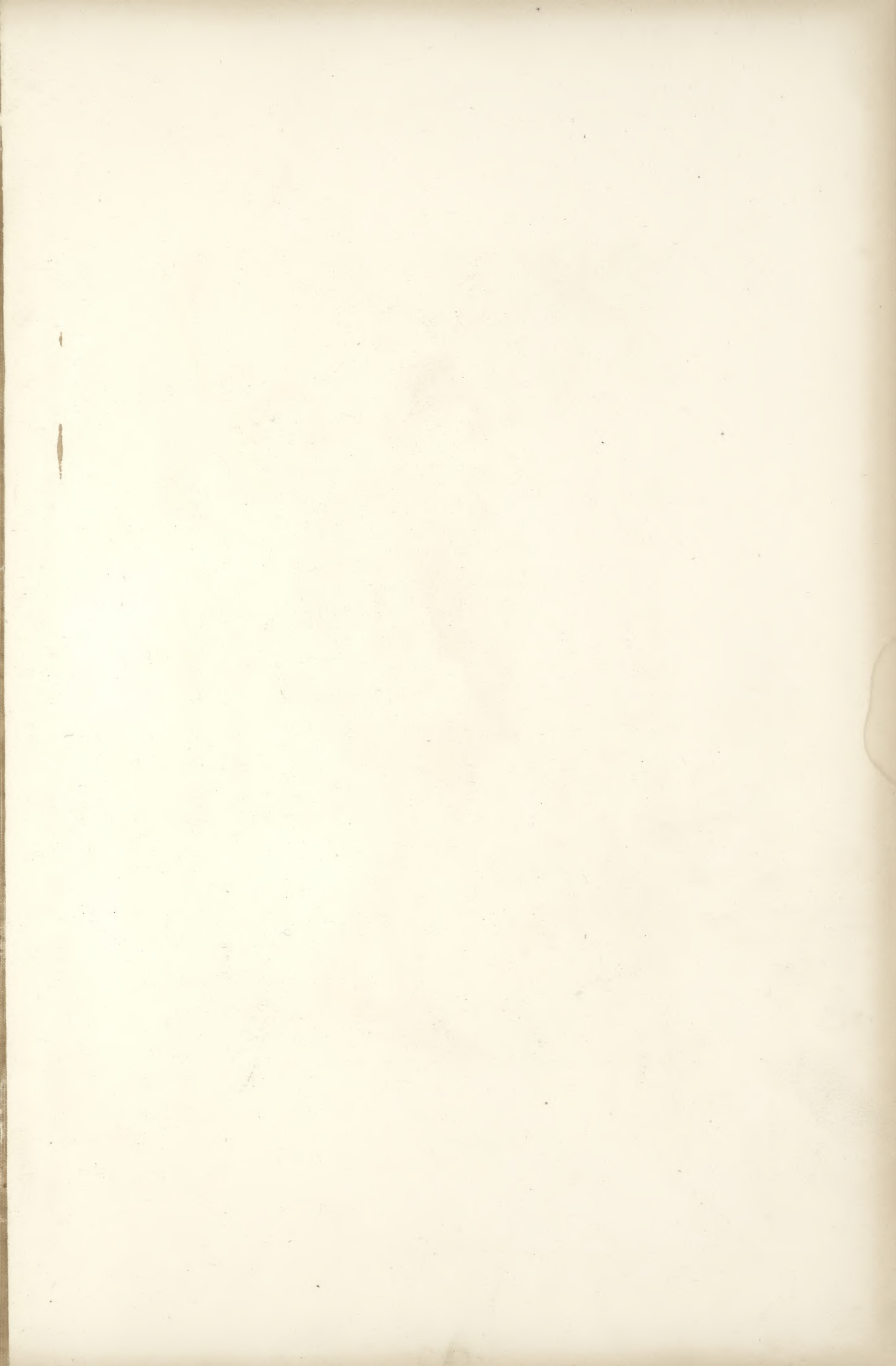




THE
ART TREASURES
OF
AMERICA

FIRST SERIES







THE RIGHT PATH.

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THE

ART TREASURES

OF

AMERICA

BEING THE

CHOICEST WORKS OF ART IN THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS
OF NORTH AMERICA

EDITED BY

EDWARD STRAHAN

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THE
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OF
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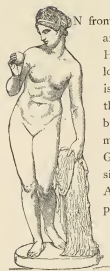
MR. WILLIAM W. FITCH.

Portrait of Mr. William W. Fitch, President of the American Society of Civil Engineers, taken at New York, N.Y., 1876.

MADE IN U.S.A.



THE CORCORAN GALLERY, WASHINGTON.



VENUS VICTRIX.
CAST, AFTER THORWALDSEN.

IN front of the War Department in Washington, and likewise nearly opposite the White House, we see a conspicuous building, new-looking, though sober in color. This is the edifice destined to be sung by all the muses of history as the first Gallery built and endowed and dedicated to a community by an American. The Corcoran Gallery of Art is placed in one of the best situations in Washington, on Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth Street, and is at present one hundred and six feet by one hundred and twenty-five feet in dimensions. Arrangements for enlarging the site are actively progressing, and may be considered certain to succeed, though just now impeded by a repetition of the story of the miller who refused to sell to Frederick the Great the windmill that was an eyesore from Sans Souci; the owner of a necessary plot holds out for a monstrous price. Looking up at the façade as we are about to enter, we observe three miniature *pavillons* rather crushed together, a mansard at each corner and a square dome in the

middle; a renaissance motif in red brick, dressed out with brown-stone; rusticated ground floor, serving as base to a Louvre-like second-story, where couples of pillars are interrupted by niches, with Ezekiel's statues of Phidias, Raphael, etc. As caps to the pillars, there are tufts of leaves, as different from the classical acanthus as from the Gothic scroll-work; the capitals represent Indian corn. In the middle the monogram of the modern Mæcenas—Mr. William W. Corcoran.

What a proud signature, and what a noble inscription on a page of architecture! Alone of all the wealthy sovereigns of this country, Mr. Corcoran imagined the consecration of his great wealth to Art. First of all our innumerable connoisseurs and art-patrons, it occurred to him to erect and endow a monument of beneficence, for which all generations of art-lovers shall call him blessed. And, what is the most appropriate of coincidences, this great example is set in Washington, the American capital, in a national sense the most representative of our cities. All encouragement of cliques and clanships is rebuked by this broadly American initiative. Considering what a thoroughfare Washington is, and what kind of a thoroughfare; considering that by its political station alone it compels the attendance, at some time in his life, of every citizen of the

United States, Yankee or Hoosier, cultured or rude, black, white, or red, and that the refined man who needs art-examples the least is drawn to the shadow of this edifice with the uncouth man who needs them most, we are particularly well satisfied that this initiative was taken in the Capital. The right place for the first rich, well-endowed, truly serviceable art-gallery and school is Washington. Here a humble stand can be taken and some of the common-places of art-history can be admitted among the specimens, since the beneficiaries are to be drawn from all the immense populace between the two oceans; and the cultivated person who wishes a reference to correct some momentary forgetfulness is not ashamed to enter the hall of antiques, because the presence of rustic visitors, presumably unacquainted with the Elgin Marbles and Venus of Milo, makes the collection of those old stand-bys appropriate. Gracious should be the dreams of the man who had the wit and invention and heart to imagine this superb institution, and to set it in the right place! The Louvres, and National Galleries, and Vaticans of Europe were built by kings and pontiffs, and for their maintenance were taxed the resources of toiling nations. This already splendid museum was built and filled by an individual, in a simple burst of genial goodness. The banker's pocket was unbuttoned by a kindly impulse, and out jumped this gift at a leap! School, and collection, and shrine—the educational gift, the gift of a treasure, and the gift of a shelter,—all came out together, a single conception, executed without a pause in a trifle of time. The name of Mr. Corcoran, which we by no means wish to varnish with unsought and unwelcome flattery, is on the most prosaic construction fit to go down with those of Mr. Vernon, who presented his picture-collection to England, and may be said to have founded the National Gallery; and with those of Angerstein, and Sheepshanks, and Sir George Beaumont, who made equally generous dedications of their private hoards of pictures.

The building of Mr. Corcoran's museum was begun in 1859, by James Renwick, a New York architect. It was opened with a ball (after a slight interruption and renewal of work for which the civil war was answerable) on Washington's birthday, 1871,—the founder assuming all expenses of the festival and handing over the receipts intact to the Washington Monument Association—and filled with substantially the present contents in 1874. There are about one hundred and sixty-five paintings at present in the collection, besides the statuary and objects of virtù.

We now begin our notice of the works of art, premising that when in this and future portions of our text we give dimensions we state the breadth first of the pictures which we illustrate, without always guaranteeing rigidity of measurement, but affording a sufficient guide for those of the public who may desire to command the more material way of estimating a canvas' importance.

The "Portrait of William W. Corcoran" (70 × 98 inches), founder of the institution, is seen in the main gallery of paintings. It was executed in 1867 by Charles L. Elliott (1812-1868) of New York. A glance shows that thirteen years ago, at the time of its execution, years and thought had already

whitened the locks of the original; the face, in the interval, has scarcely changed; although older than the century, Mr. Corcoran yet retains the brightness of eye and decision of manner indicated in the likeness, which therefore still represents adequately the creator of that noble institution from which we take our start for a long journey through American galleries. Whether in Canada, California, or New England, we shall still keep our thoughts under the ægis of this patron figure, never forgetting that while other collectors have shown their taste, he has shown taste incorporated amongst the moral virtues by beneficence. We experience a peculiar pleasure and sense of fitness in opening our work with this likeness of an art-benefactor, and placing under the patronage of so good an example a publication intended to spread art-knowledge over the land.

"Charlotte Corday in Prison" (34 × 42 inches), by Charles Louis Muller of Paris, represents the murderess-heroine who stabbed Marat in his bath, among the earlier convulsions of the French Revolution, in 1793. The type chosen conforms to the portraits of Mlle. de Corday, of which several exist in the prints of the time, and represents even the striped dress she wore, with its postillion cut. The composition, like Raphael's "Deliverance of Peter," in the Vatican, has for its first plan or foreground an interruption of dark bars, behind which the focus of the picture is placed, with an effect that it is never possible to make quite satisfactory, though the railing assists the moral



MOUNT CORCORAN, SIERRA NEVADA.
FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. BERSTADT.

impression. Checkered with these obstinate bars, we see the pale, aristocratic face of Mademoiselle de Corday, the relative of Cornille, whose words she quoted in her last hours—"The crime makes the shame, and not the scaffold." In the close, damp chamber of the Conciergerie, as if imprisoned in a sultry mountain, the delicate captive dreams out the long, hot days of July, remembering her elegant home with her aunt Bretteville, her lineage of spotless honor and plain rural dignity, and the duty she imagined herself called to, of slaying the slayer of her friends, the Girondists. One hand clasps with its taper fingers the coarse iron bars; the other, braced upon the prison wall, supports her delicate head, with its Norman cap decorated with the revolutionary tri-color.

"Mount Corcoran" (96 × 60 inches), by Albert Bierstadt, occupies an end of the principal gallery, and is a favorite sub-



W. H. L. L. L. L. L.

London

GRAYSON, SUTCLIFFE & CO.

CHARLOTTE O'GRADY IN PRISON.

From the original painting in the possession of the artist, Mr. J. H. L. L. L.

1841

ject of painter-copyists. We have interrupted with the account of a striking French picture our descriptions of two American works of prominence, the portrait and the landscape. The latter is probably the most popular delineation of scenery in the gallery. The overland traveler to California crosses two vast mountain chains, the Rocky and the Nevada. The last-named is far more impressive, realizing for the first time to an American tourist his dreams of true Alpine grandeur. Among the confused infinity of gigantic peaks, of which but a trifling proportion are known and named, Mr. Bierstadt, who has several times been allowed the privilege of giving names to crests of the Nevada range, selected one to be called after Mr. Corcoran; and it is to be hoped this appellation, immortalized on its plinth of eternal snow, will be fixed and perpetuated in the government surveys. The reader must in fancy expand our sketch, taken on the reduced scale which our space allows, to the pro-

pains to travel to; but it is a visit paid with half-opened eyes, excluding the real refinements of landscape delight.

"The Beach at Scheveningen, Holland," (54 x 27 inches), is a lively and capable painting, by F. H. Kaemmerer, a young Hollander, who came to Paris and entered the atelier of Gérôme some ten years ago. It was executed in 1874. People in Europe sit out on the sea-beach to an extent they cannot be persuaded to try in this country, and here we have the belles and dandies from all Dutchland, as well as those from France and Britain, flattened out in the glare, in a point blank volley of blinding sunbeams which reduces everything to a chalky stare of light. The freshest flounces and modes of 1874 are displayed on the hired garden-chairs. The priest in broad hat and bands, feeling himself in a state of highest charity with all creation, (and with his aristocratic beautiful parishioner especially,) twirls his thumbs and leans over with that expression



COURT EBERHARDT OF WIRTEMBERG; THE WEEPER.
FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ARY SCHEFFER.

portions of a painting eight feet wide. Mr. Bierstadt was born at Düsseldorf, Germany, in 1828, but came to this country in his second year, going back to Düsseldorf at the period of adolescence for his art education, and returning hither in 1857. His style is completely European, reminding us of Lessing and Calame. He and Church represent the taste for panoramic art in this country, now gone entirely out of fashion among the lovers of refinement in technic. It is true that the best method of representing quality has never been exhibited by painters of this expansive style. But it is only fair to remind ourselves that they secure for us memoranda of the really great and stupendous scenes of nature, which the representatives of quality let alone. The subtler truths of air and light are to be supplied by the artistic spectator from what he remembers of nature. Mr. Bierstadt may be considered as a convenience, enabling us to pay a visit to a region we would not take the

of delicate benevolence which tolerates even lightness, and which is more akin to worldliness than any other virtue the good man can select out of his repertory of sacred graces. A beautiful invalid reclines languidly, her feet supported on a stool; a fair fashionable girl bends over a brown fisher-maiden who offers shells for sale. City children expose their pale legs to the attack of the breakers. The whole picture is intense with light,—a symphony of blonde tones. At the right I recognize my fellow-pupil at Gérôme's, Frederick Henry Kaemmerer, in a smart suit of light flannel and very noble hat, caressing a cane, and taking in the whole scene with a creator's eye—the scene which but for him would have remained as embryotic as that year's fashion-plates.

The "Weeper," or "Larmoyeur," (height 65 inches), by Ary Scheffer, is a picture that in replica adorns four different museums, two of them American. One representation is to be

found at the Boston Athenaeum, another is the present example, while a third was selected by the French government for the national collection of the Luxembourg Gallery. Recollecting all three individually, I cannot decide that the Corcoran specimen is inferior to either of the others in depth of pathos and tragedy. Another copy is in the Museum at Rotterdam. Scheffer's faulty color is here disguised by the fact that the tone of the composition is appropriately black, and that the principal face is that of a corpse. We see the interior of a tent, a life-sized youth in full armor, composed in his last sleep, a wretched father bending over with clasped hands, the difficult tears forcing themselves from his aged eyes. Ulrich of Eberhart had lost the battle of Reutlingen, as Schiller's ballad relates, and when he sought his father at the repast, the stout old Count silently cut the table-cloth between them as a reproach. Stung by the sarcasm, the boy rushed into the next fight, and gained the battle of Doffingen, but was slain in the action. "And while, in our camp, we are celebrating our victory, what is our old Count doing?" says Schiller's rhyme. "Alone in his tent, before the dead body of his son, he weeps." Scheffer was a Dutch artist of Dordrecht (1795-1858) who lived in Paris and at Nice, and cast his artistic lot with the French painters.

It is certain that Gallic criticism, occupied with setting his rival, Delaroche, on a pedestal, has been inhospitable to Scheffer; insisting principally on his effeminate laxity of drawing and inadequate color, it has not penetrated his immeasurable superiority to Delaroche in sentiment, poetry and religious feeling. The painter of "Christ the Consoler," and of "Francesca di Rimini" has no need of an apologist. To show the extent of vinegarish Bohemian intolerance directed against the painter in his lifetime, we may cite the morbid poet Baudelaire. This genius, so discerning in his criticism when the subject came properly in his limited purview, could see no merit in a style of art which aimed to show the spirit of mysticism—the sentiment, for instance, of St. Augustine reciting, of his mother's teachings, "We searched together what might be that eternal life which the eye has not seen, which the ear has not heard, and whither the heart of man has not reached." When Scheffer essays to reduce this passage to painting, Baudelaire shouts coarsely: "It is the height of absurdity. I seem to see a dancer executing a *pas de mathematics*!" "Scheffer," he says again, "makes a Christ like a Faust and a Faust like a Christ." In our indignant protest against this kind of school-boy uproar from the mob of the *romantiques*, we must remember on the side of the critics that our ideas of Scheffer in this country are mostly enhanced from the plates, executed with penetrating, delicate and refining art by the most exquisite of French engravers. We are not, though, without some fair examples of Scheffer's painting in this country. Mr. Charles C. Perkins, of Boston, owns his canvas of "Dante and Beatrice;" a New York owner has his "Mirabeau in the Convention." In Washington, besides the "Weeper," there is the portrait of Lafayette from his brush, in the House of Representatives, and also a likeness of Commodore Morris, painted in 1826. No contemporary portraitist was so highly esteemed as Ary Scheffer, on account of his intense insight into his sitter's character;

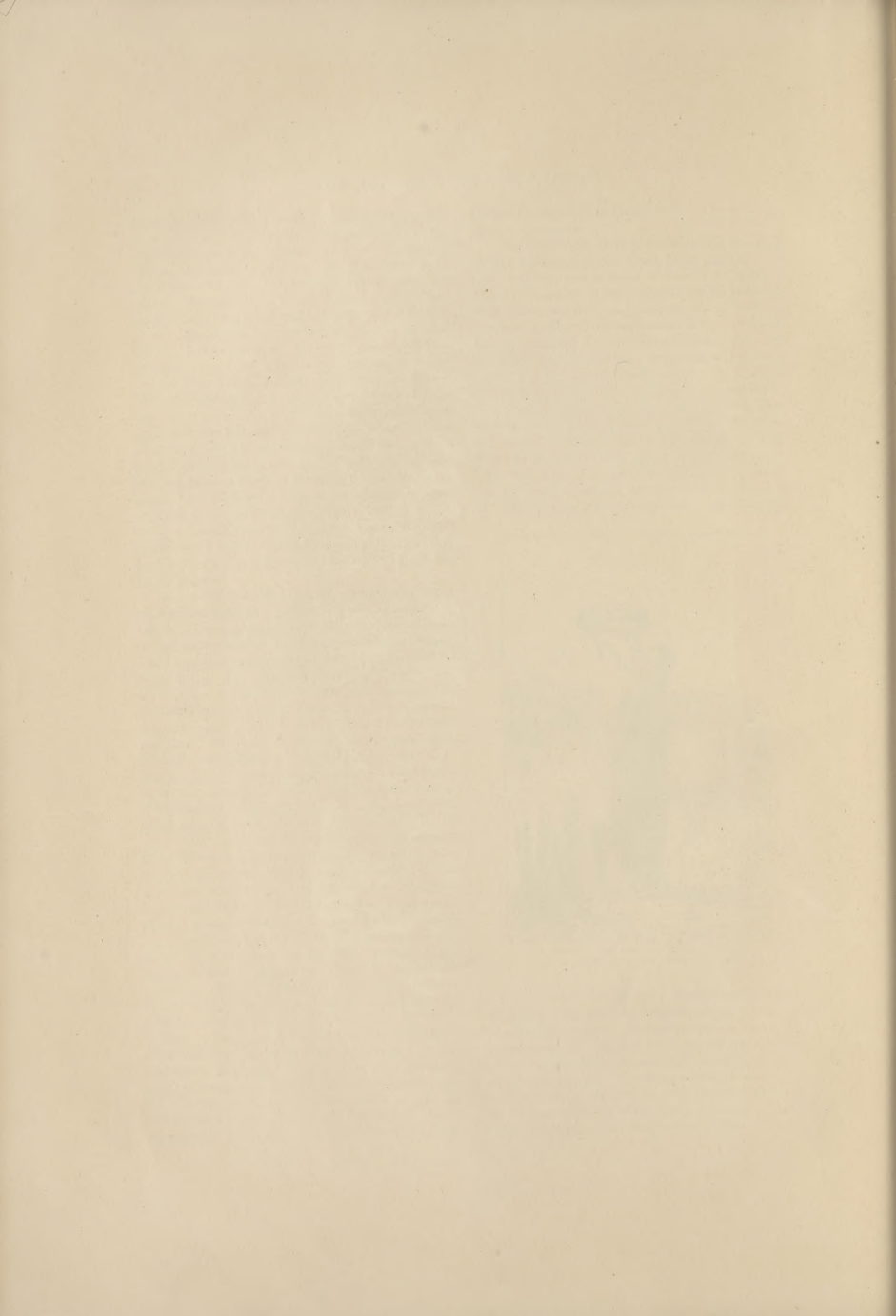
his head of Dickens, painted shortly before his death, was considered a masterpiece.

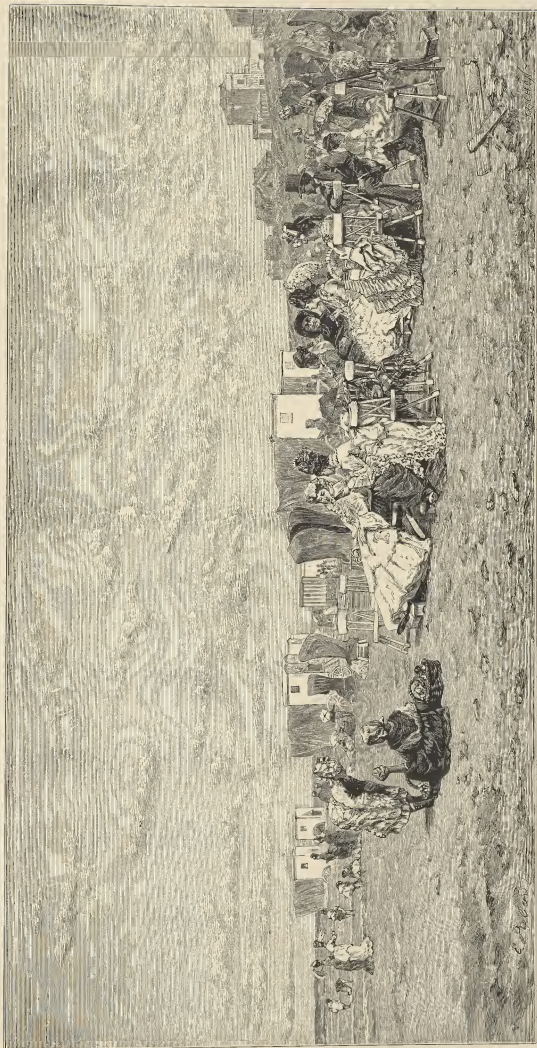
"The Vestal Tuccia" (63 x 54 inches), by Hector Le Roux, of Paris, represents a Roman miracle of the pagan age. Valerius Maximus, who dedicated to Tiberius his annals of Roman *gestas* and acts of virtue, recounts how this priestess of Vesta justified her challenged purity by carrying water in a sieve from the Tiber to the temple of her goddess. "Powerful divinity," she prayed, "if I have always approached thy altars pure-handed, grant me that I may fill this sieve with the waters of Tiber and carry it even into thy temple." In a beautiful calm landscape, without pomp of witnesses, but only watched by a group of Vestals and by the humble fisher-boy of the Tiber banks, she lifts the brimming vessel with a lofty gesture of exultation, so that the light streams through the lenses formed by the gathered water pausing in the apertures of the sieve. This is one of the most correct and luminous pictures, with the tenderest landscape, executed by the painter of the Luxembourg canvas of the "Columbarium." No formal trial,



PRINCIPAL FIGURE FROM "THE VESTAL TUCCIA," BY HECTOR LE ROUX.—FAC SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.

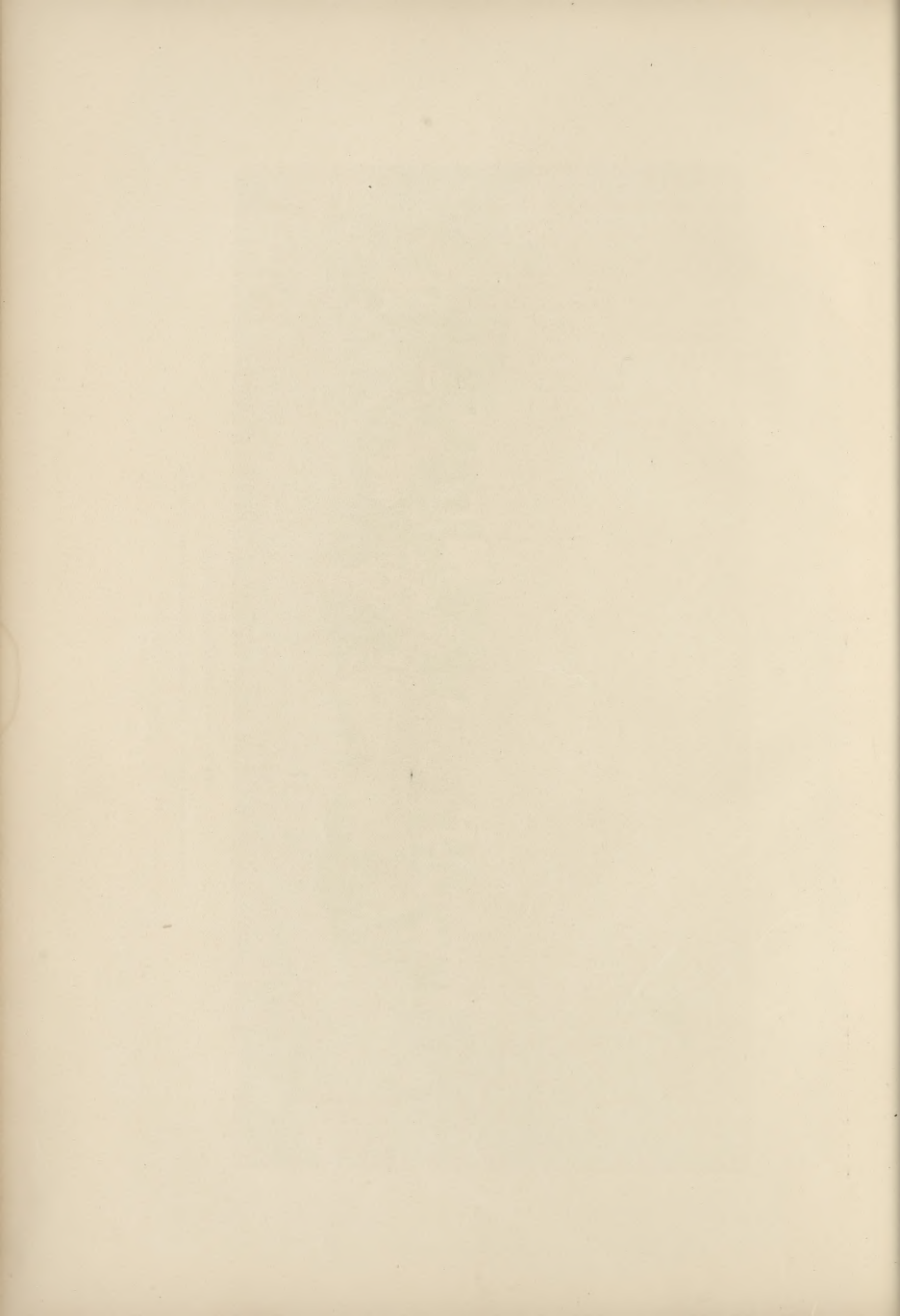
no court of pontifex and flamens, is arranged around the exulting maiden; the two or three witnesses chosen from among her officiating companions, the humble vagabond child of the Roman streets, are enough to justify her fair fame, and the loneliness of dawn broods in peace and uncontaminated freshness over her triumph. More than one replica of his picture has been painted by the artist for private American galleries; and he thought so well of his effort as to select it for exhibition in the great Paris World's Fair of 1878.





THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN, HOLLAND.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY F. H. KAUMMERER, IN THE DONORIAS GALLERY, WASHINGTON.



By Edouard Detaille—the painter who constitutes himself a true successor of Meissonier a little before the succession is vacant—there is a fine oil-picture, and an admirable water-color. "Le Régiment qui Passe" (50 x 50 inches), painted in 1875, ranks with his two or three greatest paintings—with the "Salut aux blessés" and "Nos vainqueurs," the first of which is owned by Mr. S. A. Hawk, of New York, and the second in Russia. Detaille used to hire a cab by the hour, imprison himself in it, and sketch for this picture the crowds of the boulevard in the neighborhood of the Porte St. Martin. The real Paris mud, especially—thick, gluey, yellow and all-pervading—is hit off better by the palette-knife work of this picture than in any other that can be pointed out. We see the pomp, pride and circumstance of a marching regiment, having its complement in the loyal admiration of a Paris crowd, diverted for the moment from the multifarious occupations of a busy thoroughfare. The turkey-cock strut of the gigantic drum-major leads the procession, heading his drum-corps, behind which the soldiers in line come forward to the spectator, emerging out of the mystery of the chilly and opaque fog. In advance tramp the street Arabs, the apprentices, the workmen, while on the

inches), executed in the same year of 1875. It shows one of the few encounters where the French got an advantage in the late war with the Prussians, a scene after the battle of Orléans. A fine group of stolid, innocent-looking Bavarians, brave, utterly unconcerned and at home, is surrounded by the more intellectual types of the French soldiers, and the aristocratic visages of officers. In the foreground is an elaborately-finished group of a mounted cuirassier and his horse, who with his animal stood for days in the painter's yard while the aquarelle was executed; but why speak of the finish of any particular figure, when the facets of every miniature visage throughout the picture are cut like those of a gem?

"A Scene at Fontainebleau" (31 x 21 inches), by Pierre Charles Comte, of Fontainebleau and Paris, takes us back to the time when the court of Louis XI made the Fontainebleau château a favorite resort, away from the civic turbulence of Paris. We behold a revelation of a court-beauty of the time, attended by a favorite *levrier*, trailing her silken robes through the royal park. Victor Hugo introduces such figures, amiable subjects of gouty Louis, into his romance of "Nôtre Dame," and in this picture we may see how those fair patricians, long-named and long-trained, dressed and looked—Fleur-de-Lys de Gondaurier, Diane de Christeuil, Amélotte de Montmichel, or Colombe de Gaillefontaine. This picture, too, was painted in 1874.

"Shakespeare and his Contemporaries" (68 x 53 inches), by the eminent Scotch artist John Faed, is one of the most successful groups known in its difficult kind. The artist's brother, Thomas, has painted an almost equally celebrated historical restoration, "Sir Walter Scott and his Friends." The engraving of the "Shakespeare" picture, a capital plate, which has made it a household word in many and many a home, is by another brother, James Faed, and is dedicated to Mr. Corcoran as the owner of the canvas. The insurmountable trouble in arranging such a group of portraits is in this paradox, that from the point of view of historical interest every figure should be equally in focus, equally lighted, and equally important. In a pictorial view, the different personages should be in shadow or in obscurity, distant or viewed from behind, according to the accidental arrangements of nature. Mr. John Faed has dissimulated his hardships with plenty of skill, and he has created an ideal of Shakespeare which, though possibly a little self-conscious and of more royal demeanor than would have been probable in the presence of Raleigh and Southampton, is still noticeably quiet and intellectual. The artist imagines a symposium at the Mermaid Tavern in Friday-street, where there was a club of genial spirits, to which resorted Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Donne, and many others whose names we still respect, and who may have been met upon occasion by Southampton, Dorset, and the courtiers.



SCENE AT FONTAINEBLEAU—COSTUME OF LOUIS XI.
FAC-SIMILE OF SKETCH BY P. D. BISHOP. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY P. C. COMTE.

sidewalks pause women carrying children, puffy citizens, and well-dressed promenaders. A convoy of omnibuses with passengers grumbling at the delay, accompanies the parade. The tall forms of the two neighboring arches, St. Martin and St. Denis, with their sculptures of the military glories of Louis XIV in the Palatinate, form a consolation for these modern troops.

Detaille's crowded and important water-color is the "French Cuirassiers bringing in Bavarian Prisoners," (22 x 17

SYLVESTER, CAMDEN, DORSET.	RALEIGH, SOUTHAMPTON.
BACON.	DONNE.
FLETCHER.	DANIEL.
S. JONSON.	
S. DEADMONT.	SHAKESPEARE.
	COTTON. DEKKER.

The above arrangement of names may be readily compared with our plate, and serve as a key. Standing at the extreme left, is "silver-tongued Sylvester," translator of Du Bartas, and

assistant of King James in the *Counterblast to Tobacco*; then Camden the traveler, author of *Briannia*; then the Earl of Dorset, Lord High Treasurer of England, author of *Gorbodue*, and part author of the *Mirror for Magistrates*. Beneath these three, in a sitting trio, from the left, the learned Selden, whose *Table-Talk* Dr. Johnson said was "better than any of the French;" then Beaumont, talking to Selden, and then Beaumont's literary partner, Fletcher; next, in a hat such as he wears on his monument, Lord Bacon; next, Ben Jonson, with both elbows on the table; above him, half-glimpsed, "the well-languaged Daniel;" then Donne, whose sermons Isaac Walton describes so vividly; beneath the head of Donne, that of Shakespeare; then come two standing figures; he with the hat is Sir Walter Raleigh, the other Shakespeare's friend, Lord Southampton, to whom *Venus and Adonis* was dedicated; the sitting figure below is Cotton, founder of the Cottonian Library, and the sardonic laughter at the extreme right is Dekker, dramatist, and Ben Jonson's satirist, who left that portrait of the latter which describes his "face punched full of eyelet-holes." Jonson wrote the lines which best describes Faed's painting,—

"What things have we seen
Done at the Memento! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame
As if that every one, from whom they came,
Had put his whole wit in a jest."

"Fun and Fright" (42x30 inches), by Gaetano Chierici, of Milan, was executed in the same year, represents a domestic reign of terror, caused by the Italian had little boy, who strews



FUN AND FRIGHT.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY H. V. CASEY, FROM THE ORIGINAL BY GAETANO CHIERICI.

his victims over the domestic stage in monarchical Italy as in free America. His helpless prey is here a pretty little sister, and the horrid lad has frightened her away from her meal of maccheroni with a mask. The hapless fair has tumbled from her throne at the kitchen-table, and is reduced to seek an offensive and defensive alliance with the maternal powers. Maternal vengeance will probably follow, as we gather from the matron's uplifted eyes and wooden spoon. It is noted for the visitor's information, in the budget of ciccone-lore distributed to the Washington visitor, that Chierici rose from a

very humble origin, that the kitchen and its contents so fondly here elaborated are painted from the *stuea* in which he lived when an indigent artist fighting with poverty, that the pretty little girl and the bad little boy are his own children, and the cook a poor relation of the now courted, flattered painter.

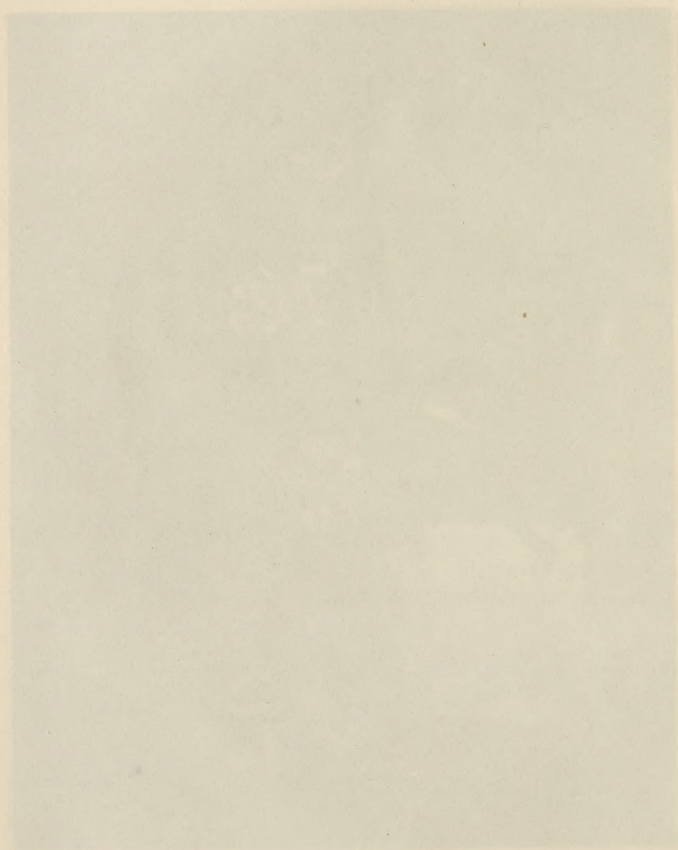
In examining "The Edict of William the Testy" (67x43 inches), by George H. Boughton, we are apt to wonder how so much tobacco-smoking can be kept up, since the painter has neglected to introduce tobacco-jar, or box, or pouch—ought by which the siege might be maintained. It is a war sustained by magic means, the ammunition being supplied celestially, so far as appears, for we must count as nothing the screw of snuff or Virginia leaf in a little paper at the left. If the powder and ball are lacking, however, the firearms are well distributed, for a lank young ne'er-do-weel advances from the rear, brandishing a sheaf of long-range pipes with slender stems. It is time to say that the picture represents one of Geoffrey Crayon's veracious scenes from the history of New York. William the Testy, the honest Dutch governor of the province, has issued his edict prohibiting the smoking of tobacco throughout New Netherlands. "The immediate effect of it was a popular commotion. A vast multitude armed with pipes and tobacco-boxes and an immense supply of ammunition," (see how the plain tale shall set the painter down!) "sat themselves before the Governor's house and fell to smoking with tremendous violence. The testy William issued forth like a wrathful spider, demanding the reason of this lawless fumigation. The sturdy rioters replied by lolling back in their seats, and puffing away with redoubled fury." I am always nervous when I approach one of Boughton's canvases presumed to be humorous. The sweet blonde tone, the delicious, languid, faded-out colors in the most "cultured" style of William Morris, the silvery tissue of the whole picture shining across the room from afar, the chromatic refinement suggesting midsummer night's dreams, the general troubadour style of the painter, evident from the utmost distance, seem competent indeed for flights of pictorial sonnetteering, but hardly for the frank naked laughter of Rabelais. Here, however, as again with "Ichabod Crane," the painter is agreeably found shaking with a sly, silent, silver laughter, *entre chair et cuir*, which has its own value among the styles of comedy. The irascible Governor, darting out upon the pretty Dutch stoop of the house, is galvanic and animated; no jack-in-the-box springs out with better simulated suddenness of motion; a moment ago you would insist he was not in the picture. His wife, acidulous, correct, irreconcilable, is even better. The baggy-breeched crowd is good, too,—invulnerable, stolid, and easy in mind: on their part the siege may endure forever. Variety is secured by the introduction of two Puritans, in peaked hats, from away in Cotton Mather's colony; of some sony Dutch maidens in Holland caps; and by the identification of two heroes, Antony von Corlaer, in uniform of scarlet, as befits the doughty trumpeter, and Brinkerhoff, leader of the Clam and Onion War with the Yankees. Rings of tobacco-smoke form a perfect orrery in the upper canvas; and in this suffusion of pale azure the colorist makes his account. All told, the artist manages to fasten a laugh, or at least a genial smile, among the argentine refinements of his fan-painting manner.



SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

From the original painting by Sir John Everett Millais, 1856.

ROBERT F. TUCKER.



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INITIAL BY P. BREHMANN.

DEDICATING his art to the antique, "A Family of Satyrs," (86×78 inches), by Louis Priou pupil of Cabanel, is the work of a painter who has made the revival of the mythical sylvan

deities a specialty. By taking up this class of subjects he secures the privilege of studying the nude without blame, and of mixing academic painting with a pretty sentiment of gaiety and Bohemianism. He had a similar subject at the Philadelphia Centennial, but without the female figure occupying the foreground of the present canvas. The innocent gaiety of the woods, the primitive sentiment of music, the shyness and wildness and elusive character of sylvan life, are embodied in the fancy of the existence of satyrs. M. Priou draws out his robust torsos and vigorous arms and goat-eared heads with the anatomical precision of sculpture; a tendency to opaque shadow and black outline is his besetting temptation.

"The Wail of the Lost Dogs" (48×58 inches), by O. von Thoren, was painted in 1873 for the Vienna Exhibition, where it elicited many admiring remarks. In the evening of an inclement day a couple of dogs have lost the track, and exhibit their respective emotions at this disaster in different ways, one showing active distress and the other a kind of silent, and certainly dogged, resignation. The "Cri au Perdu" is doubtless a German hunting scene, though the expression is French. For the best account of French hunting cries and phrases, we might refer the reader to a charming little book, *A Week in a French Country House*, by Adelaide Kemble, a lady whom there is a certain appropriateness in naming in the city of Washington, since she was the mother-in-law of one of our Washington princesses.

"The Adoration of the Shepherds," (60×104 inches), of Raphael Mengs, (1728-1779), is a work by a master historically important, who corresponds with David and West in the effort to revive classical painting at the close of the last century. The present subject shows reminiscences of Correggio in its handling of light and grouping. A kind of imitation of boldness and strength is seen throughout the picture, notably in the prostrate personage in front. But Mengs' effort to revive art by studying in picture galleries and from the antique, instead of opening his eyes and copying living models as he saw them, was a frustrate endeavor. He has probably less vitality in him than either of his contemporaries, West or David, and the oblivion into which he plunges is more hopeless. Nevertheless, the present canvas has had a career which

is full of interest, and has received the shadow of events that have shaken Europe. Joseph Bonaparte, when pushed by his brother upon the throne of Spain, found the memory of Mengs still green in the more polished circles of Madrid, the painter having enjoyed high favor there under the penultimate king, Charles IV. He was just the kind of frigid, classical bore to be madly loved by a monarch who plumed himself on "reviving the arts." When King Joseph, dropping his sceptre and grasping his umbrella, exchanged the banks of the Manzanares for those of the Delaware, and Madrid for Bordentown, he selected some of the pictures of highest repute among the royal treasure, among others this specimen of Mengs and the two fine Joseph Vernets of the Philadelphia Academy. Thus is accounted for the presence in America of this "Adoration," once esteemed as precious as a Raphael. Mengs was the son of the court-painter to the muscular August the Strong of Poland; he studied under his father, then went to Rome and acquired his desperate classicism. Here Benjamin West, on his boyish travels, saw Mengs and learned to worship him. Of more importance to the German Raphael was the credulity of Winckelman, which soon introduced him to his learned patron Cardinal Albani. From this timely countenance proceeded the order to paint that ceiling of the Villa Albani which passes as his masterpiece, and represents Parnassus,



THE WAIL OF THE LOST DOGS.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY F. D. BENDICE, FROM THE ORIGINAL BY O. VON THOREN.

with Apollo and the Muses. Passing to Spain, with prodigious Roman recommendations, Mengs found a king just ready to take him up—a patron Mæcenas badly in want of a prodigy. The painter remained in the highest favor till his death, and the king even continued his protection to the family bereaved

by that event. Joseph Bonaparte religiously believed in Mengs, treating as naught the puzzling transit of Goya across Spanish art, and, on his hasty retirement for Switzerland and New Jersey, grasped and carried off with him this considerable canvas among the rest.

"The Drought in Egypt" (87 x 108 inches), is a life-size group by Jean Portaels, of Brussels, a pupil of Paul Delaroche—a recent work, too, having been painted in 1873. It is an example of the old balanced academic style which proceeded out of the Delaroche studio, and which seems especially to maintain its inheritance in Belgium. In France, on the con-

Vilvorde in 1818, studied under Navez as well as Delaroche, received the prize of Rome at Paris in 1842, and wears with decorous pride a number of orders of dignity, such as the Crown of Oak of Holland and the Cross of Francis Joseph of Austria, besides his Belgian honors.

"The Heir Presumptive" (72 x 42 inches), is one of the largest canvases of Mr. George H. Boughton, whose "William the Testy" is described on page 8. It shows the Anglo-American painter in his peculiar placid dignity, a thorough master of pastoral landscape enlivened with pure stately human types. A slender and aristocratic little lad is solemnly

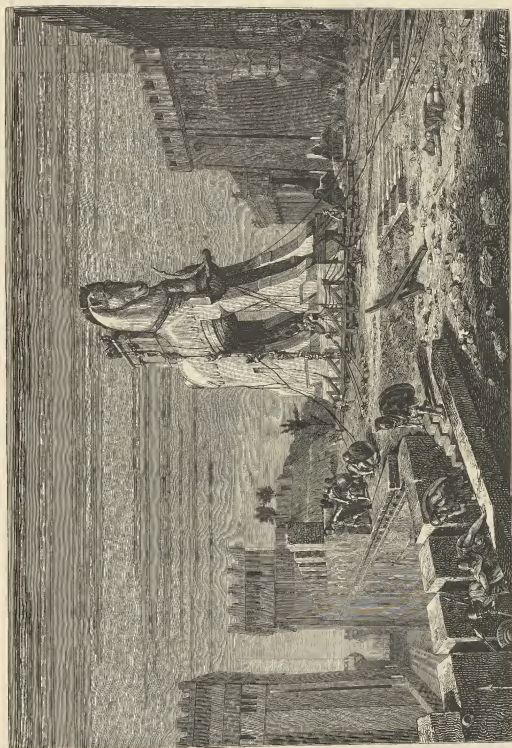


THE DROUGHT IN EGYPT.
FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. PORTAELS.

trary, the most classical of the Delaroche disciples are constrained to lean this way or that, whether in the direction of archaeology or of realism. There is little effort here to give a true transcript from the life of Egypt at some period of low water in the Nile—the gaunt wretchedness of the fellahs, the withering palm-orchards, the *shadouf* with empty buckets, the companionship in misery of rich and poor. This is a sculptural-like group of Greek-featured personages, exhibiting their anguish in attitudes of solemn grace. It is, in a certain aspect, noble and classic in feeling. It recalls, with a solemnity of impression divested of entanglement with any diverting kind of realism, the biblical curse, under which the land of Mizraim still withers,—“He hath wrought His sign in Egypt and hath turned their rivers into blood, and their floods, that they could not drink.” Jean Portaels was born at

walked through the park by his governess. Perhaps it is New, perhaps it is Old England, for the patrician type seems to savor about equally of Fanny Burney or of Hawthorne. If this little fellow is one of the early Pyncheons, and the scene is Massachusetts, his distinguished little manners and his curly little dog will not save his broad acres to his noble race, for the epoch is just before '76, and the Revolution is coming, and feudalism is going to be bombarded out of the land, and entails will become illegal, and these fair pleasure grounds will be cut up among a hundred avaricious inheritors. Meantime, the gentle little fellow stalks with the gait of Louis the Fouteenth among the trunks of the autumnal beeches. The governess treats him with the sublimity and deference of her kind, the humble gardener off-caps to him, and the negro groom, inimitably pompous, struts in livery with his





THE TROJAN HORSE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HENRI MOÛTE, IN THE CORCORAN GALLERY, WASHINGTON.

young massa's pony. The canvas was painted in London in 1873, and its first owner is the Corcoran Gallery; the patronage of the institution could not be better bestowed than in taking this large serious picture, and the above-described large humorous picture, from the studio of Mr. Boughton.



THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

FAC-SIMILE OF SKETCH BY H. T. CARPIS, FROM THE ORIGINAL BY G. H. BOUGHTON.

He is a painter whose worthy mission it is to secure European recognition of an art distinctively American.

"The Trojan Horse" (60 x 39 inches), by Henri Paul Motte, is a curious and interesting effort to reconstruct history, or, if you will, legend. He is a young pupil of Gérôme, and carries on the archaeological studies of that master in the same spirit, and with a very loyal discipleship of style. The endeavor to rebuild an archaic Troy and fill it with archaic Trojans and archaic Greeks would satisfy Schliemann himself. Here are the ramparts of a capital of Asia Minor, more or less Assyrian in aspect, with battlements of pyramidal outline, notched like little groups of steps. Here are Greeks, in helmets finished with nose-pieces, like those of the figures from the Ægina temple. But what stamps the originality of the picture is the strange conception of the wooden horse, restored with a bewildering aspect of probability, as the Greeks might have designed it when Greek art was partly Phœnician, partly Egyptian. A mighty structure it is, towering just within the walls, clearly carved of wood, and strengthened with metal bands; the fore-feet and hind-feet, spread far apart from each other in the attitude of a steed that balks, are connected by a plinth, like the limbs of an Assyrian bull, with an archway intervening between the front and posterior limbs. From the tower on the monster's back, with a chief directing the descent, the imprisoned soldiers let themselves down by ropes, accompanied by packages of armor. A Trojan sentinel lies dead upon the walls that sleep in shadow: the night is fading, the mischief is admitted, and in the foreground a series of diminishing heads of the intruding Greeks steal down into Troy by a narrow stair concealed in the bastion. These foreground figures are drawn like the Ægina warriors in motion. A strange, uncanny feeling of remote antiquity breathes from these creeping forms in the moonlight and this ghastly hollow horse overlooking the loftiest towers and producing its train of stealthy enemies. The canvas is a sort of pictorial enigma, the horse is as uncomfortable as a sphinx.

We think of the ingenious lines of Drummond of Hawthornden about the Horse of Troy:

"A mother, I was without mother born;
In end, all armed my father I brought forth;
What thousand ships, and champions of renown
Could not do, free, I, captive, raised a town."

The picture made a sensation in the Salon of 1874, and aroused attention to the name and subsequent works of M. Motte. In 1876 he exhibited a "Baal Devouring the Prisoners of Babylon," in 1877 a "Samson and Delilah," both understood from the point of view of archaic study. The Baal was particularly original; a sort of Babylonian Sphinx, with head-dress and wings, spread out its two hands with the peculiar action of catching a fly; and between these two trap-like hands, into the yawning mouth of the sphinx which served as a portal, the prisoners were driven two by two. The allusion to Baal as "master of flies" was ingenious and striking. "With such a temperament and such an order of ideas," remarks Charles Yriarte, "M. Motte might turn out to be a dry painter, in truth he ought to be one in the order of things; but I detect in this young artist a workman who, when there was occasion, would not despise painting the details as 'bits,' and would willingly pay attention to light, sunshine and luminous effects. He has blauk faces of wall detaching themselves from the sky in lengths of shadow which have real pictorial quality." To the Salon of 1878 M. Motte contributed "The Army of Hannibal," representing elephants upon rafts, and to that of 1879 "Circe and the Comrades of Ulysses."



INITIAL BY F. REISSMANN.

INDLED at the inspiration of Düsseldorf art, Leutze's painting can hardly be called American, although he passed his life here.

The "Cromwell and Milton" (84 x 60 inches), was painted in 1857 to Mr. Corcoran's order. It is a Düsseldorf composition *pursang*. Milton, the Latin Secretary of Cromwell's Parliament, is imagined by the romantic painter as holding the most intimate family relations with the Protector, and as entertaining

the scant leisure of the Puritan chief with his known accomplishment of organ-playing. The young poet, his face in a deep shadow which seems to prefigure his approaching blindness, sits at the instrument; Cromwell and his wife are behind him, in a composed, church-like throng of Puritan notables. At the left, holding a book, is Selden. Ireton comes next, and by him Ireton's wife, the daughter of Cromwell. At the right are represented Thurlow and Algernon Sidney. The pleasant group of children is a portraiture of Leutze's own offspring. It were to be wished that the scene rested on a more authentic tradition. The Cromwellian parliament indeed made young Milton its Latin Secretary, he being about the only man among those who had adopted Puritanism who possessed the requisite education; but the records of close association between Cromwell and Milton are lacking. One thing is well known, Milton's skill at the keyboard, and the intense delight he took in church music. There is a singular passage in his *Pensersso*, where he acknowledges himself captivated with the very things it was

executed abroad. He became a pupil of Lessing at Düsseldorf, and the style of the painter of "The Martyrdom of Huss" is evident in all of Leutze's works subsequent to that visit. Returning to the United States with a fixed German style, the husband of a German wife, genial and robust, he became probably the happiest painter who ever followed a career in America. As this division of our work is consecrated to Washington, it is proper to mention his large fresco of "Emigration" on a staircase of the Capitol, a work showing inexperience in the methods of fresco-painting, but containing admirable morsels, and beyond all doubt the best picture there since those of Trumbull.

"The Judgment of Paris" (40 x 50 inches), is by Henry Peters Gray (1819-1877), an American artist who died in New York. Mr. Gray emulated the amber warmth of Titian, and was thought by his colleagues to have caught a great deal of the color of the Venetians; he lingers in the mind as a sort of American Etty, with excellent endowments of nature in the research for color, somewhat hampered by the difficulty



THE DEAD CÆSAR.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL SKETCH, BY J. L. GÉRÔME.

Cromwell's mission to break in pieces—the "storied windows, richly dight" with saints and Madonnas, in Catholic chapels; also, the "high-embowed roof, with antique pillars massy proof;" the historic splendor of Popish architecture; the light interrupted by the stained glass, which he acknowledges to be "religious," and what is more, the musical pomp of the ceremonial of Rome, such as he had heard in Italy. This last, confesses the youthful Puritan, melts his soul to rapture and indulges him with a vision of Paradise:

"There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."

Emmanuel Leutze (1816-1868) was not a native American, having been born in Würtemberg; but he came in childhood to this country with his father, and began here his artistic education. His youth was passed in Philadelphia, in the house, on Pine Street, near Sixth, afterwards occupied by Paul Weber, the landscapist. His success as an American painter was such that at twenty-five he went to Europe from his Philadelphia home with an accumulation of orders to be

experienced by all Americans of his period to get into the atmosphere of art. The languid roundness of his Venus, the soft adolescence of his Paris, about to bestow on her the prize *pro pulchrior*, are voluptuously conceived, in the sentiment of Titian, Palma and Giorgione. A little more evidence of anatomical knowledge would give them that look of constructive probability, lacking which our Ettys and Haydons die without their full meed of renown.

"Cæsar" (10 feet 5 inches x 7 feet 2 inches), is by Jean Léon Gérôme. When preparing to paint his magnificent "Death of Cæsar" (now in the Astor collection, New York, obtained at the J. T. Johnston sale) the artist took the pains to make a life-size study of the principal figure; and, although not a painter accustomed to or wholly successful in life scale, he made an "académie" that is interesting in many ways. The pencil sketch here shown in fac-simile is a prize, being heretofore absolutely inédit. Never was a figure drawn to lie so flat—one whose planes were so absolutely those of the ground with which it seems incorporated. In looking at the "Dead Cæsar" an artist made a natural remark, "This is not foreshortening, it is architectural perspective!"

The noble life-size figure of Cæsar was first exhibited in 1859, and has the most striking merit as a dramatic conception,



THE ADORNMENT OF DIDO
From the original in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire
 Painted by Sir James Thornhill



and as a piece of scholarly drawing. It shows palpably, however, that the artist is not at home in life-scale delineations. We see the confession of experimental endeavor, not the vigor and control of habitual mastery. After this, indeed, which was a continuation of the effort at life-proportion begun in his first successful work, the "Cock-fight," the artist returned to the scale by which he is best known, and has ever since produced cabinet-pictures. Such is the size, indeed, of his development of the present subject, the famous and thrilling "Death of Cæsar," with the retreating Senate and oath of Brutus, a masterly composition owned by Mr. John Jacob Astor—perhaps Gérôme's highest effort among the three or four wonderful canvases devoted to Roman life. His works include another Cæsar—this time living—in the celebrated "Cleopatra and Cæsar," sung by Robert Browning, and at present adorning the California collection of Mr. D. O. Mills.

warning. The Emancipator may see the land of the divine pledge, but may not enter thither. Radiating from his forehead, the traditional beams of light, fading in the twilight of death, illuminate the strange scene with a ghastly eclipse of brightness. At the height where the canvas is placed, Cabanel's favorite breadth of style looks like platitude, and his reticence of chiaroscuro makes the whole effect unreal and decoration-like.

Schreyer's "The Watering-Place," (68 × 40 inches), is one of his Wallachian studies, representing the rude and shaggy farm-beasts of the country, of all colors, crowding at a trough. The apogee of Schreyer's talent was in 1865, when he produced his "Artillery Charge in the Crimea," at the Luxembourg. Since then he has lost something in precision and conscience of drawing, but his mastery in effects of light on silky or rugged fur is still unquestioned.

Two fine scenes by Emile, best known as the brother of



THE WATERING PLACE.

BY ADOLPHE SCHREYER. FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.

Hung too high for easy examination, like the "Cæsar," and like that canvas of large proportions, is the "Death of Moses," (13 × 9½ feet), a youthful work by Alexander Cabanel, executed when this famous painter was studying in Italy as a callow "prix de Rome" of the Picot atelier. The date is 1851, and the date of his lovely "Glorification of Saint Louis," exhibited at the Luxembourg as the chosen earnest of his youthful promise, is 1855. No justice can be done by the visitor to this broad, faint Biblical vision as at present arranged; yet it is a noble work, produced at a period when the talented youth was a greater art-force, in the dawn and expectation of his life, than the grown man is now. To the same epoch belong those magnificent studies of his, done to scale in color, from Michael Angelo's Sistine figures, which are pointed out in the Beaux-Arts school to students, as the highest attainment ever made by the copyist's immortalizing art. Moses, supported by groups of angels, is seen horizontal upon the rocks of Nebo, while Jehovah floats in the air above him, a figure of promise and

Jules Breton, are included in the collection. The "Moonrise" (33¼ × 21¼ inches) is a snow-scene, with peaceful cottage and turkeys roosting. The "Sunset" (66 × 43 inches), is calm and broad, without flagrancy. By Ziem, there is a "Golden Horn," of 1874. By Blaise Desgoffe, same year, there is a study (36 × 40 inches), in his well-known photographic style, the best yet invented for chronicling the cabinet-treasures in national collections, of the seventeenth-century *nacelle* or cup, of lapis, in the Louvre. An excellent Belgian canvas is the "Justice to Lievin Pyn," by Prof. Pauwels, of Wiemar, (71 × 45 inches), executed in 1862. It represents the expiatory mass ordered by Charles V, a reparation to the family of one of the Flemish magistrates he had mistakenly executed. Women and children, the relics of the deceased, kneel in formal and ceremonial grief in the centre; at the left, the priest with attendant acolyte reads the words of expiation and justification from a parchment; the four granges implicated in the unjust charge are grouped to the right, and the whole takes place in an illuminated chapel,

where the statue of Iyn can listen with satisfaction from his tomb. The pomp of the Romish mass, and the contrast between the family of the victim, in mourning, and the repentant or humiliated accusers, make a drama and an artistic antithesis. The admirable little "Preparing for Church," by Edouard Frère (22 x 18 inches), one of the quaintest imaginable scenes of Sunday-go-to-meeting finery and discomfort, had long been admired in the Taylor Johnston collection ere it found a resting-place in this national one; its date is 1835. It shows a good little boy, quite brittle in his starched blouse, having a stiff ribbon tied round his neck by the anxious mother; while the sister, full of Sunday virtue and consciousness of merit, waits in her glossy cheap silk or alpaca, prayer-book in hand. In the British school, "Paddy's Mark" (32 x 24 inches), by Erskine Nichol, has the quality of a humorous illustration. It shows the Irish tenant, full of shrewdness and suspicion, about to sign his cross to the lease, while he looks up questioningly into the land-agent's face.

"The Talking Well" (38 x 71 inches), by Anatole Vély, born at Ronsoy in the département of Somme, France, has a title which comes with the familiarity of a proverb to the mind of every one who has lived in Paris. One of the old streets of the capital has, in fact, received that name in by-gone times, and has been allowed to retain it through all the wild mutations of nomenclature which those long-suffering French guide-boards have endured. It is in the region of the Pantheon, that lofty quarter called a hill, and dedicated to St. Genevieve. "On the hill of St. Genevieve," says Victor Hugo, "a kind of Job of the middle ages sang for thirty years the seven penitential psalms, upon a dung-hill, at the bottom of a dry cistern, beginning a fresh one as soon as he had finished, and raising his voice highest at night; and to this day the antiquary imagines he hears his tones, as he enters the street called Puits qui Parle." So much to show the proverbial character of the name, and to suggest how familiar a legend it must be in the mind of a French painter who constantly goes near it in his walks through the Latin Quarter. Accepting the phrase as a suggestive but indefinite opportunity, Vély sets himself to construct the most agreeable fable he can think of for the origin of the street. He imagines a leaf-shadowed cistern, in the old time; a maiden, lovely and trustful, who trips thither to fill her pitcher. As she draws the water, a soft voice addresses her. The well is talking! The accents are not quite disagreeable, nor wholly unconnected with affairs of the heart. Having probably heard similar ones at the church-door or at the market-place, she is not much alarmed, but she carefully refrains from looking round, to destroy the illusion that it is the water that is whispering. Of such stuff are miracles made. It is the solitude that will one day be Paris. Where this grass is growing, where these leaves are rustling, the arid march of civilization will cement the dry stones, and the roar of an immense population will take the place of the love-message syllabled in liquids by the Talking Well. Vély was a pupil of Signol, and is a constant exhibitor in the Salons. In the year 1874 he was honored by a medal.

The American paintings comprise the famous original "Niagara," by F. E. Church (89 x 41 inches), containing the

whole sweep of the view from the British side, and inimitable amid the laboriousness of its unemphatic prosy manner for the real success with which a burst of rainbow is made to shine and burn; also a "Mercy's Dream," by Huntington (69 x 89 inches), repainted in 1850 from his greatly superior original in the Pennsylvania Academy; landscape works by Durand, Thomas Cole, and Kensett; "The Golden Gate," by John R. Key; "The Long Story," one of Mount's Hogarthian humorous bits. Among British and American works of the last generation, a fine Morland, "The Farm-house," and an excellent Gilbert Stuart, a portrait of Shippen, the Pennsylvania Chief Justice,—the genteel, dignified, shrewd head of a lawyer of fifty, well powdered; and another portrait of merit, Sully's head of Madison. Healy's studies for the likenesses of the American Presidents, painted for a series ordered by Louis Philippe to be placed in the Versailles Gallery, and continued by the artist so as to include Lincoln, have been obtained from the Bryan collection and added to the Corcoran.

This gallery is intended to be likewise an industrial museum, so far as the higher branches of art-manufacture are included; it already contains the nucleus of a good collection of bibelots, curiosities, and articles of virtu. A fine specimen is the Sèvres vase, lapis color, presented to the late Prof. Henry. It is inscribed, "Commission Internationale du Mètre, Paris, 1872. J. HENRY, membre de l'Académie Nationale des Sciences, délégué des États-Unis d'Amérique." There are to be enumerated the reproductions by Cristofle of the Hildesheim Treasure, in twenty-two pieces of fine silver- and goldsmith's work; a bronze reduced copy of the Vendôme column at Paris, over five feet high; a bronzed reduction of Raueh's monument to Frederick the Great, at Berlin, about five feet high and eight wide, obtained from the German exhibit at the Philadelphia Centennial; and, from the same, a bronzed copy of the monument to the Great Elector, at Berlin, by Schlutter, six feet in height; and electrotype reproductions of the "Milton Shield" and "Pompeian Toilet" of Morel Ladeuill; with nearly a hundred electrotypes by Elkington of objects in the South Kensington Museum. The beginning of a fair ceramic collection, already rather rich in Japanese porcelain and enamel, is now in place.

SCULPTURE OF THE CORCORAN GALLERY.

THE marbles of the collection are sufficient in number, if they were collected in a hall by themselves, to form an effective glyptothek; as it is their effect is dissipated among the throng of plaster casts, adapted to art-students' uses. There is a fine marble bust of Pulaski, with much artistic luxury of frogs and tags about the uniform, executed at Philadelphia by H. Damochowski in 1857. There are several relics of Giuseppe Ceracchi, the liberty-mad sculptor from Rome, whose cosmopolitan wanderings included the young American republic in a life which was one long research after the forms of national freedom. His "Dying Tecumseh," a large figure, inefficient ethnographically, sprawls in one of the galleries. His bust of Washington, executed in 1795 at Philadelphia, is included in



CROMWELL AND MILTON.

Painted by Sir James O'Hanlon, R.S.A., in 1848.

Oil on canvas.

the collection, and forms an important document in the Washington iconography. Near the Tecumseh is seen Ceracchi's own bust, in a blouse, with broad collar and flaunting tie, and showing a small narrow skull, and a vulgar clean-shaved face, cagerly looking up. Born in 1760, after living in London, America and Vienna, he was guillotined at Paris in 1800 on account of the part he had taken in the invention of the infernal machine directed against the life of Napoleon. His works, scattered as his

and prevent once for all a sin of misnomer on the reader's part. Vincenzo Vela, the carver of the "Napoleon," is considered one of the two foremost sculptors of Italy, (though Swiss by birth), his rival being Giovanni Dupré. The "Napoleon" or "Gli Ultimi Giorni di Napoleone" was the most remarked statue at the Paris Exposition of 1867. All day its base was heaped with violets and immortelles, and votive poems were laid on its pedestal as the exhibition progressed. So strong



THE DYING NAPOLEON.
FROM THE ORIGINAL BY VINCENZO VELA.

ideas, adorn the Pantheon at Rome, the galleries of Munich, London, and America. We learn from *Les Misérables* (Part II, Book 6, Ch. vii) that a sister of Ceracchi's, called Mother Saint Céline went mad, and was enclosed in the severe Benedictine convent of the Petit Picpus in Paris. The "Dying Napoleon" by Vela occupies a place of honor in the Corcoran Gallery.

The name Vela being so much like Vély, we might have digressed from the picture-collection to the sculpture, to call attention to the sculptor Vela who carves the "Dying Napoleon,"

was Bonapartism in Paris at that brightest moment of the third Napoleon's reign! At the Philadelphia Centennial Vela was represented by "The First Sorrow," one of his early works, a sitting girl with a wounded kitten. Two of his statues have places of honor in the town of Lugano—a "William Tell" in front of the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, and "La Desolazione" in the Ciani Garden. The original "Napoleon" having been purchased by Napoleon III and removed to Versailles, the present replica was ordered by Mr. John Taylor

Johnston, the well-known New York connoisseur, at the sale of whose collections it was bought for this Gallery. Vela has practised his profession in Florence and Milan; his instructor was the sculptor Cacciatori. This impressive statue affects the mind precisely like one of the admirable pictures of Delaroche. It is history, but history arranged and made pathetic with an art akin to that of the playwright. It is not classicism, it is not realism, but it is as a drama of Scribe. The hero, devoured by the interior disease that is soon to make him its prey, sits in his invalid chair at Longwood, his feet swathed in blankets, his dressing-gown open at the chest for air, every accessory indicating bodily lassitude and exhaustion; meanwhile his forehead is bowed with the impulse of destiny and thought, and his clenched hand, like the talon of an eagle, falls upon the map of Europe. Many persons who have probably desired to admire this work have been repelled by the fact that the blanket is wrought to a delusive imitation of some soft and fluffy material,

Death," and the "Melancholia." But after all, the expression of an emotion is not reserve of all expression, and the races of the South, in poetry, music and design, have always claimed the privilege of expressing themselves demonstratively and expansively, and wonderful effects have been got in their arts with that theatrical condition attached.

Hiram Powers' "Greek Slave," the earliest American statue of world-wide celebrity, has a particular right in the gallery. It was carved to Mr. Corcoran's order, being the first replica made from the original work by the artist, which was executed for Captain Grant of the English army, and is still owned by him, at Raby Castle. The second replica was made for A. T. Stewart's collection, where it remains; the third for the Earl of Dudley; the fourth for Prince Demidoff, at the disposal of whose collection it brought 53,000 francs (the highest price for a statue at the sale) and went to England; the fifth copy, and sixth time of executing the work by Mr. Powers,



THE LIONESS OF SENEGAL.
BRONZE.—BY ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

that the chair is carved as elaborately with ornament as Boule or Bérain would have carved it, and that the hands are realistic, representing the pores and creases of the skin. They have been told that these details are bad art, and indicate a meretricious taste. The fact is that sculpture, as understood by Vela, means, first, a great conception carried out with breadth, and then a play of delicate legerdemain akin to the clever brush-work of a painter. Different as this decoration of a tragedy, this amusement of the surface while the heart is supposed to be breaking, must ever seem from the generalization of the Greeks, it is an interesting experiment in sculpture, one of the directions in which the truth is searched through its utmost forms, and, in art, is a legitimate and praiseworthy form of exercise. The conception and earnestness of the statue are beyond the need of apology, always granting that its pathos is the Delaroche pathos, with an indefinable sense of dying before the footlights. An artist chosen from the Gothic races, a man with a sobriety of soul akin to Dürer's, would certainly have expressed the subject very differently, and with an austerity that would be more in keeping with the Anglo-Saxon mind. Think of the grave way in which Dürer has treated the sense of impending doom, or of the vanity of earthly endeavor, in the "Knight and

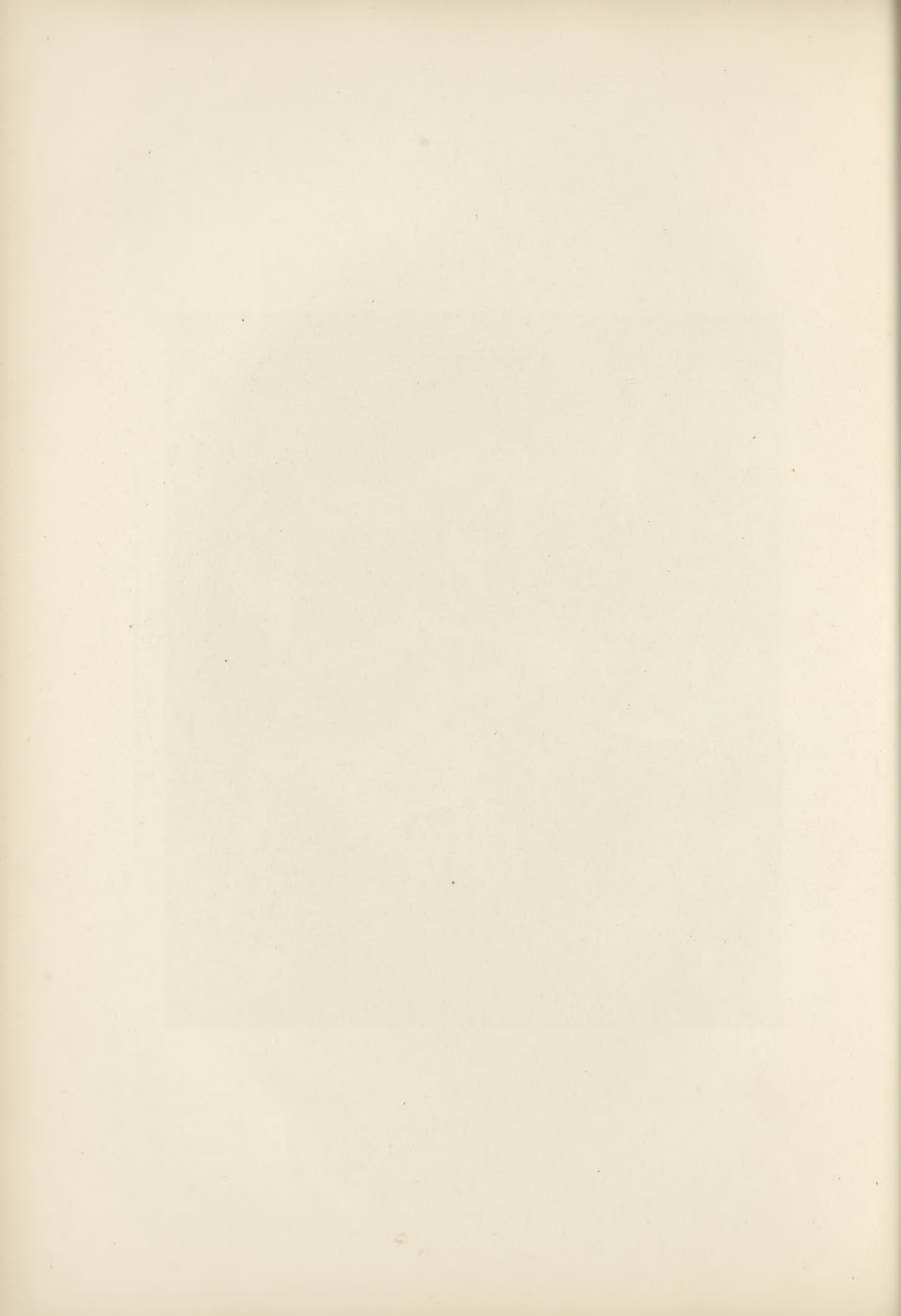
was for Mr. E. W. Stoughton, of New York. Three in England, and three in America, the repetitions of the Slave may be said to have made the world richer by about \$63,600—a fortune for an idea. The subject is a modern Greek girl in a Turkish slave-mart, stripped, and haughty among her heathen captors, with the superiority of Christianity. Powers' "Proserpine" and "Ginevra," marble busts, occupy places in the south-east gallery. Such diverting works as "The Forced Prayer," by Guarnerio, and "Youth as a Butterfly," by Caroni,—good-humored fairings acquired at the Centennial by Mr. Corcoran—and W. H. Rinehart's "Endymion" are added to the marble part of the exhibition.

The bronzes cannot be considered unimportant, since they include the complete workshop of Antoine Louis Barye, the greatest animalist who ever lived. Barye (1796–1875) began life by peddling his figures through the streets of Paris in a basket, and died a professor of comparative anatomy in the Jardin des Plantes. He revived the disused art of casting bronze *à cire perdue*, or accurately from a waxen shell around a core,—which wax, being finished with the exact touches desired, yielded to the artist a strict fac-simile of his work in metal, without the necessity of that chasing which in ordinary



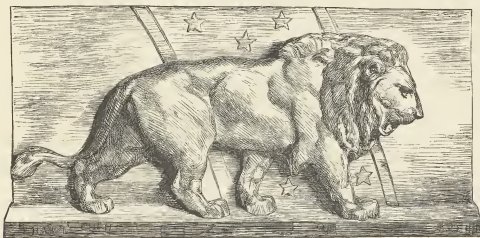
A FAMILY OF SATYRS

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LOUIS PRUD, IN THE COLUMBIAN GALLERY, WASHINGTON



large bronzes effaces the individuality of the sculptor's modeling. It was Barye's specialty to use this cast *à cire perdue* for a pattern, from which his ordinary commercial bronzes were cast with great accuracy, no chasing being permitted but the erasure of the mould-seams; so that even the mercantile reproduction, having nearly all the autographic character of the waxen sketch, and their method, in the case of the Barye statuettes, is familiarly but inaccurately called *à cire perdue*, because no riffer-work or cross-hatch of the chaser's tool is visible. The life, vigor, sense of movement and science of anatomy in these animals are quite unapproached. It is a sign of the sculptor's greatness that, having to do with a class of nature's works habitually masked in suits of hair, he boldly discards the furry covering as the less important thing to be expressed, and goes down at once to the muscular machine of the beast, which he represents, not indeed as if shorn and

group in the collection shows him devouring a hare, and crawling off as he eats. Of about equal dimensions, Theseus, in the Greek fable, attacks the Centaur, for the rescue of Hippodamia, and leaping on the back of the astonished monster, rides poor Eurytion horse-like, while he uninterruptedly hammers him to death. Again, "Theseus and the Minotaur" afford the chance to study a human-animal paradox. Roger and Angelica, from Ariosto's poem, soar away on the hippogriffin. The modern Arab horseman is seen under the attack of the python-snake. Further on, in sportive mood, the sculptor shows us young bears at play, or an ape riding on a gnu. From the constellations to the circus-trick, from the heights of poetry and legend to the sordidness and squalor of the weasel or the wolf, the artist is equally at home, and his equestrian portrait-subjects of Bonaparte and De Foix are not more respected by him than his alligator, his tortoise, or his rabbit.



THE LION OF JULY.

FAC-SIMILE OF DRAWING BY ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE, FROM HIS BOONIE.

denuded, (or the creatures would seem much slenderer,) but with every muscle shown in action, by a sort of compromise between the surface form and the constructive form. The one hundred and fifteen pieces in the Corcoran Gallery amount to the most complete exhibit of Barye's life-work anywhere to be found, whether in Europe or America. This sculptor at once gets at the character of the beast represented, and is not deterred by the difficulty of representing life in motion. The prowling ways of beasts of prey, the evil grace and consummate flexibility of their attitudes, the stealth of their approach, the vivid unmasking of their ferocity, the voluptuousness of their gormandizing, constitute for him a drama of never-failing interest, of ever fresh intensity. Wandering through his wonderful menagerie of bronze, we see the horror of the ferine nature in all its bareness: the spider-like leap of the beast upon its victim is sprung upon us on every side, and seems in the act of taking place. The "Lioness of Senegal" folds her paws satisfied and sphinx-like, or the "Lion of July," from the commemorative column in Paris, prowls among the stars, elevated to the importance of a constellation. The jaguar, his swift uncoiling spring accomplished, securely pulls down the timid eland; or, flattening his breast upon the mud, he sets his teeth in the unguarded throat of the crocodile; the largest

Barye left a limited number of paintings in water-color: they are amateurish as far as the landscape backgrounds are concerned, but the drawing and movement of the animals forming their themes are full of reality. A number of these are in Mr. Walters' celebrated collection at Baltimore; two, a "Tiger Hunt" and "Sleeping Lioness," are in the Corcoran Gallery.

The selection of casts in plaster of Paris is very complete and judicious. A new museum-building, having of necessity a liberal space to provide, which may not be immediately filled with material of cost and intrinsic value, can do no better than occupy its rooms provisionally with these beautiful shadows of classic art, whose essential merit overbears any consideration of the cheapness and accessibility of the medium. The lower floor of the Corcoran Gallery is therefore furnished with the usual antiques, destined ultimately for use in its schools. There are a hundred or more such copies, representing the principal part of the classic treasure which the lovers of beauty have worshipped since two thousand years. The plasters usually seen in art-schools are here in abundance. The Uffizi is asked for its *Venus de' Medici* and its *Wrestlers*. The British Museum is drawn upon for its *Elgin Marbles* and its *Clytie*. The Vatican and Capitol are applied to for those

masterpieces which Byron rechiseled into poetry, and for some that have been unearthed since his pilgrimage, such as the Apoxyomenos and the Augustus in armor. The Louvre is begged to spare the copies of its Venus of Milo, its Fighting Gladiator, and its Germanicus and Jason and Diana. Besides these, and not so much a commonplace of the academies, there is a very piquant and well-considered selection made by the trustees of sculptures of the French renaissance. Jean Goujon's works are seen in their graceful, fluent profusion—the reliefs

Grouped together in a small connecting gallery, are seen the three Venuses of modern art which have been most loudly claimed by their respective admirers to approach the Greek standard of excellence. Respectively by Gibson, by Canova, and by Thorwaldsen, this assembly of beauty-goddesses proves how little the worship is an affair of place or nationality. Prudish England and cold Copenhagen are as ready to offer their tribute as congenial Italy. Of the three, Thorwaldsen's ideal is strikingly superior, and a little sketch of it has been



THESEUS AND MINOTAUR.
BRONZE. BY AUGUSTE LOUIS BARRE.

of nymphs from the fountain of the Innocents, with the accompanying Triton, Nereid, and Amphitrite; his four Evangelists, from the rood-loft of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois; and his reliefs from the tomb of Chancellor Duprat. Germain Pilon's Three Graces, guarding the Urn of Henri II, and representing with smooth reconciliation of flattery the rival Duchess d'Estampes, Mme. Villeroi and Catherine de Médicis, are soft, smooth examples of French art of the Cellini period, and were well worth including. The cast from the vast Ghiberti gate is a lesson in decorative art which throws a fearful challenge to the sculptor of the cheap and poor bronze doors of the Capitol, away up at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

admitted to set off the first page of this work, though representing a cast which is a favorite in many another place besides the Corcoran Gallery. The Venus was executed by the Danish sculptor in Rome; Thorwaldsen employed no less than thirty living models as imperfect patterns of its perfection. Rejecting a first essay made in 1805, the artist began about 1812 to labor industriously on this figure, which, after more than three years of anxious work, he finished in 1816, at the age of forty-six. The first three copies were made for Lord Lucan, the Duchess of Devonshire, and Mr. Labouchère. The duchess' purchase was broken in unloading the vessel conveying it, and the fracture in the copy, now at Chatsworth, is concealed

by a gold bracelet. That of Lord Lucan was shipwrecked, and saved with difficulty; and afterwards, in unloading, a rope broke, and the marble dropped into a cargo of wheat—Ceres thus saving Venus. The unkind sea, repenting of having given birth to the goddess of so much mischief, has been but a hostile guardian of the soft-limbed effigy in her peregrinations; but she smiles tenderly at the end of her adventures, unhurt and youthful, and accepts her apple with exquisite cajolery, though in the present instance it is plaster, and probably hollow.

The Corcoran Gallery is open on every week-day; on alternate days it is free to the public, but on the intervening ones a slight fee is imposed, in order to afford a relative privacy to the artist and copyist whose interests were a large part of the founder's concern. It has done, and is doing, an incalculable good; Washington, before its creation, was singularly

tion of Mrs. Ogle Taylor may, however, be mentioned, distinguished for its treasure of paintings, antiques, and rare bric-à-brac. Judge N. H. Swayne possesses a small collection, principally American, though containing water-colors by Mr. Mole, a British artist, with landscapes by William Hart, and by Witt, of Ohio, and fruit, in the style of Preyer, painted by Miss Helen Searle.

The Smithsonian Institution shelters the interesting collection of Catlin's Indian sketches, presented by Mrs. Joseph Harrison; and is to be the recipient of the Riggs Collection of Armor, of seven thousand pieces, displayed in the late Exposition Universelle at Paris, and described in one of the numbers of the London *Athenaeum* for 1878.

It is not in the scope of this work to give critical descriptions of the street statues and other very public works of art in



THESEUS AND THE CENTAUR.
ENGINEER BY ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

bare of art-culture, but now a standard of taste is erected which will exercise an unforeseeable amount of influence in the future. By a singular chain of facts, this influence is to be the blessing of that particular city which has heretofore been distinguished as the fountain of patronage of a vast amount of bad art, sent broadcast over the whole land, a patronage hitherto distributed so ignorantly, and from such unstatesmanlike motives, as to amount to a national scandal.

The printed catalogue of the Corcoran Gallery is accessible to the public, and may be obtained from the Curator, Mr. William Macleod.

The conditions of life at Washington city have not hitherto made it so much a home and haunt of private art-collectors as will be found in many a metropolis inferior to it in splendor and excitement, but distinguished by the hoards of wealth proceeding from commerce or industry. The notable collec-

American cities, at least beyond the critical distinction of enumerating or not enumerating them.

The finest and most important work of statuary in the city is probably the bronze of Jefferson, by David d'Angers, in the semi-circular "marble room" of the Capitol. Its date is shown by the inscription on its base, "Presented by Uriah Phillips Levy, of the United States Navy, to his fellow-citizens, 1833." A bronze copy of Houdon's famous Washington is in the same room—a cast from the original, in marble, to be seen in the Capitol at Richmond, Virginia. In the same chamber is the Chancellor Livingston, by Palmer, in bronze, a replica of which is in the Capitol at Albany, N. Y. In the "marble room," likewise, is to be seen the incomplete series of famous men of the different Commonwealths, of which each State, when it gets ready, contributes a pair. Massachusetts has sent John Winthrop, by Greenough, and Samuel Adams, by Anne Whitney; Rhode Island, Roger Williams, by Franklin Sim-

mons, and Gen. Greene, by H. K. Brown; Connecticut, Trumbull, and Sherman, both by Ives; Ethan Allen, a theatrical figure, by Larkin G. Mead, occupies a conspicuous station, and William King, of Maine, Hamilton (by Dr. Stone), and Gen. Baker, are represented in effigies of various degrees of mediocrity.

The central rotunda of the Capitol is surrounded with a series of uniform paintings representing American historical scenes, of which only four have any artistic importance—being those by Jonathan Trumbull (1756-1843) representing "The Declaration of Independence," "The Surrender of Burgoyne," "The Surrender of Cornwallis' Army," and "The Resignation of Washington at Annapolis." The artist's admirable sketches for these important works are at Yale College. The rotunda has a dome which was frescoed with an Apotheosis of Washington, very badly, by Brumidi, at a cost of \$39,500: this artist died at a great age, February, 1880, leaving incomplete a circle of figures in *grisaille*, representing a frieze, beneath the dome. A bronze statue of Columbia, modeled by Crawford and cast by Clark Mills, surmounts the external dome, its cost to the nation having been \$23,796. The fresco by Leutze, called

artist likewise painted "The Discovery of the Mississippi," in the rotunda. In front of the building, in the east park, sits the colossal marble "Washington," by Horatio Greenough (1805-1852.) in classic array; it is a work of merit, and its partial nudity, which gives it a rather inappropriate air in winter as it is, would have been no defect in the situation for which it was



THOMAS JEFFERSON.
STATUE IN BRONZE, IN THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON. BY DAVID D'ANGERS.

"Emigration," decorates the wall of the western stairway of the House, for which the artist received \$20,000. A couple of landscapes by Thomas Moran, representing scenery of the Far West, and Powell's "Victory of Lake Erie" (on the landing of the stairway to the Senate Chamber), may also be mentioned among the interior decorations of the Capitol. The last-named



BEAR CUBS PLAYING.
BRONZE. BY ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

ordered, the centre of the rotunda; it is to be hoped that this worthy work of a deserving sculptor will yet be placed in the situation for which the mind of the artist adapted it. Its cost was \$44,000. His group called "The Rescue" is also at the Capitol, and represents the struggle between the Anglo-Saxon race and the aborigines.

In the public squares and streets of Washington City are various statues. Gen. Jackson's, in bronze, by Clark Mills, was unveiled in 1853, in Lafayette Square. Its cost was \$50,000. A replica of it is set up in New Orleans. Gen. Scott's statue, in bronze, at the intersection of Seventeenth street with Massachusetts and Rhode Island avenues, was erected in 1874, Mr. H. K. Brown being the sculptor; its cost was \$20,000. Gen. Scott has another bronze statue, at the Soldiers' Home, designed by Launt Thompson. That in bronze of Gen. John A. Rawlins, on New York avenue, North West, is by J. A. Bailey, of Philadelphia, was erected in 1874, and cost \$10,000. President Lincoln's statue, in Lincoln Park, on East Capitol street, was erected by the negroes in 1876, the first subscription being that by Charlotte Scott, an ex-slave, of the first five dollars she earned in freedom. The sculptor was Mr. Thomas Ball. Gen. McPherson's bronze statue is in the square named after him, on Vermont avenue, between I, K, and Fifteenth streets; is by Robisso, of Ohio, and cost \$25,000. Gen. Nathaniel Greene, of revolutionary fame, has been commemorated by a statue erected upon Stanton Square, Capitol Hill, at the junction of Massachusetts and Maryland avenues. An equestrian statue in bronze of Gen. Thomas, by J. Q. A. Ward, was erected in 1879 at the Fourteenth street or Victory Circle. Such is the bare list; the quality of the various works is as unequal as pos-



THE SMOKERS' REBELLION.

Painted by J. M. W. Turner, R. A. 1845.



sible, but the important observation to make is, that this quality has been advancing rapidly among the statues more recently erected, and that the greatest improvement in public works of an alleged art-nature may immediately be looked for in this country. Poor Washington has been the victim of every artist's egotism, the focus of the greed of all the muses; but the standard is higher now, and gross mistakes are henceforth probably impossible.



COLUMBUS.

CRAWFORD'S STATUE SURROUNDING THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

Some additional facts relating to the mighty budget of costs for the decoration of Washington City may be of interest. The bronze door by Randolph Rogers, portraying the history of Columbus, in the passage-way leading from the old to the new Hall of Representatives, in the Capitol, cost \$25,000, of which \$8,000 went to the artist for his model, and the rest to the founder, Müller of Munich. Thomas Crawford received \$6,000 for the model of the bronze door for the main entrance to the north wing; and for the casting of this, the Chicopee Works got nearly three times the Munich price, or \$50,495. A bronze door for the main entrance to the south wing was designed by Crawford, and executed in plaster from his sketches by Rinehart, for the price of \$8,940. The pediment of the north wing of the Capitol is filled with figures designed by Crawford, and for this decoration, with his statues of Justice and History over the principal doorway of the north wing, he received \$20,000. The Italian cutters who executed the mechanical work from these models were paid at the highest rate of art-industry. Gagliardi received \$5,500 for cutting the group of "Instruction," with the wheat-sheaf and anchor. Gagliardi and Casoni were paid \$7,000 for cutting the figure of "America" and the "Indian Family;" and Caspero \$400 for cutting the "Indian Grave." The details of the pediment were costly, as shown by the prices paid to the cutter after the models were provided by Crawford—the "Commerce," \$2,200; "Woodman," \$2,550; "Soldier," \$1,600; "Hunter," \$2,000; "Indian Chief,"

\$3,000, all to one Butti; to D. Giampaoli, \$1,000 for cutting the figure of the "Mechanic" in this group. The marble for the statuary on this pediment is from the quarries at Lee, in Massachusetts, the same used for the architecture of the building.

Better sculptors have arisen in America than Crawford, Rinehart and Rogers, two of whom have now passed away; but these were among the best representatives of the national art to be found at the time the commissions were awarded, and, after all, there is something glorious in having our national Capitol decked, not by the newest and most accomplished of our artists, but by those whose places are already taken in the shadow of the past, and who have niches in our history.

CANOVA'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

The present work will sweep over so many geographical zones, that it is necessary to catch at any excuse of appropriateness, in order to conceal the abruptness of the inevitable transitions. Virginia and North Carolina have more local affinity with Washington than they will seem to have with the *standpunkt* when we are in Canada, or in California; so that this article, which began with no outlook alongside its blind-halters except the beauties of the Corcoran Gallery, has already been betrayed into constituting itself a limited art-guide to the capital city, and now must give a word to a matter or two which naturally come into the mind in Washington.

The great sculptor of Voltaire, Jean Antoine Houdon, at the summit of his powers and renown, was invited to America by Franklin, and executed a conscientious portrait-statue of Washington. We have already, apropos of its copy in Washington, mentioned that the original of this work is to be seen at the Capitol in Richmond, Virginia. The life mask from Washington's face, taken by Houdon, long preserved at Mount Vernon, passed successively to the sculptor Clark Mills and then to Wilson Macdonald, and has been executed in fac-simile in bronze by Maurice J. Power, of New York.

In relation to the superb statue of Jefferson, by David d'Angers, just noticed at the Capitol in Washington, it might be mentioned that the artist's original model, in plaster, is sacredly preserved as an art-relic at the City Hall, New York.

A third statue of immortal interest, belonging to the early time when American heroes were celebrated by great foreign artists, is the marble of Washington by Canova, at Raleigh, North Carolina. It was executed at Rome, about 1810, and the commission for it gave the artist unusual gratification, "as the first piece of sculpture executed in the Old, and publicly commissioned in the New World—thus uniting, by the fame of one individual, the art of both hemispheres." Canova represented Washington seated, in the costume of a Roman general, his foot placed upon a sceptre. The price, it may be mentioned, was \$25,000. The heavy monument was safely landed at Wilmington, in North Carolina, and thence drawn to Raleigh by twenty-four mules. It was placed in the Rotunda of the Old Capitol, which was burned in 1831. The weight of the figure and its pedestal made its removal impossible, and

parts of it were badly calcined and crumbled by the heat. That it is not beyond easy restoration, however, is shown by the fact that a New York artist of some repute undertook to "make it as good as new" for the sum of one thousand dollars, a contract not yet fulfilled. The problem of saving so valuable an art-document as necessarily must be a Washington by Canova

should be undertaken with caution, discretion, and the best advice. Meanwhile the remains of this interesting work are preserved with the utmost care in one of the rooms of the new Capitol at Raleigh, awaiting their easy rehabilitation into the ideal that was in the eye of the liberty-loving stonecutter's-lad of Possagno.



GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

FAC-SIMILE OF AN ENGRAVING BY MEZES, FROM THE ORIGINAL STATUE BY CANOVA.



TEN PRODIGAL SON.

— From the Original Painting in the Gallery of the Duke of Devonshire, London.

1801



THE HORSE FAIR.

FAC-SIMILE OF AN SKETCHING BY J. YEVYASSAT, AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ROSA BONHEUR.

THE COLLECTION OF MRS. A. T. STEWART.



EVE.

MADELE BY H. POWERS.

If we judge by a pecuniary standard, this collection, now filling one of the very few expressly-built galleries in the city of New York, is undoubtedly the principal private one of the country,—perhaps so from any standard. The gallery is an oblong, lofty building attached to the residence inhabited by Mr. Stewart in his lifetime, resting on the solid earth, and therefore not afraid of its heavy statues. It is lighted in the usual gallery-style by skylights. The coved space connecting the breadth of wall above the pictures with the lantern in the ceiling is decorated with a system of conventionally-designed frescoes in *grisaille* by Bigaldi, along which, at regular spaces, and framed in the painted monochrome scrollwork, are medallions containing portraits in color; those of American artists stretch along one side of the cornice; those of living Europeans, such as Meissonier and Gérôme, occupy the other. On the western side of the gallery, which is one of the shorter ones of the oblong, is seen the plain and sturdy face of Rosa Bonheur,

occupying a centre in the cornice just above her own colossal canvas of "The Horse Fair." This great work—the most conspicuous in the catalogue—fills the end of the room, being placed above the rows of smaller pictures. Opposite it, at the other end of the gallery, a similar post of honor is awarded to the exquisite, and similarly gigantic, work of her brother, Auguste Bonheur, representing "Cattle in the Forest of Fontainebleau." Other pictures stud the crowded walls, without much care for making "centres," or relieving each other; Bouguereau's "Return from Harvest," however, makes a conspicuous centre on the south wall, from its large extent and life-size scale. Opposite this is the "1807" of Meissonier. The floor is encumbered with statuary and with easels supporting gems of painting. A necessary device in the adjustment of such a throng of treasures has been the recent creation of a line of places for pictures beneath the top of the dado, where they rear up from the floor. By this means a class of minute and important subjects is placed where the fullest, most adequate examination is possible. But all the sheets of color are stretched where they can be fairly seen, and where they will not shock each other too much by juxtaposed discords. The gallery has inevitably a rather crushed appearance, though

many important or bulky pictures belonging to the collection are in other rooms; neither the "Thusnelda" of Piloty, nor the "Hamlet and Ophelia" of Merle, for example, is allowed to encumber it. The "March of the American States," by Yvon, decorates the great hotel belonging to the Stewart estate at Saratoga.

By Gérôme, worthy of an early mention in this article because the selections are technically so important, are two examples in his best vein, and one less of a favorite; the "Pollice Verso" and the "Collaboration" are in his finest style, while the "Chariot Race" has a patent and obvious unsatisfactoriness. The "Pollice Verso" is the natural pendant to that other grand and moody satire on Roman civilization, the "Ave Caesar, Morituri te salutant." The "Death of Caesar" might be arranged as a complementary third drama in Gérôme's Roman trilogy. Let us turn now to the "Pollice Verso." The artist's unequaled piquancy of spirit leads him to seize upon the paradox of the Vestal Virgins—emblems of all immaculacy—savagely demanding in a body the death of the vanquished gladiator. The painter's authority for fancying the nuns of Vesta in this bloody mood is simply the declaration of antiquarians, that a row of seats was reserved for them at the theatre and at the circus, as representatives of Vesta, the great protectress of the city. From this certainty it was easy for the artist to imagine a moment when they could be carried away by the rush of the spectacle, and feel their grim Roman veins throbbing to the point of a wild clamor for blood. Accordingly we see the chaste creatures in a row in the foreground, excited to the ferocity of fishwives, their hot mouths open for cries of death, while the immaculate veils still cover their heads in the garb of sacrifice. This is one of the splendid contrasts which Gérôme so loves, where the weight of a whole civilization or religion seems pushing behind each point of the antithesis. What artist, what dramatist, what poet or romancer, has found such a mighty type? On the one side, the great achievement of antiquity in the way of subjection of the passions of the body, in religious purity; on the other, the pressure of the only civilization that ever made human death its artistic delight; and both these forces meeting, as two mighty cones of power with diamond points, in the figure of the hot, unsexed Vestal who starts from her seat, cruel as the hyena, stainless as the ermine, to demand the suppression of mercy. The works of this single painter embrace more of these magnificent "situations" than the works of any epic poet, any novelist, any dramatist, who lives among us. He meets the literary producer on his own ground, and distances him. Beneath the row of Vestals, in the bleeding sand, the stout "Myrmillo" from Gaul, with the fish on his helmet, has overthrown the light-limbed net-thrower, the "Retiarius." The vanquished youth, a pathetic and delicate figure, extends his hand for pity. But Domitian on his throne (another of our artist's inimitable bits of drama) is crushing a fig in his mouth with consummate indifference; and when he turns to the holy nuns—they are with one accord mad for his death. Poor youth! vile maidens! infernal Roman holiday! It will soon be time for the Goths to rise and glut their ire. The painter has selected for his interpretation of the Roman phrase *pollice verso*

that which best suits the rules of artistic composition. Doubtless, among his archaeological friends and advisers, he found those who supported the theory he has illustrated. A greater number believe that the gesture of condemnation in the circus was made by turning in the thumb towards the heart. The attitude adopted is so much more effective in art, however, that it is most probable the painter would have calmly continued to use it, if the demonstration of its inaccuracy were ever so clear. To show the creator's estimate of his subject's importance, it may be stated that the central group of this picture—the gladiator from Gaul bestriding his prostrate foe—was modeled by the hands of the painter on a colossal scale, and sent in bronze to the Paris Exposition of 1878, where it decorated the central vestibule of the Trocadéro palace.

The other admirable "Gérôme of the first class," in this collection is "The Collaboration," a delightful group, showing Molière shrugging his shoulders almost above his head as Corneille reads the manuscript of *Psyche*. To make the collaborating memoir complete, there might have been inserted two more figures, Lulli, who composed the music of *Psyche*, and Quinault, who wrote the *Intermèdes*. This scene is characterized by those attitudes of complete abandonment which Gérôme continually discovers, with better luck than any other chronicler of manners—so very careless, they make you notice their carelessness.

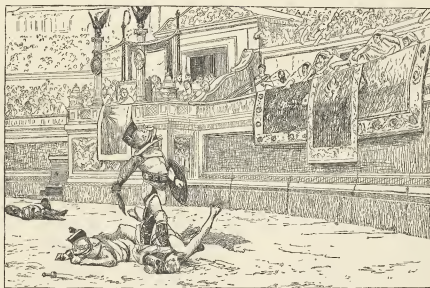
Several of Gérôme's pictures contain these gestures of felicity and naturalness; the augur twirling a crozier with his little finger extended, the actor absently bending a wand in the Greek theatre-scene, Molière resting a couple of fingers on the king's table in the "Louis XIV and Molière," and the same poet settling down between his two shoulders in an inimitable type of meditation in the present picture. Only painters or sculptors know how hard it is to produce an entirely new and at the same time satisfactory pose in art; the Greeks, when they had the luck to discover one, repeated it to weariness; and our painter has had a great number of these pieces of luck, not only with happy and observant trivialities, but with attitudes of greater dignity and beauty, such as those of his "Phryne" and "Cleopatra." And Gérôme, when he has discovered such a novelty, knows how to make it a permanent gain and possession in the history of design, by insisting on it with the most finished graces of firm drawing and modeled perfection.

A still more ample scene than that of the "Pollice Verso" is the "Roman Chariot-Race," an imperfect, overstretched, harshly colored effort of Gérôme's, into which, however, are crowded enough of study and knowledge to make the fortune of a dozen ordinary pictures. This canvas, which was not finished till the year of Mr. Stewart's death, had been lingering on the easel for ten years previously. It was the fortune of the present writer to see it there in 1866, with the concentric oval terraces merely indicated in lines of chalk. In this condition it looked like a plan of some ambitious scheme in landscape-gardening. "It will possibly be the hanging gardens of Semiramis?" I asked the master. "No," corrected Gérôme, with all courtesy, "it is intended for the Circus Maximus." The composition, evidently finished with a drag and a weariness of spirit, is the worst in color and quality of any Gérôme of

its pretensions. The benches of scarlet-robed senators are particularly offensive in hue. Only a figure of a slave leaning against the wall, a driver breathing hard through the leather thongs wound round his breast,—only some accidental and episodic personage here and there gives us the refreshment of a good, living, photographic reality of the Gérôme kind. Yet the erudition of the picture is quite encyclopaedic, from the reconstruction of the architecture to the *ordonnance* of the game, from the tribune of the emperor to the obelisk erected in the middle (presented by Augustus, and now in the Piazza del Popolo) and the egg-shaped goals, recalling the origin of Castor and Pollux, the guardians of all horse-tamers. Six or seven chariots are engaging in the race, showing that the artist imagines his scene to take place in later days, as at first only four cars were driven at a time. There are eight chariots engaged at once in the racing mosaic from Lyons (cited by

Fair" and Meissonier's "1807," is an exemplification of the remarkable interest taken by the collector in representations of the horse. It is a fact to be noted that this connoisseur, whose taste was positive, individual and intelligent, should have collected the most famous portrayals of the noble animal produced by his age, although his personal fancy in horseflesh never got beyond the showy driving-beast of the respectable "gig-man."

By Boulanger, the friend and attentive follower of Gérôme, there is "The Appian Way in the Time of Augustus," with flower-girls, princesses in sedan-chairs, and naked African slaves, in silver collars, beating off the beggar-boys. The badges worn by the black running footmen are sometimes found preserved in European museums,—one with a Christian symbol on it was seen at the Centennial Exhibition in the Castellani Collection. Onesimus, whom St. Paul "sent again" to his



POLLICE VERSO.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY F. D. ERICKSON AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. L. GÉRÔME.

Guhl and Kohner, *Life of the Greeks and Romans*.) The participants in the circus games were personages of a much higher order than those who composed the gladiatorial contests. In older times the charioteers were free citizens; afterwards this occupation, though never dishonorable, like that of the gladiators, was considered unworthy of a free Roman, and therefore descended principally to slaves and freedmen, who, previously to appearing in public, were trained at schools. Gérôme seems to express this superiority in the capable, intelligent heads of his charioteers, so different from the man-animal types of his gladiators in the "Ave Caesar." Defective and plodding as the artist's style seems in this slowly-matured canvas, compared with fresher masterpieces in a great gallery, it would be an absorbing parlor picture, and its temperate and classic treatment compares favorably with Wagner's turgid scene of a similar game, remembered among the paintings at the Centennial and disseminated in a favorite photograph.

Gérôme's "Chariot-Race," with Mlle. Bonheur's "Horse

master, probably wore such a badge of servitude as is depicted on these velvet-skinned bondsmen. The chief merit, after all, of this careful work of Boulanger's—one of his very best—is that it is a foil to Gérôme on his own ground, and makes that master—who is not without accusations of dullness and insipidity—seem wonderfully classical, serene and statuesque. The difference between a work of style and a work wanting in style is that between one of the antique compositions of the Vesoul painter and such a pasticcio as this.

A striking and popular picture is the "Triumph of Germanicus," or "Thusnelda," yet it can hardly be said that it is the triumph of Piloty. This German Delaroche, along with a most learned and craftsmanlike talent of composition, is given to artificial-looking and varnishy schemes of color, disjointed efforts at brilliancy in detached spots, and pompous compositions of *persona* evidently arranged for a theatrical fifth-act. As a narrative, an eloquent piece of studio Gibbon, the picture must be admitted to succeed. It represents the triumphal

entry into Rome accorded to Germanicus by Tiberius in May, A. D. 17. Tiberius really saw in the occasion a telling advertisement of himself. He and his general had prevailed over the Germans, whereas Augustus and his general had been baffled. It was not for Tiberius to be compelled to go about with long hair and beard, dashing his gray head against palace walls at night, and groaning, "Varus! Varus! give me back my legions!" The victory of Germanicus on the Elbe corrects that earlier distasteful counter-victory which Arminius, the prince of the Cherusci, had obtained over Rome in the three days' fight in the Teutoburg forest. Placed on high in Piloty's picture, Tiberius caresses in his soul the idea of this *éclatant* achievement of his reign, as from his towering throne he watches the shadow of the triumphal arch fall over the advancing form of Germanicus. Arminius, it is true, has escaped, and is not there to adorn the triumph. But Arminius's wife, Thusnelda, whom the barbaric chief had won by violence in early days, is forced to walk in the procession, leading by the hand her little son, Thumelicus. As she had not been taken prisoner of war, but had been rendered up by her treacherous father, Segestes, it was unknighly and dishonorable in Germanicus to introduce her among his captives. There was an anterior episode in the history which might equally tempt the Piloty pencil,—that earlier giving-up of Thusnelda to the Romans, soon after the Teutoburg battle, which formed the previous disgrace of the oft-abased, proud Thusnelda. Her



THUSNELDA.

FRAGMENT OF A DESIGN BY F. D. SEDGWICK, AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY C. VON PILOTY.

father, to win favor with the Romans, had entrapped the victorious Arminius with Thusnelda to his castle, even while his son-in-law was flushed with triumph. Arminius escaped, but Thusnelda was conducted like a captive by Germanicus to the Roman camp. "She shed no tear," says Tacitus. "She disdained any word of supplication. With her arms folded under her bosom, she glanced at her figure, which revealed how soon she would become a mother." This glimpse of the uncompromising behavior of a savage princess on an earlier occasion gives the artist his clue for the delineation of her mien and temper in the subsequent humiliation. Strong and haughty, enveloped in her yellow hair, she strides into Rome like one of the Erinnyes. The pageant, of which she is the

principal jewel, Piloty makes a demonstration of Roman theatrical art of the first century, and it is a superb stage-grouping, as it were, of trophies, strange barbaric figures, shaggy animals of the North, and blasé Italians condescending to admire a Roman holiday. Already for months past the battle-painters and landscapists of the capital have been busy painting the wars of Germanicus, and the scenes of German hill and river where they were fought. These representations of battle and landscape, to glorify the triumphing general, were borne through the city, and some real captives, with some fictitious Germans in masks, were dragged in before the car. Among the trophies were the Roman eagles that had been re-taken from the Teutons. A German chief, in fact,—for the barbarian ranks were full of traitors, among whom was the brother of Arminius—had given the Romans word where to find their eagles, in the "holy Tann," the fane and sanctuary of the tribe. This fact explains the insolent feeling manifested in the foreground incident of the picture, where a Roman legionary leads by the beard a gray priest of the Tann, wreathed with sacred oak, and tottering with debility and shame; Thusnelda herself, following behind, is scarcely a more striking illustration of Roman outrage. Yet still more dishonorable and debased than any mere exhibition of Latin harshness was the cynical, sycophant figure of Thusnelda's father, Segestes, introduced into the triumph as a Roman ally, his giant form desecrated sitting near Germanicus as a friend, and looking on while his daughter and grandson were led in chains.

Piloty is placed at present, in his honored old age, like a door between two chambers, the ancient Munich art and the modern Munich art. The spiritual and mystical painting of Overbeck, Cornelius, and Kaulbach is behind him; the pompous decorative school of Makart and Gabriel Max, the rich savory realism of Leibl, the analytical portraiture of Gebhart, are before him, and in a sense proceed from him. He inhabits his official chambers in the painting-academy of Munich, from which he rarely condescends to issue for the instruction of the classes, like the trusty porter of a palace in times of revolution, who feels that chaos would enter if he were to open a door or release a lock. The last traditions of the famous Munich school created by King Ludwig are in his custody. With the very development and improvement of that school has come the necessary era of innovation, which seems to him like the advent of heresy and riot. Himself an emancipator from the false-classic of Kaulbach, he sees the pupils of his academy leading an advance to different directions, one with a exquisiteness of technic superior to his own, another with a feeling for grace and delicacy which make his work heavy by contrast; another, with profounder ideas of subject and more brilliant invention, and all in one way or another putting him in the wrong. Meanwhile, his scientifically-planned tableaux will ever have a value, in fact they but await his death to become classic. Only, they are already a little past the mode, reminding us not so much of our own era as of the era when Scribe's dramas and Delaroche's death-scenes were in fashion. The one thing that an age cannot forgive is the satiety of admiration forced upon it by its famous men. It is for the succeeding age to pick out the really great.





THE APPARATUS IN THE TIME OF AUGUSTUS

From the Engraving of the Collection of the Egyptian Museum, Paris

1850



67

THE COLLECTION OF MR. & T. SPURK.



THE COLLECTION OF MR. & T. SPURK.

the large French army in short, without any other aid. The result was at first a great success, but the French army was defeated at the battle of Waterloo. The result was at first a great success, but the French army was defeated at the battle of Waterloo. The result was at first a great success, but the French army was defeated at the battle of Waterloo.

Napoleon's tactics. Hence it is that the French army was defeated at the battle of Waterloo. The result was at first a great success, but the French army was defeated at the battle of Waterloo. The result was at first a great success, but the French army was defeated at the battle of Waterloo. The result was at first a great success, but the French army was defeated at the battle of Waterloo.

It was the French army that was defeated at the battle of Waterloo. The result was at first a great success, but the French army was defeated at the battle of Waterloo. The result was at first a great success, but the French army was defeated at the battle of Waterloo. The result was at first a great success, but the French army was defeated at the battle of Waterloo.

about some of them very often. As to the "1807," it was his comment on the first view of the picture: "A painter has perhaps never represented a composition of a general and his army in which the mind or feeling seems so homogeneous, in which the leader reposes in the sympathy of his troops so like a soul in a body. What is most perfectly represented by M. Meissonier is this flash of living communion from the reviewing



MARSHAL DUROC.

FIGURE FROM "1807," BY J. L. E. MEISSONIER, AFTER AN ETCHING BY L. MONTESS.

general to his troops, who howl in a frenzy of raging triumph. But for the establishment of this unity of incident between the army that rushes and the head that reposes and thinks, the painting would resemble a mere ordinary sham-fight or review of cavalry."

The Emperor, placed on a hillock, is surrounded by his État-major and by his Marshals, Bessières, Duroc, and Berthier. At his left and behind, Nansouty waits with his division for the moment to wheel into line. Further on appears the

Old Guard, with its bearskin caps and white breeches. Napoleon, on a white horse, makes a salutation; in fact, there just arrives, like the cataract of some mighty river, the Twelfth Regiment of Cuirassiers, galloping as in a charge. The earth trembles, and from hundreds of grizzled moustaches arises the cry, "Long live the Emperor!" At the head of his regiment, the Colonel of the Twelfth is passing the chief, and is depicted in the act of uttering his shout of loyalty; standing in his stirrups, his body pressed against the pommel of his saddle, he rises to full height so as to give more effect to his salutation. It would be hard to put more truth in a movement or more expression in an attitude. Further off, at the corner of the picture, a "clairon" or bugler, with yellow uniform frogged with brandebourgs, dashes forward so as to get into the first rank. Placed at Napoleon's right hand, in the foreground, are the four guards composing the avant guard of the imperial escort. They keep in the most rigorous military attitude, their sabres in their fists upon the thigh, the blades pointing to their shoulders, their energetic faces divided in two by their level moustaches, their heads plunged into broad bearskins, their sinewy figures dressed in yellow breeches and red dolmans. The foreground is devoted to the cuirassiers, who succeed each other as in a frieze, the light catching on their armor, the dust lying like velvet on their boots, and their galloping horses thrashing the soft Spring wheat of the fields near Friedland. The individual meaning and disposition of each animal is so consistent and so perfectly expressed, that we study the whole cavalcade of beasts with separate interest, as a portrait-gallery of notable specimens; it is a family portrait-gallery, however. The steeds, howsoever colored and moved, are all of one strain, and obviously so many masquerades of Meissonier's favorite horse Tivoli. The type is good and serviceable, not heroic; the honest business way in which the brutes labor forward is quite true to ordinary life, while it has nothing of the exalted ambition of racing horses. The choice of bay for a majority of the animals is also a piece of seeming favoritism on the artist's part, though the necessity for a united tone in the picture sufficiently explains it. The colonel's horse in front, with its uncommon color, is defined with the warmth and exactitude of a copper casting; it is in full action, and shows its muscles in such clean relief that it seems flayed—a Saint Bartholomew of a barb without a skin. The tendons attaching the humerus to the chest, in full salient action, are designed in a masterly panner; the knees and lower legs are well-drawn systems of knots and cordage. We are asked to take a *loupe* and inspect the eye, and if we have ever sounded with the sight the depths of the eye-ball in a real horse, we cannot but recognize the same translucidity of clouded jelly. The neck is covered with a net of starting veins like a delicate lace; and the free, forward carriage of the head could only be assumed by a leader, and not by any follower, in a race. The animal is set in the midst of the picture, in full foreground, as solid as the bronze of Verrocchio at Venice, and seems to glow with some appropriated pride of the painter who could achieve such a real thing. Behind comes the gray steed of the bugler; it is also in profile and quite as true; the rank and file gallop back of these conspicuous figures with

individual action and expression. Not to be too categorical in distinguishing the claims of a large company of animals, the

tor's left, in the group of staff-officers, lowers his head and snuffs at the invaders with a horse's true curiosity and suspicion;



THE COLONEL OF THE TWELFTH CURASSIERS.
FIGURE FROM "BOY" BY J. L. E. MEISSONIER.

heads of two more horses may be pointed out as singularly true to nature. The steed bearing the marshal to the specta-

and the middle horse of three in the avant garde—all of them admirably foreshortened—is being checked as he designs to

trot ahead of his comrades, upon which he raises his heavy skull and tosses it about with that superfluous air of resentment and mighty agitation about nothing to be remarked in the scale of emotions of his kind. Further back, Napoleon, with his face of a Greek archon, sits his white horse in the company of his band of self-made adventurers. He is in a gray coat, and the long locks of his earlier period are cut away as short as possible, modeling the perfect vault of his brain. His right hand, from the wrist of which idly hangs a little switch, gravely lifts a cocked hat. The head and shoulders are cut clean against the sky. The staff, a group of minute portraits, form a crest against the clouds of the horizon. There is a rush of artillery to the left, with cannons being dragged about by four horses, which nobody pays any attention to. One of the gun-carriages has slipped its axle and lies wrecked at the left of the foreground, the brass gun being protected by the pacing guards and prevented from breaking some brave cavalry-steed's legs. The rushing pelt of the horses in front is the purpose of the theme, but the ground on which they exercise is painted with a mastery that makes it an individual study and picture. The passage of more than one previous charge has torn up the grain, which nods against the frame at the base of the painting, and the execution of this bit of still-life—if it be not wrong to call so what is a piece of maddened and almost sensitive agitation, expressing in itself the heat of preceding rushes across the field—is a lesson for painters. The eddies of tossed wheat are designed with breadth and sense of motion; where the wheeling artillery has tracked them, they make a series of concentric curves, like breakers in a bay. With legs plunging through the ocean of grain, pass the horses of the cuirassiers. Along the front of the picture they are viewed in profile, but behind, across the innumerable ranks, they are seen coming on full-face; the direction is a semicircle around Napoleon and his staff; and it is impossible to notice the treatment of Napoleon and the état-major until these troops have been examined, for they are in fact the heroes of the scene. History used to paint the general always in the foreground, the soldiers operating or suffering in the distance with a sense of agony repressed by modesty; the present age insists on having the men in front and the commander in the distance; and Meissonier seems to point to a sort of battle-piece of the future in which the cavalry-horses shall be the sole heroes, and the human element altogether subordinated; for, indeed, his horses are the chief thing in the affair, the men being all alike and all like Horace Vernet's. Meissonier labored fifteen years at this picture. Each personage, though never so insignificant, was made the subject of a separate painting, finished with care, and in no sense a sketch: there are movements of an arm which have only been arrived at after a series of designs which are each admirable morsels of painting. The costumes and trappings were made by tailors, bootmakers and saddlers. Meissonier modeled with his own hands small horses in wax, which were afterwards completely harnessed, so as to produce the rounded and solid optical effect desired. In order to study the galloping horse in full motion, the artist used to travel on a railway laid down for his use in his own park at Poissy, and while his model would go through his

paces alongside, make paintings and drawings after nature of the action of the motor muscles and the alternation of the hoofs.

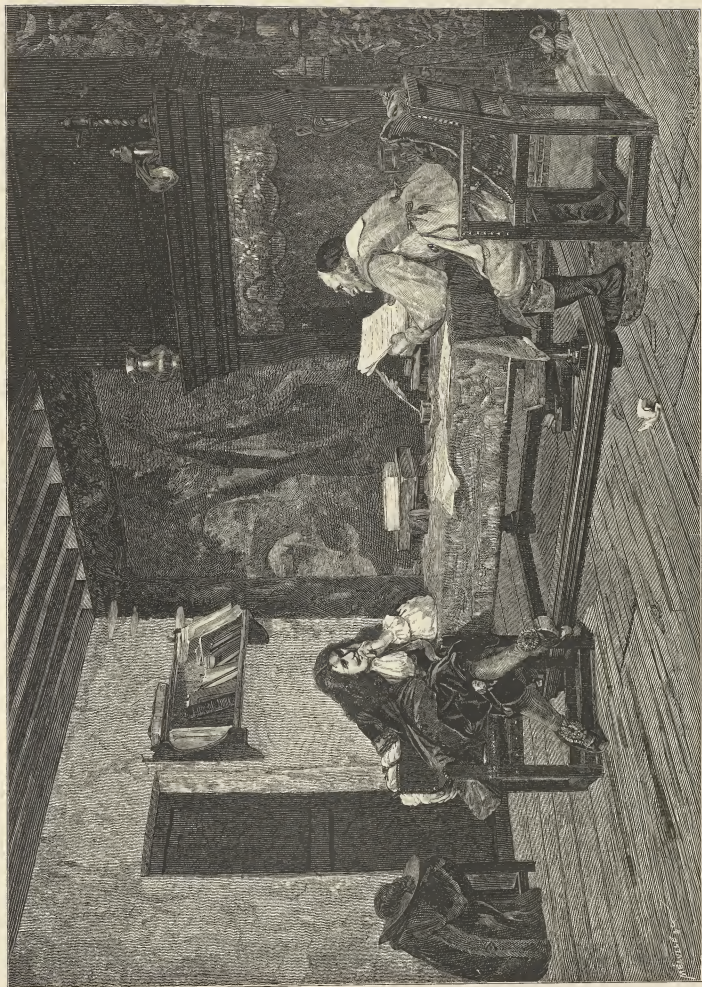
It is rightly felt that America has secured an artistic trophy in the possession of this great canvas of "1807," which it is not likely its author will ever equal now. Its merit, however, is rather in a general accumulation of triumphs and difficulties overcome than in simplicity, breadth, ease, and largeness of construction. In fact, Meissonier is never so happy in open-air, landscape situations as in the interior effects of his earlier period. His determination to conquer in open sunlit scenes seems to have been forced on him by emulation with Fortuny, whom in luminous quality he never equals.

The other Meissoniers in the Stewart collection are on his more familiar cabinet scale. One is called "A Reminiscence of the Franco-Prussian War." Two orderlies, with tall cylindrical caps, such as we see on Népomuc in the *Grande Duchesse*, each leading a horse beside his own, interview a sentinel at the door of a barrack. In the blaze of hot sunshine, the buttocks of the iron-gray horse led by the orderly who engages the sentinel in talk are positively real, muscular, and solid, to an extent of perfection scarcely realized by any of the horses of the "1807." The projecting lintel over the door casts its own triangular masses of shadow, which, though transparent, seem chopped out, thick and real; and on the whole Meissonier succeeds better in this picture with the realistic effect of intense daylight than in anything else he has done. The laurels of the "Roman-Spanish" painters are what in reality cast these sharp, real and true shadows into the manipulation of Meissonier; except for their emulation he would have remained content with the degree of tempered and conventional sunshine seen in his "Solferino" of the Luxembourg collection.

Another of the Stewart Meissoniers is remarkable as showing one of his very few female studies. A beggar-woman, carrying a baby, asks alms of a gentleman on horseback, who wears the half-moon chapeau or *claque* of the Directoire, and reins in his steed, with that air of perfect horsemanship best known to our painter, to confer the gratuity. The scene takes place in a public garden, with small regular trees like those of an orchard, and the soft flash of summer sunlight is frankly and brilliantly conveyed.

The remaining picture here by this famous and dreadfully expensive artist is the portrait of himself, a labored but infelicitous and purplish piece of color in aquarelle, showing his fine gray Spanish-looking head in three-quarters view. It was a present sent to Mr. Stewart along with the "1807"—a gift as between equals from the paint-monarch to the money-king—a bit of paper signed in the artist's manner, in exchange for the three-thousand-eagle-power check.

A prize for the collection is the exquisite society-subject by the Belgian painter Alfred Stevens, entitled "The Confidence." This artist is the interpreter of the nineteenth-century woman; he records her graces, her airs, her caprices, her temper, with that infallible and sympathetic acumen, that discernment of his *siccle*, to be noted in the comedies of Alfred de Musset. The poet who demonstrated that "A Door ought to



A COLLABORATION.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JEAN LEON GÉRÔME, IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. A. T. STEWART, NEW YORK.



be either open or shut," who wrote *A Caprice*, and poured from his heart the *Confession of a Son of the Century*, died just too early to have recognized a twin art-brother in the painter Stevens. In this picture the "Confidence" is extended by a beautiful lady to her friend, as both return at daybreak from a ball to the privacy of the chamber. On the lamp-stand, illumined by the saffron rays that stream through the glass shade, lies a letter, the evidence of a temptation, or a treason, or a desertion. The woman whose heart-pain is caused by the missive casts herself on a seat and buries her face in the knees of her friend, who stands sadly regarding the written record of folly or cruelty. Hand in hand—the heavy cashmere sliding

agreeable, environs these personages with an habitual restraint that they would never think of breaking. The modish perfection of the dresses, the furniture, assists in conveying the spectator, as by a flash, to Paris. If he happens to be one of those priggish beings called students of international social science, he may compare this study of manners with Thackeray's in *Vanity Fair*, where Becky Sharp shows to Amelia the note which discloses her husband's perfidy, at the end of the history. The two Englishwomen behave, over that letter, with so much hearty English expansion; there is a starting up and sinking down on beds, and a marching up and down the room, and, of course, a comfortable cup of tea on the candle-stand! "Emmy's head sank down, and, for almost the last time in which she shall be called upon to weep in this history, she commenced that work. Her head fell to her bosom, and her hands went up to her eyes; and there, for awhile, she gave way to her emotions, as Becky stood on and regarded her." It is not only that the circumstances and characters are not identical, but the whole tone is so different, that we breathe the air of different countries in the two scenes. This picture is painted by Stevens in the slight airy manner he has picked up in Paris: when he first felt the influence of his friend, Baron Leys, he colored in a lower key, and with much more unctious and richness of style. In contrast with those earlier, more sonorous works, the painting of his French studio seems like *gouache*; it is elegant, slight, sensitive, witty and tender; but it is thin, compared with the rich positiveness of his Belgian days, and superficial compared with those occasions of his past, when he would imitate the texture of velvets and silks, the peachy bloom of cheeks, and the muffled depth of tapestries.

Yet this artist is completely masculine, a brain of the male gender. His women even, all adorned with grace as they are, betray their origin. They are subtle in a positive way, and feminine from a masculine appreciation. Their creator's muscular hands, in the work of sculpturing them, have left a little of their own animating vigor around the tender curves. Instinctively he has modeled them from the point of view of his own health and well-being. It should be somehow evident from his female types what manner of man he is. Alfred Stevens is broad-shouldered, with massive trunk, and the appearance of a cavalry-colonel; but the face with its warm brown tint that matches with the hazel eye, the knitted forehead, the energetic and expressive mouth, reveal perfectly the man of modern enlightenment, the man of contemplation and of action in one, the man who has lived out his art. His head is strong, and solidly planted on the neck; the body supple and active; as for the hands, those marvellous utensils of his labor, they are broad, taper, sensitive, resting in your own with a gentle and genial weight and a flattering good-nature, while you have time to feel all their magnetism. The man, in short, is such as his paintings should explain him to be, and what renders the parallel still more complete, is the framework in which the man is set. This framework, in which he lives and moves, is the prettiest imaginable house in the rue des Martyrs, with its garden smothered in foliage, its apartments stifled with draperies and tapestry, its pattering of



THE CONFIDENCE.

FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY F. D. WESCOR, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ALFRED STEVENS.

from the polished shoulders that emerge from the ball-dress, and the jewels rising and falling over two unquiet hearts—the friends clasp each other between the garish artificial light that reveals a perfidy and the truthful gray dawn that crisps the window-curtain as it enters. "The warmth of those glowing hands which the lady holds in her own," says Camille Lemonnier, describing the picture, "has softened her timid heart. The whole chamber is filled with a desolate sorrow. A lamp illumines the two friends with a golden translucence that lends a gentle reflection to the velvet skin and moderates the glitter of the ornaments." Genuine and sympathetic as it is, the spectator feels that this is *Parisian* emotion; a sense of exquisite manners and of metropolitan breeding, a reticence of any demonstration that might exceed the bounds of the mournfully-

feminine feet on the stairways, its outlook on the world of feminine fripperies; what with rare furniture and potteries, and cabinets overflowing with China and Japan, nothing is wanting to constitute it the typical home of a modern painter. Such is the artist, with his surroundings, of the "Confidence," a more important specimen of one of the most exquisite talents of the day than can readily be found elsewhere in the United States.

A scene of village life, by Knaus, of his best period, is the finest prize that *peinture de genre* can yield to the researchers of the connoisseur. Mr. Stewart succeeded in obtaining one of the most brilliant examples of this master that our country can show. "The Children's Festival" (4 x 3 feet) is a tumult-

urchns is as huge as that of the children for whom Werther's Charlotte cut the bread-and-butter. Here are healthy, glut-tonous lads, and little greedy girls demurely gratifying an intense and all-comprising appetite. A large Danish wolf-dog, acting as a calm and assured critic in the matter of sausage, quietly pushes his enormous head, like a disturbing silent natural force, between the careful elder sister and the baby she feeds in her lap. At the little octagon table in front, where this doggish parenthesis intrudes himself, another little fat, overdressed elder sister, the prettiest of gluttons, lifts her head to stare at the dog, without thinking it necessary to interrupt her steady spooning from the plate of victuals; her wineglass,



FRAGMENT OF "THE CHILDREN'S PARTY."

FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY F. D. BERGESE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LUDWIG KNAUS.

tuous scene, where a hundred figures are collected without crowding. Ludwig Knaus is the most famous representative of the typical Düsseldorf anecdote-painters, and in fact an old resident and pillar of that city, though more recently acquired by the bribe of a professorship to Berlin. Here the ever fresh and charming humors of child-character are spread before us by the hand of one who is a master in the construction of innocent vaudevilles. Wit without a tinge of license, satire that is never dull, yet never unpleasantly knowing, snaps and sparkles through the whole scene. In one of those large-roomed country houses common in Germany, are laid a series of tables, where are seen rows of smug German children, the girls with hair in quaint top-knots, the boys with their flaxen locks tucked up in the shortest and most abortive of pigtails, and lustrous with pomatum. The period is that of Goethe's youth, we may suppose, and the capacity of the

it may be noticed, is almost empty; a satiated curly-head behind her dangles a morsel to tempt a large tom-cat, while a gigantic baby, with stained mouth, crams diligently with both hands, and a pair of sleek-headed boys fight tenaciously for the possession of a plate. The long table in the middle distance accommodates an older class of girls, in quaint precocious mob-caps, or with hair stuck prettily with a rose; behind, by-the-by, is an endless tableful of snuff-taking and health-drinking elders, and this middle-distance table, with its mob-capped little damsels, only repeats the flirtations and gossips of the adult one. "Wie die Alten sangen so zwitschern die Jungen"—as the old cock crows the young one blows. A broad-faced pug-nosed boy, at the end of the board, struggles with an infantine coquette for a kiss; a youth with fine and supple visage, cut out thus early for a comedian or funny man, cranes over from the other end of the table to snap his finger

at the incident and let off some dry witticism, while various girls, all with their mouths open, watch the theft of the kiss with an enjoyable sense of scandal and rapture. In a retired spot to the left, at a proper distance from these trivialities, a brindled cat is attending with strict earnestness to the real business of life; having appropriated an enormous morsel somewhat beyond her capacity, she is getting it through her throat by shaking her head upward in a series of jerks, after the manner of her kind—the anatomy of the felis family having forgotten to provide for her any throat-muscles to distribute the food discriminatingly downward, so that she has to effect her replenishment by this awkward shaking-up of all the upper part of her body. Who has not seen a great cat thus gormandizing in character, settling her contents as we settle a potato-bag by shaking the mouth, her unamiable lips hanging at the corners with a purse-like expansion, and hissing and lipping as she manages her breath among the descending boluses of food? But who ever painted these noises and struggles before Knaus? Who, again, has ever better managed a tumultuous composition in a painted canvas?—the heads, the figures, each a separate jewel of accuracy, definition, individuality, emerge behind each other with distinctness yet without formalism, while they are washed with the generous light and air of a comfortable home interior. It would be proper to imagine outside the steeple and the steep roofs of a sleepy German village. The solacing, innocent, good-humored charm of genre-painting in its best expression has never been carried further. To snatch from the life these graphic sketches of innocent joys, to render them interesting, to carve and point them with this degree of sharpness that makes them as diverting as the wickedest Paris comedy, is the triumph of the painter on the inventive and "literary" side; that done, and his brilliant little drama arranged so far as its choice of incident goes, he comes forward with another and more legitimate triumph, the triumph of pure technic; few painters of the *morcean*, few of those who restrict themselves to mere quality and determined absence of theme, can go further in consummation of modeling, color, relief of vigors, comprehension of values. Both as an invention, and as a painting-problem, the "Children's Festival" is a masterpiece that has hardly been exceeded since the days of De Hoogh and Jan Steen.

Edouard Detaille acquired his first medal in 1869, and his Salon picture of this year, now in the Stewart collection, was that for which he received it. It is called "Le Repos pendant la Manœuvre en Camp à Saint-Maur." This was the real beginning of his fame. On its appearance it was accepted as the herald of a new power in the art of painting. It was highly praised by Théophile Gautier, then the acknowledged leader of the art-criticism of the world, and the regular critic of the *Journal Officiel*. Edmond About, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and Paul Mantz, in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, exerted too their polished pens in its praise. Indeed, its finished elegance hardly spoke of the tyro, and justified the warm eulogy of contemporary appreciation. Detaille, born at Paris in 1848, entered the Lycée Bonaparte, and after following with considerable brilliancy the *cours* of the college, took his degree of "Bachelier." That was but four years before the exhibition

of this finished picture, so that hardly fifty months elapsed between the youth's school-boy stage and his appearance with a masterpiece in the walk of art. While at college, however, the natural bent of the painter was strongly marked, the pencil sketches which he was in the habit of turning out during the wearisome imprisonment of a French school course being still treasured by some of his classmates; these drawings, true to



FIGURES FROM "THE CHILDREN'S PARTY."
PACHMELER OF A STUDY BY THE ARTIST, LUDWIG KNAUS.

his future tastes, almost invariably represented the habits and accoutrements of the military. The artistic tuition which developed young Detaille in such a brief time was due to the best accident imaginable for just such a character—a family friendship with Meissonier. Meissonier and the young collegian traveled together in the south of France in 1867, the youth being by this time ensconced with the veteran artist as student and friend. A view of a nook in the fine studio of Meissonier at Poissy was exhibited by the pupil in the Salon of 1867, and two military pictures followed in 1868, "Cuirassiers Shooing their Horses on the Road to Antibes," and "A Halt of Drummers." The third painting of military life exhibited by Detaille was the present work. Faithfulness to nature, artistic conscience, gleam like the record of well-spent study-hours from edge to edge of this thorough-going canvas; its stamp and seal are, technical fidelity. There is no grace of composition, no pictorial emphasis; instead, we have the almost hypochondriacal scruple of the photographic machine, anxious and uneasy lest a gleam or a shade or a line should be missed. The troops of a well-ordered garrison are scattered about an

arid plain, in an interval between their exercises. The officers sit idly on well-governed, well-trained horses, with nothing better to do than exchange cigar-lights or smooth out the creases of their buckskin gloves. The privates, squatting on their knapsacks or stretched upon the scanty grass, suck their pipes, or toss up their canteens for a draught, or break a biscuit, or standing, watch beside their stacked bayonets. Their figures, a little too regularly studded about, like Hans Andersen's "hardy wooden soldiers," start up in their chessboard uniformity with all the necessary individuality, and, when you



FIGURE FROM "THE CHILDREN'S PARTY."
FAC-SIMILE OF A STUDY BY THE ARTIST, LEONARD KRAUS.

choose to look at them, show wonderful little thinking faces beneath their bearskin caps. One would hardly be struck by any evidence of youthfulness in the picture if the date were not known or noticed. The ability to paint the figure, whether of man or horse, seems nearly perfect; and any group selected from the broad tableau is masterly for breadth, roundness and realism; still it is certain that Detaille, representing the same scene at his present epoch, would contrive a greater variety of happy accidents in the actions and tempers of the steeds, and would mass the men into groups of more dramatic contrast and more artful light and shade. But the picture is a training exercise. Few young men would have the self-command and discipline to go on carving cherry-stones to this interminable

extent. As it was, indeed, Detaille, in dressing his minim military with all this exactitude of equipment, was only rehearsing the knowledge he was soon practically to acquire in the very same garrison. Did he conjecture, when setting down with such minute and categorical particulars the incidents of camp-life at St. Maur, in a time of profound peace in 1869, that he would soon encamp as a volunteer on the same plain, summoned by the ambition of a combatant in a conflict then unforeseen? The Prussian war broke out. At its first call to arms, Detaille enlisted, immediately joining the fourth army-corps under General Pajal, and soon returning to Paris and exercising with the troops kept in camp at St. Maur. Present at many of the succeeding engagements, he remained the artist under his military uniform, and enriched his note-book with vivid sketches in the intervals of engaging with the invaders. The stoutly-contested, hopeless skirmishes around the capital, which he has so graphically represented, might be described by the proverbial legend, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was." Towards the close of 1870 he was appointed secretary to General Appert, and was thus in a position to pursue with the strictest watchfulness all the vicissitudes of the conflict. His acquaintance with the environs of the metropolis was so accurate and topographical that he was in the habit during his secretaryship of assisting his general by drawing accurate maps of the roads in the vicinity, showing the positions taken up by the detachment of either army. His paintings after the collapse revealed these close studies of the engagements from the inside. One very terrible one depicted the butchery of a whole rank of soldiers by the discharge of a mitrailleuse; it was an episode of the close and terrible action on the sides of the Marne, on the second of December, 1870, a deadly combat in which he had himself borne a part; with horrible fidelity he determined to show the terrors of war as they are, and drew a curtain from one of those scenes of havoc which nature and the compensations of existence render short of duration and for most of us invisible—the ground quite covered with a suddenness and surprise of death, corpses of those that have died standing and have omitted to fall, but that still plant themselves rigidly in the ghastliness of their quick taking-off, or of those that plunge in terrible attitudes and bruse themselves against the earth. In the period of surprised mortification that followed the short war, while Frenchmen were rubbing their eyes and asking if their dream of disaster was true, Detaille contrived a series of pictures perfectly in sympathy with the national sentiment, and able to extract a sort of grim irony from defeat. "Nos Vainqueurs," a biting sarcasm, showed the army of Jews, venerable Shylocks that followed the German troops out of Paris, and bargained as they tramped for the fine clocks which the latter carried off in their wagons. "Hail to the Wounded;" a subject altered in uniform from French to Prussians and from Prussians to French, depicted in its final expression a chivalric example of Parisian politeness—the staff and troops of a brilliantly mounted and equipped French marshal doing homage to a bruised, tattered and broken band of German soldiers who are taking their wounded back to the battery—the French privates performing the military salute, as they would to some superior officer, and



THE VILLA TORLONIA.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JOSEPH CASTIGLIONE, IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. A. T. STEWART, NEW YORK.



the marshal and his staff raising their caps to these poor inglorious mercenaries. The later canvases of Detaille are a narrative of episodes and unpleasant little tragedies connected with the German war, spoiled in their art-significance by the sense of never amounting to anything, the mere brag and self-assurance of defeat; they are in fact pages from the diary of a combatant in the conflict. What he will paint presently, when the memory of the invasion becomes a less vivid possession of his mind, or when the futility of this sort of boasting from the under man in the fight becomes obvious to him, it is hard to say. Up to this moment, the frightful war has been his pretext, expedient, and reason for existence; yet he found striking subjects before such a combat was dreamed of—"An Engagement with the Cossacks in Russia," "Dandies in the

Davilliers, under date of October 9th, 1874: "As for my labors, I will tell you merely of my picture, which measures 1 mètre 37 centimètres in breadth by 72 centimètres in height. There are a good many figures, and I hardly know what title to give it. As it is in a manner the résumé of my summer-sojourn, might I not call it 'Villeggiatura'? Indeed there are ladies on the ground, bathers diving into the sea, the ruins of an old castle, the wall of a garden, the entrance to a village, etc., etc. All this in full sunshine, and without juggling away a single ray of it. Everything is bright and gay; how could it be otherwise, since we have passed our summer here so happily? My picture is not finished yet; I need a month of labor." This picture was purchased at the sale of Fortuny's posthumous works. Even in its unfinished state, observable



AUTUMN MANOEUVRES: THE CAMP AT ST. MAUR.
FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY P. D. BIERCOE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EUGÈNE DETAILLE.

Luxembourg Gardens," "Reading the Newspapers," and "Interior of a Café." There are themes of universal interest, apart from the abject dwelling on a grievance, which ought yet to attract the diamond point and the hair-trigger of his infallible talent. May it be long before another war solicits this painter of military actualities!

"The Beach at Portici," the last work of the regretted Mariano Fortuny, occupies a central position on the north wall of the gallery. During the final year of his life, 1874, having been ordered by his doctors to leave the unhealthy atmosphere of Rome for a more southern climate, the painter leased the Villa Arata, at Portici, near Naples, and removed thither with his wife and little boy and girl. "I have seen here," he wrote to Martin Rico, "a few motives which you alone could paint." He soon occupied himself, notwithstanding the menaces of approaching death, with this large and glorious picture. Concerning it he wrote to his friend, Baron

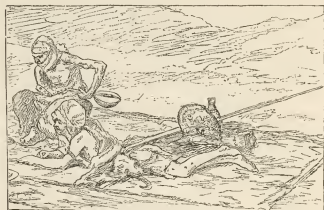
in the indecision of the foreground group of figures, which nevertheless form a *tache* against the distance of the proper value and effect, the "Portici" is one of the most valuable painting-lessons that the artist can possibly set before him. The parts that are complete seem to be merely first paintings, and to have never been dulled by working over; the sketchy parts are so superbly suggestive that they perhaps teach more, as showing how a master lays in his work, than the elaborate results of finished toil would do. The slope of the pebbly beach occupies the foreground, its line receding from the eye towards the middle of the horizon; the blue Mediterranean being seen to the left, and the stained, lofty wall of a garden, vanishing in perspective, to the right. Some kind of a blackish ramshackle causeway stretches across to the water in the middle distance, and forms a dark spot to catch the eye in the centre of the canvas; otherwise the scene is a blaze of Neapolitan sunshine, to catch whose luminous quality, "with-

out juggling away a single ray of it"—this, instead of any tender gradation of conventional shades, or artificial poetry of composition, was the painter's problem.

The foreground shows modern female figures, Fortuny's wife, and the nurse, and the little daughter, caparisoned with many flounces and in bright colors, lying about on the gravel with infinite *désinvolture*, the children clambering over the elders; but these figures are the untermiated part of the composition, and more than one sunny-looking fair one, whom we should like to know better, consists merely of a pair of distracting silken ankles and a mystery of flounce. The fact is, however, that the very incompleteness of these forms is an effect astonishingly like nature. If a real beach were strewn with real personages in the sun, and we were to observe them at a distance which would make them the size of these paintings, we could not half the time make out their heads or their bodies, until they moved; nature has this *trompe d'ail* always ready to tease us, and nature's *trompe d'ail* is just what is most cunningly fac-similed in such a first sketch of Fortuny's: he sketched sincerely the shapes that were obvious to the sight, instead of anxiously building up the forms constructively. Further on, to the left, where the light lap of the tideless indigo wave curls upon the shore, there are finished minute figures of naked bathing children, with cunning bead-like heads all carved with the proper features, that are so many miniature miracles. How solid and real this brown urchin, of a pin's length, sprawls on the sand, and how admirably this back of a bare baby balances upon its little *siant*! Overhead is the real wonder of the picture, the deep cup of the clear ultramarine sky, in which are dissolving lumps of round cumulus cloud: you think them very white till you hold a visiting-card against them, when you find them quite blue or gray: this sky, painted at a sitting, apparently, and never teased or disturbed with corrections, is a laver of intense blue fire, and one of the most luminous bits of palette-knife work ever done, without doubt. By going over the canvas with your visiting-card test, you find there is not a speck of pure white in the picture, though it is as high in tone as any canvas you ever encountered.

The other great Fortuny is "The Algerian Snake-Charmer." This is a contrast in tone to the first, being a twilight scene, covered in the distance with depth on depth of sultry, lurid shadow, resembling that of eclipse in being dewless and unaccompanied with the vapory effect of northern climates. The snake-charmer is a flexible, almost nude young fellow, lying on his breast on a rug; the snake, very much flattened as to his elastic ribs on the ground, and apparently crawling before the eye as you watch him, yawns in front, within a few inches of the *dompteur's* head. A spectrally lean old Arab, his valuable countenance hooded in invisibility, squats just beyond with a mandolin, and a secretary-bird, or something of that kind, with a long stiff leg, and a beak like a butcher's knife, meditates in front, with preternatural indifference for the snake. This incongruity of companionship between reptile and prey assists the uncanny magic effect. In the sombre twilight scene the striped, peaked tents close in like a mountain range around the enchanted arena. This is

still more a masterpiece of pure technic than the first. The flatness with which Fortuny makes the foreground figure lie on the ground and belong to it, the planes of his form being absolutely coincident with the plane occupied by the rug, and the true periphery of the earth being the true application and direction of that lean stomach of his,—the ease with which the bones of his legs roll from their sockets over one another as they cross, are all understood by a sapient doctor of design.



FRAGMENT OF "THE SERPENT CHARMER."

PACHMERE OF A DESIGN BY F. D. BRIDGES FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY M. FORTUNY.

This picture, a work of the year 1870, is one of the achievements of the nineteenth century which may be confidently put beside any old master of the past. Fortuny, in fact, will probably be estimated by futurity as the real artistic glory of the age. He is the sole painter of the time who has discovered something new in the aspects of nature, instead of working over the old modes of former painters: only from century to century do these authentic creators, these innovators, spring into history—Fortuny with his perception of light, Rembrandt with his perception of shadow, Velasquez with his harmonious keeping-back of color and his reality of modeling, Raphael with his burden of perfect grace, Michael Angelo with his burden of ideas. Mariano Fortuny, born June 11, 1838, at No. 36 in the Calle del Arrabal de Robuster in the little town of Reus, near Barcelona, died in Italy in 1874 and was buried with splendid pomp and universal lamentation at Rome. The tremendous robustness of his genius is especially apparent when we recollect that so far as he had any instruction it was completely of the old-fashioned, formal, academic order at Barcelona, and under the teachings of Claudio Lorenzale, a painter who followed the pseudo-antique, grandiose traditions of Overbeck. As well might a humming-bird be fostered in the nest of a penguin! Fortuny was born to flash and lighten, to teach the world his vivid perception that objects are modeled by nature in facets of luminous color. He created a style, but died too young to perfect his taste and mature his selection of subjects. Everything he has left impresses one as a mere color-problem, like the assemblages of still-life objects a clever pupil heaps together for practice in the studio. What he would have taught to art, in the way of conception and doctrine, can only be conjectured. He died a technist, a student, and has afflicted his age with a whole school of parodists.



H. MEYER, PISA

CHAPMAN, NEW YORK & CO.

BENEDICK AND BEATRICE.

From the "Tempest" painting in the collection of H. G. D. Howard, New York.

BARFIV, PHILADELPHIA

Of the Fortuny school is G. Boldini, an Italian resident in Paris, and perhaps, of those who have trained their eyesight painfully to the Fortuny spectacles, the one who has preserved the greatest originality and personal habit of vision. The finest of the Boldinis in the Stewart collection almost emulates the "Portici" of the great authentic master of the style. It represents "French Washerwomen" kneeling at the river. The retrogression of their figures in perspective, as they crouch in a curved line along the circling bank, is admirable; they are so well in place, and so solidly put upon the ground. The white lumps of cloud, dissolving in the intense ether like loaf-sugar in brandy-coffee, are almost equally successful with those of the "Portici," though with less ease, felicity and precision in the manner of painting.

Another Boldini represents "The Park of Versailles in

ously,") all which successively-named artists were personal friends and henchmen of the first, compose the tribute which this gallery pays to the striking clique of painters *à la tache*.

By Eduardo Zamacois, a painter from Bilbao, who cast his lot with the French, and died at thirty-one, during the Prussian war, there is a celebrated picture, "Court-Jesters in the Antechamber," a crowded composition of the year 1867. Zamacois, with a certain Spanish brooding morbidity of temperament, painted a number of compositions in which he represented the weary pastimes of court-dwarfs and hunchbacks, even as Velasquez depicted the slave-satirist, Menippus, and the various dwarfs of Charles and Philip. We here seem to see the antechamber of King Francis the First, with his menagerie of court dwarfs and buffoons, in full conclave assembled. How bad the air is in this crowd of captive monstrosities, how plain



COURT-JESTERS IN THE ANTECHAMBER

FACSIMILE OF A DESIGN BY F. D. BESCOE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. ZAMACOIS

the Eighteenth Century," with gallants making a leg to fine ladies in sedan chairs. The modish insincerity of their poses takes away from the seeming merit of an artist who really can design the figure very well. The décolleté necks and pinchable little arms of these microscopic puppets show great mastery in flesh-painting on the snuff-box-lid scale, and the blue glint of reflected light from the foliage is a hit at nature's truth such as nobody began to perceive till the "Spanish-Roman" school arose.

A third Boldini, entitled "Waiting," one of his flirtation-subjects, not very deep in feeling or touching in sentiment—an idyl in the circle of ideas circumscribed by fashionable spheres—completes the selection and the concession made by Mr. Stewart from and to the school of *papillotage* which arose in his latter years with such imposing claims to notice. The Fortuny's and the Boldinis, with a Pinchart, a Clairin, a Jiminez ("Mountebanks in a Spanish Square,") and an Alvarez ("Jeal-

the close menagerie-smell, how mephitic the atmosphere of despotism, in this chamber which is the type of its most tyrannical purlieus! The painter comprehends how to deal the most obvious blow at feudalism by his own supreme resource, that of addressing the eye: with no other single scene could he make such a hit as by this scene of feudalism's meanest swindle—that of purchasing its merriment from nature's imprisoned abortions. In the early and experimental part of his career the sardonic Zamacois dwelt much on this aspect of feudal systems; his mind ran on the vagaries of Pedro the Cruel, and the miseries of Triboulet in "Le Roi S'Amuse;" and his mordant brush overran with many a bevy of wretched, objectless hunchbacks in splendid liveries and gilded cages, before he planted his downright antimonarchical blow in the picture which so offended Napoleon and which came to America—"The Education of a Prince." The present scene is his most elaborate effort in this kind, and his sarcastic humor finds

vent, too, in a notion that never occurred to a painter before, and would only occur to a Spaniard—he places the portraits of his artist friends, along with his own, on the shoulders of these unfortunates. Jules Worms watches the stand of paroquets, Berne-Bellecour throws the dice,—*que sais-je?*—the galaxy of smart painters who sprung to notice in the mushroom art-growth of the Second Empire are arranged in the comedy and decorated with the jester's bauble. When we see the symmetrical profiles, with grim mock-serious expressions, of these studio-comrades pedestaled upon the hunched backs of dwarfs, his own lean, laughing face in the ass-eared cap of a jester, and his pretty young brother's fresh cheeks and curls over the fluted collar of a saucy page, we are fain to discern some meaning within the traced lines akin to the moody strictures of Goya—some half-uttered jibe to the effect that

lesson of abnegation to themselves and of charity to the great world, came at length to develop a peculiar habit of sycophantic flattery and cajolery in the friars sent out on their begging rounds. No longer content with a crust, and demanding that with the austere authority of the church as a permission to the wordling to do a good action, the *quêteur* came in course of time to adopt an air of sympathetic good-fellowship towards the rich whom he proposed to relieve of their superfluity. Such at least is our Spanish satirist's view of the matter; the fat monk is an apt courtier, greasy and indulgent. The *grandees*—one of whom resembles Francis I—stretch their legs on the garden chairs, and look musingly on the base and smiling beggar, wondering how it might seem to be such a man; gazing contemplatively down from their world into his. One fancies the sarcasm and the repartee, the



THE BEGGING MONK.

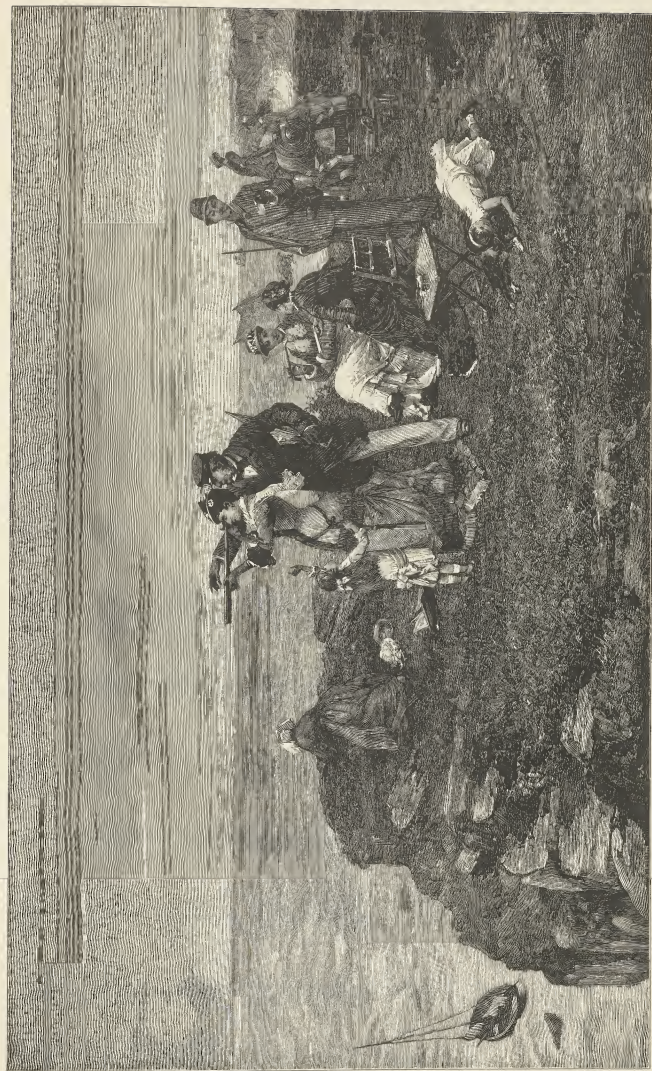
FAC-SIMILE OF A DESIGN BY F. D. BRESQ, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EDOUARD ZAMACOIS.

the art of the Second Empire was one of bondage and baseness, certain to take its place in the history of painting as a form of gilded degradation, and able to bear the slave's worst misfortune, that of contentedly smiling in slavery. Couture, too, in his own more rhetorical way, has represented Art under the Empire in the semblance of a poet chained in a splendid Roman banquet-hall.

By Zamacois, also, is "Un Frère Quêteur," or "Begging Monk." Here the court-jester acts as interpreter between the mundane selfishness of the upper orders and the clerical selfishness of the emissary from the church: he holds his painted bauble, with its ridiculous carved head, up to the nose of the donkey ridden by the monk (which lowers one ear and redoubles its edifying gravity,) and seems to ask, "Which among us all is really the ass?" The rule of humility established by the Franciscans, ordaining that the brothers should have nothing of their own, but live by begging, as a

haughty tolerance of the great people, the acceptance of ignominy by the delighted recipient of the kicks and half-pence, and the wise jest of the buffoon resuming the situation in a Shakesperian witticism. Both the specimens of Zamacois are executed in a splendid perfection of drawing and color, with a nicety and precision of design hardly inferior to Meissonier, and a glow of light and air over rainbow costumes that is the special gift of the Spanish school.

By Ramon de Madrazo, brother-in-law of Fortuny, and perhaps the best painter of modern womankind to hold up beside the Belgian Alfred Stevens, the gallery possesses a subject which enforces a commanding interest from its mere technic, the subject embodying one of those odd studies of Spanish manners which could hardly be invented outside of the unconventional back-yards of the Peninsula. The "Lady Feeding a Monkey" makes you feel though, that, careless señorita that she is, who has run up to converse with her



ON THE CLIFFS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY PETER OUTH, IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. A. S. STEWART, NEW YORK.



Gibraltar ring-tail before she is dressed, whose linen is falling from her shoulders, and whose costume otherwise consists chiefly of an exaggerated girdle, she will be a pattern of Spanish *morgue* and etiquette when the hour for full-dress arrives and the gentlemen begin to call. For the rest, this unconventional study, so truly Spanish in its *bisarrerie*, is a fine bit of color-harmony, and the riskiness of the toilet is purified by the chastity of the sensitive, delicate hues which make a melody over the canvas.

Toulmouche's masterpiece, so far as memory serves, is "The Serious Book," a most painstaking, elaborate piece of fashionable enamel. Tribute being rendered to the extraordinary conscientiousness and brilliancy of its manipulation, the

artistic miniature-manipulation, merely to declare once more that sermons are soporifics?

Lighter in tone than the paintings which earned his early reputation, Munkácsy's "Visit to the Baby," a work of the year 1879, is an assemblage of the softest blonde hues, made emphatic and satisfying by the thick impasto of the German school of art in which he was bred. Munkácsy and Stevens have both been cajoled by Paris life and Paris influence into painting in a higher key than they used originally. The furniture, floor-cloth, old square mirror, hanging tapestries and potted plants are the ordinary upholstering of a part of Munkácsy's beautiful Paris studio, so that the picture is in so far a souvenir of the romantic artist's belongings, over and



THE VISIT TO THE BABY.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY MICHAEL MUNKÁCSY.

guardian angel of art has the better chance to lift her warning finger, and ask whether or not this is an example of the bondage of the painters under Napoleon III which Zamacois satirized, and which was alluded to just now. This insatiate elaboration of an attenuated idea—this wealth of detail and research of microscopes applied to a painter's jest, worthy at most of a sketch in *La Vie Parisienne*—is it not the sign of slavery, the badge of a painter's humiliation? The artist, in one of the most highly-finished boudoir scenes ever painted, simply asserts that it is the province of the serious volume to put modern folks to sleep. A large, handsome dame in a modish cap of lace, and another lady of slenderer proportions, have fallen upon each other's shoulders in uncontrollable slumber, while the good book that has been trying to arouse them effects a cataract down their skirts unnoticed. The jest is not so bad; but is it observing the proportions of things to worry over the painting-niceties of Metz and Breughel, and Mieris and Terburg, and produce at last a microcosm of all

above the pretty little drama he introduces to give life to a motif which he has originally conceived more as a study of bric-à-brac than anything else. He has seated a young mother, pale and weak, and apparently just able to assume an upright posture, in one of the beautiful old-fashioned chairs; laces and fine dressing-gown stuffs enfold her wasted form, and she glances with that well-known motherly eye, which never leaves sight of a particular object, at the little infant which lies in the nurse's arms and which a pair of lady friends in street dress are examining. Try as he may, Munkácsy finds it impossible to make a Frenchman of himself. There are twenty Paris painters who could give a stamp of greater elegance to the ladies, who could dress them in toilets more delicate and irreproachable, who could shed over the scene a more exquisite aroma of civilization, refinement and distinction. But there are few who could so play with light and air and texture, or whose work would be recognized, as this might be, as worthy of comradeship by Jan Steen and Pieter Hooghe. The

picture is in fact a masterly, but an ethnographically distant estimate of French life by a foreigner—a Hungarian. The



SCHILLER AT THE COURT OF WEIMAR.

FACSIMILE OF A DRAWING BY F. D. HERSCHEL, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THOMAS ENDER.

artist holds himself at arm's length from the civilization he depicts. In looking at the canvas I seem to see a strong but refined Gipsy, who lifts up the French fallals to find what the embroideries and trimmings are made of, who describes the Worth dresses brutally from the point of view of their construction and foundations,—with accuracy doubtless, but without an atom of that French respect which would spare their frivolity. He seems to introduce his strange native types, Wallachian complexions, hooked Czech noses, and Danubian sincerities of expression, where a Paris society-painter would show but feminine refinements, redolent of the hothouse life of the saloon.

"Schiller at the Court of Weimar" is a picture by Ender. It was at Weimar that the author of *Wallenstein* plunged for the first time into the delights of literary society, and forgot that he had lived as a solitary scholar, in making the acquaintance of Herder, of Wieland, and of Goethe. Here, too, he enjoyed the favor of the Duke of Weimar, Charles August, whose acquaintance he had previously made at Darmstadt, and who subsequently put the poet on the pension list, and ennobled him. In Weimar, too, he met and married his wife, Charlotte von Lengefeld. He resided at the little capital at different periods, going thither from Mannheim first in 1787, at the age of twenty-eight, and returning in 1799, after having occupied the chair of historical professor at Jena. The scene is doubtless to be assigned to the later date, when Schiller, crowned with honors and fame, and exulting in the completion of his *Wallenstein*, enjoys with the docility of a truly tory spirit the patronage of the Ducal court. Charles August requires him to recite some thrilling dialogue from *Wallenstein*, or perhaps to declaim the song of Thekla, that song which is exquisite in every modern language; or possibly it is some passage filled with a more juvenile passion, from his earlier *Don Carlos* or *The Robbers*. The Duke and his courtiers listen absorbed. The dowager Duchess Amelia of Weimar, another influential protector of the poet's, attends with her ladies. It is the culmination of a poet's glory indeed, when, himself the actor of every successive part in his plays,

he can thrill in his own person the hearts of those who are grandest and highest in the world of his respect. Through all the decorous pomp of this scene, which attains the grandeur of a historic ceremonial, the spectator of our race is apt to feel the twitch of an obstinate smile, when he remembers that the Weimar court of this very period, here represented as so opulent and splendid, is the one exquisitely satirized for its brag and strut by Thackeray, as the "Pumpernickel" of *Vanity Fair*.

The "Cupid and Psyche" of Wilhelm von Kaulbach is an important specimen of a German master, a man of celebrity quite legendary in his own country, and of an almost unequalled rarity with us in the way of collected specimens. Of other moderns of his rank, America possesses examples in profusion; of Kaulbach, hardly any. The specimens to be pointed out of this painter in the United States are the present picture, in the Stewart gallery; a painting of the crusaders recovering the cross, in another New York collection; the cartoon of the "Reformation," seen at the Paris Exposition of 1867, and belonging to Mr. Durfee of Fall River; the portrait of King Ludwig of Bavaria, in the Pennsylvania Academy; the "Mother-love" in Mr. Gibson's Philadelphia gallery, and the picture also entitled "Mother-love" in the Cincinnati collection of Mr. Probasco. The Psyche subject is one which engaged the painter's attention early in life; before he was thirty years of



DIANA AND HER NYMPHS.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY K. F. SOHN.

age he painted sixteen illustrations of Apuleius' fanciful legend on the walls of the palace of Duke Maximilian. The moment chosen in the Stewart canvas is that when Eros awakens the



THE SERIOUS BOOK.

From the "Serious" series in the collection of F. H. T. Books, New York.

NEW YORK: F. H. T. BOOKS.

Soul with his kiss. A bevy of musical geni hover in the air, and by their painted action of instrumental manipulation these little sprites assist the general idea of harmony and of a joyous awakening. Psyche, reclined upon a bank of flowers and ferns, at the embrace of Cupid lifts one foot with a curious action and stretches the drapery across her lap; another singular motion is that of the nearest cherub, who plays the violin. Kaulbach was a man of education, who knew perfectly well that the fiddle is not a characteristic illustration for Apuleius; but he chose, by a conscious effort, to ally himself with the old German and Italian painters who introduced viols and the like into classic and biblic subjects, very much as Browning, in *Saul*, makes David speak in rhyme, though conscious that rhyme is not a Hebrew characteristic; his notion, perhaps, being to ally his poem in spirit with those of Alfieri and other Italians. The scarcity of easel-pictures by Kaulbach, whether

peated it. The goddess—her moon blazing indignantly on her forehead—points towards a supposed Acteon, while four of her nymphs cower around her, hastily assuming garments or drawing their hair about their shoulders. Are we to look to Sohn and to Kaulbach respectively for the reasons of the vast divergence between the Düsseldorf and Munich schools today? Munich now represents what is alive, teachable and open to conviction in German art; it has names, such as Gebhardt, and Leibl, and Lenbach, scarcely exceeded in European painting: Düsseldorf, on the contrary, since she parted with Knaus, has scarcely a name to conjure by. Yet no one could claim any great radical difference between the quality of Kaulbach and the quality of Sohn. Both are characteristic of that sort of figure-painting qualified as respectable. But in the dry respectable pedagogy of Kaulbach there seems to have been some secret receptivity of ideas that made his school



FISHING-SMACKS RETURNING TO SCHEVENINGEN.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY F. D. BRISQON, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ANDREAS ACHENBACH.

in this country or any other, depends largely upon the fact that his works were mostly royal orders, in fresco, for the decoration of public buildings. Kaulbach has been heretofore celebrated for his celebrity—a Fame, without evidence to base it on—*nomen et prætoria nihil*, a cuckoo-note of art. When seen, as in this specimen, he shows us that it is the occasional originality and complexity of his ideas that have earned him a reputation rather than his mastery of the management of colors. His group of Cupid and Psyche is a conventional Canova-like pair. The faces are Viennese in type, and make one fancy that the legend of Marie Antoinette's beauty can never be eradicated from German art. The vegetation is simply decorative and impossible, and the picture altogether appeals to a kind of gentle voluptuousness rather than to intelligent appreciation of modeling and color.

Kaulbach was professor at Munich. Karl Ferdinand Sohn was, up to his death in 1867, professor at Düsseldorf. He is represented in the Stewart gallery by a picture with life-size figures, "Diana and her Nymphs." It is the favorite subject of our Düsseldorf pedagogue who has more than once re-

bloom out, like a soil charged with germinal life, into one of the great painting developments of the day; while Sohn's school—that of Düsseldorf—is little thought of now (with an exception to be noted in the next paragraph) and exists in most people's memories as a factory for the spinning of anecdotes of peasant life.

Andreas Achenbach, one of the most justly famous of German marine painters, is another Düsseldorf artist. Though he never strikes a note so liquid and perfect as the one note of the Belgian marine artist, Clays, yet his quality is limpid, ringing and emphatic, while in selection of subject he takes on himself a breadth of responsibility which bears some relation to the ever-varying expressiveness of nature. His present specimen represents "Fishing-Smacks entering the Harbor of Scheveningen." Achenbach is fond of rendering the motion of sea-spray by a glancing and almost woven sheen, like spun-glass; a sheen composed of a confusion of lines of silken paint, which certainly has the success of seeming to make the foam dart and fly under the eye, but reminds one of the pencil-work of Tom Tulliver's drawing-master in that it "represents nature

as having a rather satiny surface than otherwise." This kind of water, by no means unsuccessful, but insisting on the ser-



THE KIND GUARDIAN.

FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY F. D. BRECKIN, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY KARL HOFF.

pentine dart of the waves rather than on their crumbling and marbly inherent quality, is what fills the greater part of the area of the scene before us. The Holland beach, kept in some shape by the simple expedient of piles driven from distance to distance, stretches off to the horizon; the left part of the view is devoted to the glancing and tossing sea, a fluttering feather-bed on which ride the comically corpulent Dutch luggers with belled sails.

In "The Kind Guardian," by Karl Hoff, German art shows a well reconstructed interior of the eighteenth century, with Dresden jars on Buhl tables, and personages whose extravagant hoops and expansively-skirted waistcoats emulate the furniture in general glitter of painter's still-life. The particular kind guardian in question, a paunchy, round-faced individual—the good uncle of German comedy—is being solicited to marry his two young wards; the solicitation is borne by the best and most effective hands, for the youth and maid in question, having made up a match, are asking for his consent in person, one at each ear. The lad pinches his cheek, and looks him in the eye roughly as he speaks. The girl, more eloquent, keeps perfectly quiet: she only leans her blushing face against her guardian's, with a world of meaning. The consent will not be long in coming. How tolerable were existence if it were generally like these pictures of parlor comedy, in an

atmosphere of quaint delicacy and refinement, with the buttery hearts of guardians for our chief dragons or obstacles to overcome in life; with careers cut out for us and generous wills to console us in time for a "kind guardian's" taking-off!

Meyer von Bremen, or Jean George Meyer of Bremen, is a great favorite with the public on account of the enamel finish he confers on his work, and on that of his themes of children and pretty maids. One of his subjects in this collection is a little barefoot shepherdess, standing relieved, like a bronze, on the brow of a precipice. She knits, without the least vertigo in her clear little kerchiefed head, as the birds wheel above her; the sky stretches its infinity of air and light around, and her sheep look up from the terraces below awaiting her summons to return to the evening fold. Another represents a maid with a dead bird and a cage,—one of the conceivable poesies that may be imagined to get into the most sordid peasant-life,—a subject as inevitably idyllic, though wrapped in absurdest petticoats and probably destined to grow a goitre, as any Andrew Marvel's "Maid and Dying Fawn" of them all. A third by the same gentle and gracious hand shows "The Good Sisters." A peasant boy of five, pretty as a cherub but not of heroic mould, is sitting by the way-side amid a whole scraggio of sisters, who cluster around him and endeavor to extract the thorn which has run into his little naked foot. The interest of the picture consists in its effort to portray a boy's crying face, a really successful and amusing study of a childish visage turned up to heaven as helplessly as the Laocoon's, and washed with innocent tears. Childish history has its stings as deep for



INDUSTRY.

ENGRAVED BY F. FALST, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY MEYER VON BREMEN.

the moment as Laocoon's, and the ire of the gods seems to it occasionally as relentless as any known to Virgil.



CONVULSANT CONTINUED

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WEISSBACH PINK

From the General Secretariat, Collection of Manuscripts, New York.

BARNIER, PHILADELPHIA



EVENING ON THE TERRACE, A SOUVENIR OF MOROCCO.
FACE-SKETCH OF A DRAWING BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT FROM HIS PAINTING.



ZENOBIA.
MARKER BY H. HOSMER.

ENOUGH of German art for the present! Turn we, after the group of Teutonic painters just examined, to the versatile and genial painters of France again. The large and sketchily-brushed canvas representing "Evening on the Terrace, a Souvenir of Morocco," is by Benjamin Constant, a young pupil of Cabanel's who exhibited a "Hamlet" as long ago as 1869, but whom nobody noticed particularly until his "Entry of Mahomet II into Constantinople" was exposed some seven or eight years later. The "Evening on the Terrace" represents with wonderful effect the balmy blue of a brief tropical twilight, bathing the immense serene overhead with waves of ether. Far off stretches the Mediterranean, and the roofs of Morocco occupy the intermediate space with their flat forms and their precipitous eaves. The women have brought out their carpets and skins of animals, stretched upon which they feast upon the rich air,—the sole intoxication permitted to believers. One of them is a young and monumental-looking girl, with broad cheek-bones and serious eyes, who sits upon her panther-hide with the immobility of a Memnon in the desert. It is the dower of these orientals to slouch with majesty, to idle in a splendid and impressive manner, and to take their large share of life's repose without looking as if they were ashamed. This grave and Memnonian maid, who has never improved her mind, and who ruminates among the fleet splendors of the waning sky as solemnly as a heifer, fits in well with the time and the scene. In a grimy manufacturing town of the Western world, where there are sewing-machines and art-schools for the poor, she would be decidedly out of

place, for she and her tribe have drifted for ages like the sand in the hour-glass, knowing reverses, but no advance.

"On the Cliff" is by Pierre Outin, a pupil of Cabanel's also, born at Moulins and living in Paris. While the poor fisherman's wife, in Breton cap, haunts the brink for the first sight of her Goodman's brown sail, the smart city-people flutter all over the rocks with their frivolity and their furniture. They must have camp-chairs, spy-glasses, gloves, umbrellas and toy-boats, canes, cigarettes, veiled helmets, fans, and every invention yet patented for making time fly in summer. The little boy bestrides the cannon of the *garde-côte*, the spoilt and beribboned girl clamors for a peep through the telescope before her elders are done with it. It is questionable whether the seaside does such people much good. The largeness and simplicity of nature do not get the bettermost, for these uneasy mortals quite conquer nature with the multiplicity and power of their moral diseases. As for the artist, his function is to observe and record. He has secured bits of life-like character in the young cit who turns to filip the ash from his cigarette, and the Omniscience in a cap, who is convinced that by simply leaving his hat at home he has made himself an undistinguishable counterfeit of a sea-captain.

Bouguereau, with his clean and waxen style, is well represented in the Stewart gallery. He has never attained greater elevation of quality than in his "Nouveau-né," or "New-born Lamb," a delicate subject of a sweet-faced shepherdess carrying a lamb, and turning to say soft, reassuring things to the ewe that trots apprehensively beside her. This picture has been used by Mr. Hamerton for the *Portfolio*, and described with many compliments in the text which he there edits. In a French periodical, at another time, a Paris critic who wrote as if he was conscious of many reserves when he complimented Bouguereau, broke down when he came to this particular

specimen, and exclaimed: "Before the 'Nouveau-né' I can only exclaim, as Diderot did before a celebrated Greuze,—



RETURN FROM THE HARVEST.
FAC-SIMILE OF SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY W. A. BOUGUREAU.

"delicious! delicious!" The "Homer," too, a canvas of 1874, is certainly one of Bouguereau's most successful works. It includes a pair of life-size figures,—the bard of Chios, serene in meditation, and his boyish guide, alert and apprehensive. In the distance, the rude young Ionian shepherds set on their dogs at the stately stranger, and the curs rush up in full cry, but change their ideas as they come nearer, so that the dog who has actually approached the poet fawns on him in full submission and obedience. Through the torrid weather that prints their features in sharp bronze-like shadows, past an inattentive or reviling world of ignorance, amongst the rude barking and worrying of dogs, past the young fig-tree that brushes them with its flat, papery leaves, but has no fruit for them—with an empty basket and a crust jealously held from the reach of the dog, the pair make their way to carry their divine message of poetry from their century to future ones—to our own.

A still later specimen of Bouguereau is "The Return from the Harvest," a canvas of about 1878. In this, while the figures are of nearly the scale of the last, the greater number necessitates a larger canvas and makes what is called a more "important" picture. The treatment seems to have been inspired by Léopold Robert's "Harvest Fête" in the Louvre, and represents one of the half-pagan celebrations which have come down from the earliest Greek colonization of the Neapolitan coast. A naked child has been crowned with leaves and set upon a donkey, in front of his mother, who sits behind him like a kind of pagan madonna or Ceres; she teaches him to manage the bridle, and the girl and boy, who advance alongside, dance nimbly on their agile and naked legs, beating the uplifted tambourine and waving branches in front of this innocent ovation. It is unnecessary to take much time to the description of such a subject by such a well-known painter; a word and a line, a phrase and a hasty diagram, are enough to

elucidate the specimen. Bouguereau's peculiar talent being given, and the scale being mentioned as life-size, "you see from here," as the French say, just how he would treat it, and how much solid but conventional merit of drawing and expression he would fasten upon so many square feet of canvas. The decorative and learned pictures of Bouguereau, whether large and intricate like these treasures of a millionaire's mansion, or smaller and more restricted in theme, always contain good design, conscientious manipulation, and a genuine search for grace. Very delicate perception of character and feeling, very important bits of luck in rendering expression, very intricate and magical drawing, very subtle poetry amid a plethora of respectable poetry, we do not exactly expect to find in the works of this master, whose art wishes ever to be prepossessing, and accordingly cannot get a chance to be serious. But before work of his so conscientious as is here to be found, before the "Nouveau-né" especially, we may well drop the last remnant of hostility, and echo the tribute that has sounded from Diderot's age to ours,—"delicious! delicious!"

Dubufe *filz*, the son of a well-known portrait-painter of Paris, and the pupil of that artist as well as of Delaroche, is represented in this collection by two works, the "Prodigal Son," and "A Circassian Woman." The "Prodigal" is the well-known subject of the parable, a composition here seen only in the elaborate color study, with figures about one foot



HOMER AND HIS GUIDE.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY W. A. BOUGUREAU.

in height. The painter's more important development of the composition, with life-size groups, was exposed in the Paris

Salon of 1867, hung in a place of honor and the cynosure of the populace, but unable to attract the judicious admiration of



THE NEW-BORN LAMB.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU.

more fastidious critics. This, as well as the present color-study, became the property of Mr. Stewart, and was carried around in the United States as a show; it was finally burned in the West, after remunerating Mr. Stewart by the profits of its exhibition for its cost of thirty thousand dollars. We may sufficiently appreciate the merits of the composition by the more manageable copy which survives. The scene is divided into a trilogy, the "riotous living," in colors, occupying the centre, and the repentance and return being placed at the sides in slender panels painted in *grisaille*. It is a peculiarity of this most popular of the parables, that artists have treated it, in every age, not in the costume of the first century, but in arbitrary habiliments intended better to subserve the purposes of decoration, or to appeal more directly to contemporaries. It has even been dressed out in the costumes of Hogarth's day, and made to figure as a sort of corollary to the "Idle Apprentice." Nothing could better show the universality of the admirable story, its independence of bounds of time or place, and its continuous adaptation to changing epochs, than this instinct of art to free it from the trammels of contemporary manners and re-vamp it from time to time for the needs of successive periods and far-off races. Dubufe has made it a Veronese scene of silks and jewels, purpoints and hose, renaissance architecture and Italian festival. The weak youth is seen in the central compartment, in the rich velvets and simarres of Titian's day, tossing the wine-cup amid a bevy of damsels; in the last panel, his father receives him in the robes of a doge. The execution of the two monochrome panels, at right and left, is better than that of the crowded centre, which errs by the fault of glitter and insufficiency, while the moral of the work is weakened by the prominence and development given to the picture of sin. The episode of the prodigal's riots, delivered in the parable in a single disdainful line, cannot be expanded by a painter into a rich and attractive orgie without

a suspicion of prurency; but this was perhaps to be expected, art being what it is. The tableau of debauchery yields more color and picturesqueness, and the artist naturally develops the colored and the picturesque at the expense of the didactic. The important question from a critical point of view is, has the painter risen to the height of his opportunity? This is at least, it must be admitted, the most thorough and difficult theme he has undertaken, and we cannot but accord to it a considerable amount of success, though it is very far behind the great wedding-scene of Veronese which it seems to emulate. We feel through the picture that the artist is uncomfortable in his task of grouping a quantity of personages under given conditions of light and air; used to the single portrait, he does not always know how to subordinate his minor figures in the discreet modesty of nature. Dubufe is ranked by French critics among the best of modern portraitists, and his reputation has gone on increasing since the painting of this picture, instead of declining. When the "Prodigal Son" appeared, and was denounced for its loudness and hardness and glitter, its general quality of Corinthian brass, Dubufe was certainly abased in estimation below Merle and Cabanel and Bouguereau. Since then, by confining himself to portraiture and by never attaching himself to the picture-agency of any great shop, he has earned a higher if a more retiring place: he would be ranked, perhaps, above Cabanel now, in the portrait line, and at about the level of Giacomotti. This



THE CIRCASSIENNE.

ENGRAVED BY F. FAUCI, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. DUBUFE.

quality shines forth in such a single-figure subject as the "Circassian Woman," where the problem is the same as that of a

portrait. It is a pure and workmanlike study of a female model, posed so as to give a vivid idea of movement and life, clothed in damasked tissues, and crowned with a peculiar smile that recalls the smile invented by Leonardo. The woman supports a water-jar, and laughs furtively, with lowered eyes, in presence of some adorer. It is by examining such a specimen as this, if we cannot get at one of his high-bred and interpretative portraits, that we shall come to understand how Dubufe, by well-doing in restricted fields of work, has come to be preferred before Merle, and Bouguereau, and Jalabert.

By Hugues Merle—the ever-popular and resolutely picturesque—there are two striking scenes, each in dialogue, or confined to a parley between two personages. They are of

some abnormal, unsexed, footlight Androgyne of that great English renaissance. The "Hamlet" subject represents the Danish prince endeavoring, with harsh kindness, to wean Ophelia's affections from him, as he bids her go to a nunnery. The poor chamberlain's daughter, with her indefinite place at court and her general powerlessness to guide events to good, holds her prayer-book and does not repudiate the suggestion: with female intractability, her next proceeding in the story, however, is to go to the theatre, and not to the cloister. Merle's conception of the hapless lovers is probably based upon first impressions taken from Gounod's *Hamlet*, with Faure and Nilsson in the principal characters. He represents Hamlet's suffering in this scene, but not his withering severity.



THE GODMOTHER'S VISIT.

FACSIMILE OF A DRAWING BY F. D. BEECHER, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY C. BAUGNIET.

large proportions, with life-size figures, both from Shakespeare, and respectively comic and tragic. One represents the witty banter of Beatrice with Benedick, and endeavors to show in the expression of that brilliant and uncomfortable woman the very inception and thrust of one of her terrible repartees. It is the moment when Benedick, tormented and enchanted, calls her "dear lady Disdain." He is nervous and enthralled, shamed and stimulated; he meditates some bitter reply as he plays with the hilt of his sword, which reflects itself in his armor. As for Beatrice's sword, it is seen reddened between her pearly teeth, and its reflection is in her wicked eye. One likes to fancy the declamation of lines so intricate and difficult as those of the part of Beatrice, in Shakespeare's time, by some hectic, over-stimulated, stage-spoiled, precocious boy. So could best be carried out, probably, Shakespeare's instructions for the portrayal of this dazzling female intellect. "A star danced when I was born," says the terrible maid, and her celestial capriciousness could most fully be represented, it may be, by

Ophelia, with an ineffective face in thin relief, seems to be a distant reflection of Mademoiselle Nilsson. This group is certainly less adequate to its great text than the scene of comedy, which last, all things considered, may be allowed to be better than any English picture illustrating Shakespeare, and to suggest happily the sword-play of intellect characteristic of Elizabeth and her court.

Charles Baugniot is a Belgian artist resident in Paris, and considered as belonging to the French school. His subject, "The Godmother's Visit," may be compared, but with a difference, to Munkácsy's scene of a new-born babe also receiving callers. Two ladies of equal age—old boarding-school friends perhaps—have vowed to tell each other all their secrets from girlhood; to confide each of the many times a helpless being has proposed, and to give in its freshness the single decisive bit of news when the answer has been "yes." But a new depth of feeling is awakened when the confidence extends to constituting the old comrade the godmother of the first baby



GRANDER HOTEL, N.Y.

Copy right

CHARLES MARSHALL 1894

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

From the "Museum" painted in the collection of Mr. A. P. Marshall, New York.

FIGURE A. 1894

which has been born between the brace of comrades. One of the girls has so entirely eclipsed the other, has attained to such overwhelming dignity, and has actually enriched the world with a new life! Her inferior can only admire and envy. She holds the baby, unskilfully and rapturously, thinking of the terrible conspicuousness of going with it to the font, and afterwards the hideous responsibility of promising to teach it its catechism, which she has herself forgotten, every word;—to a Belgian artist, this protestant contingency may indeed have occurred as he painted, and made him smile. We must read again the *Monsieur, Madame et Dèbè* of Droz, to revive these exquisite, ticklish, innocent and risky sensations which titillate the sick pillow of a young mother, and the speculations of a spectator of the same. In "Blindman's Buff" we see that, as the London *Art Journal* says: "Baugniet represents French girls and women who have nothing to do but to be charming, to prepare for confirmation in the church, for the social sacrifice and social aggrandizement that are illustrated in the civil and religious rites of marriage, but upon whom the disfiguring blight of labor never falls. He represents opulent and charming women,—women who live in voluptuousness, and talk about the sentiment of the heart, but commonly live withdrawn from the rudest and most heroic and religious experiences of the personal life; who belong to the race of women who, in France, have shown themselves capable of devotion and heroism and resolution; who have shed the highest glory upon their sex; who, on the great occasions of life, have not been less, with all their charm, than the more reserved and austere women of England and America. Baugniet represents Frenchwomen in the agreeable and ordinary, but luxurious, conditions of home-life in France,—in curtained and perfumed boudoirs, in elegant saloons; he gratifies us but does not exalt us with such subjects; he appeals to our feelings of enjoyment and our taste for refinement; his work is the outcome of a person without any deep moral sentiment, and who seldom if ever concerns himself with what has made, what makes, the glory and grandeur of our race. In the place of passion, fashionable society substitutes pleasure; and Baugniet illustrates it in his pictures; in the place of labor, a worldly and fine society substitutes amusement, and Baugniet's works show us what amusement. His beautiful woman painting her eyelids before the mirror of an exquisite sky-blue toilet-table, his bride being adorned for the sacrifice,—these indicate his tastes, and how the contemporary *Parisienne* prepares for the social world in which she lives and moves and has her being. His pictures are remarkable for exquisite finish, purity of tone, and admirable rendering of the texture of silks and satins, of marble and gold. He enjoys painting these lovely women and girls in opulent nests; his sense of art is satisfied with the familiar objects of the life of elegance. In a word, he is an accomplished painter of women of the world, of women who would resent a breach of taste in manners more than a breach of morals."

Another foreigner identified with French art by a Paris residence is Giuseppe Castiglione, originally from Naples. His specialty is park-scenes,—landscapes combined with figures. He has thus illustrated many of the principal country-seats of

England, Italy and France. In this collection he is represented by the "Villa Torlonia," an estate near Rome, where the formal and beautiful style of Italian landscape-gardening, with terraces,



EN FAMILLE.
FAC-SIMILE OF DRAWING FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. LAMBERT.

balustrades and ilex-trees, is seen in its perfection. To this quaint scene the painter brings a throng of figures evoked by his imagination from the past, the dames in hoop and furbelow, who feed the swans, or hold the parasol in one hand and the fishing-line in the other, or who listen with downcast eyes to the mandolin of the *cicisbeo*.

The Swiss artist, Gottfried Mind, spent his life among his grimalkins, and was called the Raphael of cats. Such a title might properly come down to the French painter, Lambert, who has made the realm of cat-kind his own. No artist of the day has painted the cat with such truth, delicacy and sympathy. Unlike Salvator Rosa, who has left the heads of half-a-dozen scolding or swearing witch's cats to affright the spectator in the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, the modern Frenchman depicts the Angoras in the best of tempers, and is especially fond of showing the innocent graces of little high-bred kittens. A litter of them reposes on a cushion in the Stewart example—six small balls of fur with little briery claws attached and little ornamental brindled tails, which they manage with an elegance derived from their lofty birth, as a dandy's breeding shows in the nice conduct of a clouded cane. They are helpless, and the earth is an unknown problem to them. But yesterday their little amber glances were closed to the world and all its cares; but to-day their eyes are opened, and as the airy butterfly drifts in on a beam of heavenly sunshine, they perplex their young heads with eager theories of the immortality of the soul.

An animal-painter, now of our own country, is Mr. Arthur F. Tait, of Liverpool and New York, who contributes to the Stewart collection a picture of grouse, and another of sheep, the latter entitled "Lost in the Snow." Four helpless, woolly

truants—their soiled fleeces looking quite black against the purity of the snow—have lost their way, like an allegory of silly debauchees; and, like debauchees, they find the earth but



LOST IN THE SNOW.
FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. F. TAIT.

a cold dependence, for it is frozen and snow-bound. The shepherd's dog has, however, found them out; and, bringing his master,—an old and experienced farmer,—superintends the resuscitation and home-bringing with great dignity and intelligence. Mr. Tait has been reproached for excessive finish; the present picture cannot be said to sin in this respect; and if his study of grouse, near by, may be thought to be too literal in the enumeration of feathers and scales, it should be remembered that this artist is one who strives to make his pictures contributions to natural history, and to preserve the facts about our fast-vanishing native tribes; he not only paints with a fair degree of art feeling, but he registers anatomical facts as conscientiously as Audubon or Wilson.

Three of the largest and most valuable pictures in the collection of Mrs. Stewart are Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," August Bonheur's "Fontainebleau," and Horace Vernet's "Triumph of Julius Caesar." "The Horse Fair," of which we give a sketch on page 23, was painted in 1852, when the artist was in her thirtieth year; it was exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and won universal admiration.

Rosa Bonheur has long resided in the country near Fontainebleau, where she studies and paints without interruption. Visitors carry off her works as fast as they are finished, consequently she never sends anything to sale exhibitions. Where there is merit of course there must be detraction and its food is the imperfection inseparable from every human work. Critics have reproached Rosa with aping the vigorous style of a man's execution; to which her supporters reply that she only imitates nature, and at the same time, indicates delicate shades of feeling such as would occur only to a woman.

From Leon y Escosura, a native of the Asturias, of Spain, but a resident of the Rue Chaptal, Paris, we have "Haddon Hall," an inspiration from that historical seat in England. Nothing—not even a herd of dappled deer—could so pic-

turesquely dot the lovely glades of the foreground as the stately, bright-robed figures with which he has relieved his landscape. Choosing a theme exactly in the vein of some of the English water-colorists and anecdote painters, he gives it that air of novelty and fresh candor which is often conferred on a subject when a foreign commentator approaches and makes his statement. His picture is comparatively large, considering the scrupulous minuteness of its touches, and it deserves the elaborate engraving which we have caused to be presented to our readers. Escosura is a pupil of Gérôme and follows that master in his attractive color and extreme finish. Besides this "Haddon Hall," in the Stewart collection, we have other examples of his work in "The Reception of an Ambassador," belonging to Mr. Higglesworth, of Boston; "The Convalescent Prince," in the collection of Mr. T. R. Butler, of New York, and "The Heir"—new born, belonging to Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt.

The art of Germany has two characteristics,—“North and South,” “fresco and easel works,” “high art and familiar.” No doubt there is a common critical point of view for all German works. The wall-painting, both religious and historical, began in Munich and penetrated to Frankfort, Düsseldorf and Berlin; but apart from that the differences are easily recognizable.

Some years ago an English writer on German art, remarked, that Piloty “is comparatively little known out of Bavaria and Austria,” this may be true from an English standpoint, but not so from an American. From a different school than that in which Piloty studied, comes F. T. Hildebrandt, who was a pupil of the Royal Academy, at Berlin, while it was under the direction of von Schadow. Hildebrandt was born



CONSOLE AND KING LEAR.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY F. T. HILDEBRANDT.

in 1804; his father was a bookbinder, at Stettin, and he learned his father's trade, but prepared himself in his leisure hours for his future profession. He formed a firm friendship for his



HADDON HALL.

master, von Schadow, and accompanied the latter to Rome, in 1830; there they remained a considerable time. In 1836, Hildebrandt accepted the professorship in the Düsseldorf Academy. In early manhood he associated with dramatic authors and actors, and this taste has followed him all his life, dictating frequently the choice of subjects for his pencil. Besides the "Cordelia and King Lear," which hangs on the north wall of the Stewart gallery, we remember his "Lear Lamenting over the Body of Cordelia," "The Parting of Romeo and Juliet," "The Murder of the Princes in the Tower," and his "Imogene." The "Cordelia and King Lear"

We add another sketch of the work of a Düsseldorf artist, a "Royalist Castle Invaded by Puritans," by William Camphausen, born at Düsseldorf, 1810, who manifested from his earliest years a love of drawing, and after completing his college studies, entered the academy of his native town. Being fond of painting horses and battles, he for some years joined a regiment of hussars to study his subjects close at hand, and made long tours in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. Many of his subjects are taken from English history, such as, "Removal of Prisoners belonging to Cromwell's Party," "Cavaliers and Roundheads," "Charles



ROYALIST CASTLE INVADDED BY PURITANS.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY W. CAMPHAUSEN.

formed one of the famous Düsseldorf collection, familiar to art-lovers of nearly a generation ago, and it was bought by the late owner at the dispersion of that collection. The "Falstaff and his Recruits," by Schrodter, Camphausen's "Charles I as a Prisoner" and "Castle Invaded by Puritans," Lindler's "Cascade," Sohn's "Diana and her Nymphs," Hubner's "Weavers of Silesia" and "Young Married Couple," and Achenbach's "Fishing Smacks Returning to Scheveningen" all came from the Düsseldorf collection. The incident chosen by Hildebrandt for the "Cordelia and King Lear," is from Act IV, Scene 7, in which the King, not recognizing his child, "our dear Cordelia," exclaims:

Cora.—Sir, do you know me?

Lear.—You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

The artist's aim has been to represent the filial love of Cordelia, who, although disinherited and disowned by her father, clings to him, whereas his daughters, Goneril and Regan, upon whom he bestowed his blessing, have driven him to despair and madness.

II in the Retreat from Worcester," "Pillage of an English Castle by Cromwell's Soldiers," and "Charles I at the Battle of Naseby."

The sculpture of the Stewart gallery is largely of American origin, revealing, as indeed do many of the pictures, the collector's liberal, and on the whole intelligent, fostering of native art. Thus, the second copy of the six made by Powers of his "Greek Slave" was executed to his order; another we have seen in the Corcoran gallery at Washington. Mrs. Browning's enthusiastic sonnet to the marble Slave will occur to every mind in contemplating the symbol of Christianity enchained among the heathen Turks in the market of odalisques. The "Greek Slave" was Powers' first ideal work, or at least the first with which he was willing to make an appeal for recognition to the public. Whether the fame which it won for him cramped his genius instead of expanding it, it is impossible to say, but it is certain that he never surpassed, and never equaled it by any subsequent performance. His "California," his "Fisher Boy," his "Eve Disconsolate," and his "Last of the Tribe" are all works of considerable excellence, but they are

all inferior to the "Greek Slave" in that nameless something which raises a work of art far above the level of the common-



PAUL AND VIRGINIA.
MARBLE BY J. KURHAM.

place. The "Greek Slave" was sculptured nearly half a century ago, and it now more than justifies its original reputation, when placed in comparison with the many ideal statues that have been made by men who have risen to fame since Powers startled Europe and America with this masterpiece. There are, it is true, feeble modeling in parts, indicative of crude and imperfect training, and of a lack of knowledge on the artist's part of some of the refinement of the human form; but after all deductions are made, the purity, expressiveness, and truly ideal grace of the statue remain to testify that the one-time enthusiastic admiration of Europe and America was not misapplied or wasted on a mere piece of artistic trumpery.

In 1838 Mr. Powers achieved his statue of "Eve," which excited the admiration of Thorwaldsen, who pronounced it a work which any sculptor might be proud to claim as his masterpiece. A sketch of the "Eve" forms an initial on page 23. The sculptor followed it up with another "Eve," the pair respectively representing our first mother before and after the fall; both are in the Stewart gallery. Miss Harriet Hosmer's most creditable work, representing the Eastern queen, Zenobia, marching as a captive in the triumph of Aurelian, and borne down with the weight of her barbaric jewels, came to this country in 1865, and now adorns the collection.

Harriet Hosmer, the most famous of American female sculptors, was born at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1830. Her father was a physician, and she was encouraged by him to follow her natural inclination for out-door exercise and athletic sports. The death of her mother, when she was quite a child, threw her greatly on her own resources, and under the peculiar system pursued with regard to her by her father, who was anxious to counteract a tendency to consumption, she speedily

developed into a good deal of a tom-boy, and was more expert at hunting bird's-nests, riding horses, and indeed all manner of boyish pastimes and mischiefs than she was at needle-work and the usual girlish exercises. When quite a child she was a taxidermist of no little skill, and prepared a number of specimens of her own shooting, and at the early age of eight years she showed such a strong predisposition for artistic pursuits as to induce her friends to believe that it would be worth while to cultivate her talents. Miss Hosmer's first serious artistic essays were as a painter. She began this practice when about sixteen years of age, but conceiving that sculpture was a higher form of art, she undertook to learn modeling, and was so successful in making a statuette from a figure in an engraving which took her fancy, that she was persuaded to believe her genius had at last found its proper field of employment. She next attempted a number of ideal busts and portraits of her intimate friends, and having gotten her hand in a measure trained to the proper wielding of a sculptor's tools, she made an essay in marble by copying, in reduced size, a colossal bust of Napoleon by Canova. At the time she was making these tentative efforts in the art of sculpture, she was also going through the process of being "finished" at the celebrated female seminary kept by Mrs. Sedgwick, at Lenox, Massachusetts.

On leaving Massachusetts, Miss Hosmer went to reside with her father, at St. Louis, whence, prompted with adventurous longings, she made a trip to the Falls of St. Antony, and resided for some time among the Indians, sketching and modeling as her fancy led. On her return to St. Louis she went to work with a will, studying anatomy under the direction of Dr. McDowell—and, between-times, perfected her beautiful "Hesper," which justified the high expectation of her friends.

By the time Miss Hosmer had exhausted such facilities for thorough artistic instructions as America afforded, and by



NYDIA: THE BLIND GIRL OF POMPEII.
MARBLE BY HARRIET HOSMER.

the advice of her best friends, she decided to go to Rome. With a daguerreotype of her "Hesper," as a specimen of her



H. HEALE, PHOTOGRAPHER.

Photograph

STANTON, WOOD, & CO.

HAMLET AND OPHELIA.

From the original costumes in the collection of H. L. Benson, Esq.

THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM.

abilities, in her possession, she sailed for Europe, in company with her father, in 1852. On arriving at Rome she obtained an introduction to the English sculptor, Gibson, and that excellent artist, after looking at the daguerreotype of the "Hesper," consented at once to admit her to his studio as a pupil. Miss Hosmer studied and worked under Gibson's direction until his death.

The statue of "Zenobia" is full of dignity and queenly grace, with a fine expression of sorrow and disdain on the face, and it represents the ripe results of a rare native genius, cultivated and brought to perfection under the training of a master who was himself an artist of very superior abilities and very superior attainments, but who fettered himself with theories about the objects and aims of sculpture, which condemned him to be an imitator rather than a creator. A sketch of "Zenobia" is given on page 43.

Mr. Rogers is a native of Virginia; tall, distinguished in appearance, and a delightful companion, he is one of the indispensable members of the American colony at Rome. His "Nydia," which has been so great a favorite with his countrymen that he has had to execute a number of *repliche*, illustrates the heroine of Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*. The preface to that work will explain to the reader how the novelist conceived the idea of depicting a blind maiden as a participant in the catastrophe of the Vesuvian city, her habits of activity under her affliction giving her an advantage in the hour of sudden night. Around this thought of the superiority of an intelligent blind person in time of darkness, suggested to the novelist in conversation, he has with incomparable constructive ability made to revolve the whole procession of Pompeian discoveries as we see them, as well as the plot of an ingenious love-tale. In Mr. Rogers' statue we see the sightless slave hurrying through the streets of Pompeii, never heeding the falling column that the disturbance has hurled at her very feet, and intently listening for every trace that will guide her to her Greek lover. The figure perfectly represents the act of walking by the sense of the ear, not of the sight.

Thackeray, in *The Newcomes*, praises "Sir Bulwer Lytton's delightful story, which has become the history of Pompeii"—thus atoning in his latter days for the unmerciful ridicule he heaped on "Bulwig" in his youth. But Thackeray sees a comic side to the tragedy of the town. "What would be a better figure than Pliny's mother, whom the historian describes as exceedingly corpulent, and walking away from the catastrophe with slaves holding cushions behind her, to shield her plump person from the cinders?" This deriding notice of the misfortunes of a historical family is merely quoted for the grain of actuality it contains, in instancing the only available defences which in that day of peril were found convenient. The bewildered inhabitants of Pompeii, fleeing from their homes, seized the pillows from the bed-room and the cushions from the triclinium, as the obvious protection against a shower of cinders.

Tantardini contributes to the gallery his "Bagnante," a work of which a copy was seen at the Centennial Exhibition, where Signor Tantardini attended as one of the art judges. He is a Milanese, one of the exponents of the modern picturesque style of Italian sculpture, and has obtained medals at London, Berlin, Oporto and Vienna. The innocent group of "Paul and Virginia" is by Mr. Durham, an English sculptor. It represents, in life size, the child-lovers of Mauritius, as described in Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's immortal idyl. There is a delicate, refined pair of busts by the



THE BATHER.

ENGRAVED FROM THE ORIGINAL STATUE BY A. TANTARDINI.

French contemporary sculptor Aizelin, conspicuous for being bedecked with real gold, or at least gilded, jewelry, with a pleasant and warm effect that would not have displeased a Greek. One represents Goethe's Marguerite before her acquaintance with Faust—the other the same heroine in her hours of regret and desolation, at the close of the drama. There are many other pieces of sculpture, but the majority are hardly of an importance that demands their illustration or enumeration.

We leave the Stewart gallery with regret, tempered with the knowledge that we have other treasures to glory in. On the following page our readers will find a Catalogue of the Stewart Collection; similar catalogues will be appended to all the principal collections to be described in these pages.

CATALOGUE OF MRS. A. T. STEWART'S COLLECTION.

ACHENBACH, A.—*Landscape*. Marine.
 " *Fishing Smacks Returning to Scheveningen*.
 " *Landscape*.
 ALVAREZ, L.—*Jofalany*.
 BACKLOWITZ, L.—*Henry V.*
 " *The Vult.*
 " *Richelieu's Cot.*
 BAKKERKORFF, A. H.—*Gossip*.
 BADINETT, C.—*Blind Man's Buff*.
 " *The Letter*.
 " *The Visit of the Godmother*.
 BEARD, J. H.—*Dogs*.
 BECKER, C.—*The Rendezvous*.
 BENOITVILLE, A. J.—*The Pic du Midi*.
 BEYLE, P. M.—*Odalisque and Parrot*.
 BIERSTADT, A.—*San Redo, San Francisco*.
 " *The Rocky Mountains*. [Colorado]
 " *Natural Park and Lake, Southern*
 BOLDINI, G.—*The Watercomen*.
 " *Park of Versailles, XVIII Century*.
 " *Waiting*.
 BONHEUR, A.—*Fontainebleau. Landscape and Cattle*.
 BONHEUR, ROSA.—*The Horse Fair*.
 BOUGUEREAU, W. A.—*The New-born Lamb*.
 " *Return from the Harvest*.
 " *Home and his Guide*. [cousin]
 BOULANGER, G. R. C.—*The Apple Tree; time of Au-*
 BOUTRONNE, C. E.—*Roloff in presence of Queen*
Elizabeth Welching the
Ashe from his Pipe.
 BROWN, J. G.—*Going to the Hunt*.
 " *The Death*.
 CAMPHAUSEN, W.—*Charles I as a Prisoner*.
 " *Castle Inhabited by Puritans: Time*
of Charles I.
 CARENNOVA, A.—*Lady and Cavalier*.
 CASTIGLIONE, G.—*The Villa Torlonia*.
 CHAVET, V.—*The Duel*.
 CHELMOUSKI, JAN.—*Hunting Scene*.
 " *In the Forest*.
 CHURCH, F. E.—*Niagara, from American side*.
 CLAIRIN, G.—*Carnival at Venice*.
 CLASSEN, CARL.—*Queen Katherine and Cardinal*
Wolsey.
 COMTE, P. C.—*Looking Out*.
 " *The Visit*.
 CONSTANT, B.—*Evening: Souvenir of Morocco*.
 DAUBIGNY, C.—*The Month of May*.
 DE BRAEKELEER, F.—*The Singing Lesson*.
 DE COCK, XAVIER.—*Landscape*.
 DE COCK, XAVIER.—*My Pet*.
 DE HUYVELT, C.—*Burlesque*.
 DE JONGH, C.—*Hippodrome*. [Ruin]
 DE NITTE, L.—*Bois de Boulogne—Return from the*
Tirade in Hyde Park.
 DE NOTER, D. E. J.—*Lady and Parrot*. [Flowers]
 DE NOTER AND BADINETT.—*Lady and Parrot and*
Discoff.
 DETAILLE, E.—*The Camp at St. Maur, 1859*.
 DUBUTY, E.—*The Prigal Son*.
 " *The Grassieanne*.
 " *Footing the Pet*.
 " *Lady and Parrot*.
 DUNLAP, WM.—*Rose of Cyprus*.
 ESCRIBANA, R.—*A Bright Lookout*.
 ENDER, THOS.—*Sailor at the Court of Weimar*.
 FAED, T.—*Mother and Son*.
 FERKIER, G.—*Morguerite*.

FICHEL, E. B.—*Going to Mass, Church of St. Salpêre*.
 " *In the Gallery*.
 " *In the Salon*.
 FORTUNY, M.—*The Sea-Beach at Portici*.
 " *The Serpent-Charmers*.
 FRANÇAIS, F. L.—*Ruins of Pompeii*.
 FREE, ED.—*Dinner Time*.
 GALLATI, L.—*Alibi and Ithaca*.
 GÉRARD, J. L.—*A Collaboration*.
 " *Pollice Verso*.
 " *Circus Maximus*.
 GIGNOUX, R.—*Niagara*.
 " *White Mountains*.
 GIRARD, F.—*Fishing*.
 " *Lady giving Alms to Old Men*.
 GISERT, A.—*Youth*.
 GOURT, J. & DE NOTER.—*Lady and Flowers*.
 GRASCOUS, O.—*Sons of the Cid*.
 GRAY, H. P.—*Idyl Family*.
 GUDS, F. A.—*Norwegian Landscape*.
 HART, J. M.—*Landscape*.
 HART, W.—*The Golden Hour*.
 HASINCLEVER, F. P.—*The Club-Room*.
 HERPPE, C.—*The Godfather's Love*.
 HILDEBRANDT, F. T.—*Cordelia and King Lear*.
 HOBREMA, M.—*Moonlight*.
 HOFF, K.—*The Kind Guardian*.
 HOEHN, CARL.—*The Young Married Couple*.
 " *The Winner of Silicia*.
 HUNTINGTON, D.—*Lady Washington's Reception*.
 INGRAM, G.—*Tired Out*.
 IRVING, J. B.—*Waiting Audience*.
 JACQUE, C.—*Sleep*.
 JAQUET, J. G.—*Venetian Lady*.
 " *Portrait of a Lady*. [Square]
 JIMÉNEZ Y ARANDA, J.—*Mountebanks in a Spanish*
 JOHNSON, E.—*The Confess*.
 KAULEACH, W. YON.—*Cupid and Psyche*.
 KELLOGG, M. D.—*After the Bath*.
 KISSEL, C.—*The Happy Mother*.
 KNAUS, L.—*The Children's Party*.
 LAMBERT, L. E.—*Cats on Cushions: "En Famille"*.
 LAMONT, A.—*Brigand Confesses Murder to a Priest*.
 LELOIR, M.—*Fishing*.
 LEON Y ESCOBRA, D. Y.—*Haddon Hall*.
 LESKEL, A. A.—*The Bandit's Rose*.
 LEUTER, E.—*Paradise and the Peri*.
 LINDELL.—*The Cissade*.
 MADOU, J. B.—*At the Shoemaker's*. [Feeding Monkey]
 MADRAO, R. DE.—*À mon ami ZAMACOLS*. [Lady]
 " *La Marguerite*. [Fishes]
 MEISSONIER, C.—*Nice. With Two Figures by his*
 MEISSONIER, J. L. E.—*Shop, or Friendland*.
 " *The Beggar*. [Jian War]
 " *Reminiscence of Franco-Prus-*
 " *Portrait of the Artist*. Water-
 MERLE, H.—*Hamlet and Ophelia*. [color]
 " *Benedict and Beatrice*.
 MEYER VON BREMEN.—*Industry*.
 " *The First Sorrow*.
 " *The Good Little Sisters*.
 MICHETTI, P.—*A Misty Morning, Rome*.
 MORFAY, A.—*Gathering Pond-Lilies*.
 MULLER, C. L.—*Innocence*.
 MUNKACSY, M.—*Visit to the Baby*.
 NICOL, E.—*The Disputed Boundary*.
 OUTIN, P.—*On the Cliff*.
 " *Goodbye, Grandpapa*.
 PAGE, W.—*Purity*.

PALMAROLI, V.—*On the Terrace*.
 PARKTON, A.—*A Mountain Brook*.
 PAULSEN, F.—*Baby's Jumping-Jack*. [cm]
 PELOT, C.—*Thamolia in the Triumph of Germania*.
 PINCHART, E. A.—*Spring*.
 PRUYER, J. W.—*Prail*.
 RICHTER, E.—*The Peddler in the East*.
 " *The Presents of Lalla Rookh*.
 ROYLAND, AND VERBORCHOVEN.—*Lack Lemond*.
 SANFELD.—*Girls in School*.
 SCHLOSSER, C.—*The Soap Taster*.
 " *The First Smoke*.
 SCHROEDER, A.—*Fallstut and his Kewwits*.
 SCHULTEN, A.—*Landscape*.
 SCHUSSELLE, C.—*Washington Irving and his Friends*.
 SIMONETTI, A.—*La Femme Galante*.
 SOHN, C.—*Diana and her Nymphs*.
 STEVENS, A.—*After the Ball; or, the Confidence*.
 STEFFVICH, V. C.—*A Discretion*.
 TAIT, A. F.—*Last in the Snow*.
 " *Groves*.
 TITIAN.—*Idyl Family*.
 TOETZ, V.—*The Promenade*.
 TOULMOCHIE, A.—*The Serious Book*.
 TRECHET.—*The Red Cap*.
 TROYON, C.—*Cattle*.
 " *Landscape and Cattle*.
 VALLES, L.—*The Temptation of an Asotic*.
 VAN HUYVEN.—*Turkish Interior*.
 VAN SCHUINER, P.—*Market by Moonlight*.
 VERBORCHOVEN, E.—*The Fight*.
 " *Landscape*.
 " *Sleep*.
 VERHAAS, J.—*Flowers*.
 VERNET, H.—*Triumph of Julius Cesar*.
 WEBB, C. M.—*The Brigade*.
 WEISS, OTTO.—*Bavarian Courtship*.
 WILLIAMS, F.—*The Bride*.
 " *The Invalid*.
 WINTERHALTER, F. X.—*Susannah and Elders*.
 YVON, A.—*The Genius of America*.
 " *Battle of Inverman*.
 " *From Solferino*.
 ZAMACOLS, E.—*The Begging Monk*.
 " *Court-Yesters in the Antechamber*.
 ZIEM, F.—*Quasi dei Schiavoni, Venice*.
 " *View of the Dog's Palace, Venice*.

SCULPTURE.

AIZELIN, E.—*Marguerite in Happiness*.
 " *Marguerite in Regret*.
 BARBER, M. R.—*The Fisher Girl*.
 CRAWFORD.—*Demosthenes*.
 " *Flores*.
 DEKHAM, J.—*Paul and Virginia*.
 HOMER, H.—*Zembla*.
 KEYSER, E.—*Cavalier*. Bourle.
 PARK, R. H.—*Butt, Parity*.
 " *Sappho*.
 POWERS, H.—*Ever before the Fall*.
 " *Ever after the Fall*.
 " *The Greek Slave*.
 ROGERS, R.—*Nydia*.
 ROMANELLI.—*Till's Son*.
 TADOLINI, A. S.—*The Fisher Girl*.
 TANTARDINI, A.—*The Bathers*.
 WARD, J. Q. A.—*Butt of a Young Girl*.
 WOOD, M.—*Proserpine*.



WILLIAM A. BOURGEOIS FINE

Engraving

GRAVIER & CO. PARIS

SATYR AND NYMPHS.

From the Original Painting in the Collection of M. de la Roche.

JEROME & BARNES



THE DANCER

The Dancer, a study in motion, by the artist, 1900.

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THE MONKEYS' PRODIG.
ENGRAVED BY F. FAUST, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY P. K. MEYERHEIM.

COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN WOLFE.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY G. MITCHELL.

MR. JOHN WOLFE'S name is one that belongs to the history of picture-collecting in America. He was one of the most generous purchasers of the "Düsseldorf pictures" in

their day,—a collection swept together in alarm after the troubles of 1848, sent away eagerly and anxiously from the Rhineland studios in the panic of revolution, and finally brought to America, on speculation, through the audacity of a gentleman quite unacquainted with art—Mr. Baker, the New York merchant. This collection, long exhibited in Dr. Chapin's old church on Broadway, formed the æsthetic fashion of the epoch, and the belles of those remote times—before Madison Avenue was "swell"—were in the habit of wondering, between two waltzes, "how long it took Mr. Düsseldorf to paint so many pictures." The subject of this article became the purchaser of many of the Düsseldorf canvases, and afterwards took pains to cultivate, in Europe, the acquaintance of the German and Belgian painters whose works he had acquired. These predilections gave a strong Teutonic twang to

the original collection of Mr. Wolfe. The Hasenclevers, the Meyerheims, the DeKeyzers, the Radels, the Greütznern, and the works of Knaus and Karl Becker, formed the keynote of the gallery, and, in the case of a few selected masterpieces, still give it character, and have culminated in the acquisition of the principal Piloty in this country—the "Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn"—a subject chosen by Mr. Wolfe and executed to his order. A little later, when Everard brought to this country his first unappreciated collection of English pictures, and visitors went to stare at the monstrous tableaux of "Henry V Crowning Himself," and the "Death of Harold," or to inspect, through a lens, Holman Hunt's miniatures of the "Eve of St. Agnes" or the "Light of the World," Mr. Wolfe, as a buyer whom dealers could depend on, was successfully applied to for the easement of the importer's load. This collector, then, before the civil war, was the owner of a unique American gallery, including such conspicuous gems as Couture's "Daydreams," Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," Meissonier's "Smoker," Leslie's "Anne Page and Slender," Frère's "Evening Prayer," and Hasenclever's "New Pupíl." All of the pictures mentioned are now the pride of other owners, the Wolfe primary formation having been scattered in 1863 or 1864 in a sale that made a sensation at the time. The more select names of Bonnat, Stevens, Lefebvre, Madrazo, Vollon, Munkácsy, Cabanel, and Breton are now signed upon the canvases holding the place of honor, and the Hasenclevers and Meyerheims, with their bibulous or gormandizing subjects, are relegated to the dinner-room.

There is hardly a private house in America which contains a corner looking so much like a nook in a European museum as the portion of Mr. Wolfe's residence dedicated to

his larger specimens. They hang, well crowded up, from the ceiling down—the great draperies of canvas, on which the eye makes out contours and attitudes of life-size figures; not one or two sheets together, but a whole wall of them, and then, at right angles, another wall similarly paneled. The huge, gilded frames rise to the cornice like pilasters, rubbing their fretted edges or parting with their external mouldings to bury themselves in a reserved space. The effect is like that of some corner of the Luxembourg Gallery. Other collectors are afraid of big pictures, and in their interviews with Goupil or Petit order talents of just three feet by two, or inspirations strictly confined to kit-cat. This connoisseur has recognized that the beauty and value of a conception are occasionally dependent on its development. A Bonnat, a Cot, a Makart, a Bouguereau—each the expression of an artist at his best—are all ample pictures. Accordingly Mr. Wolfe's collection, though distributed through a mansion that does not contain a special gallery, conveys in an extraordinary degree the spacious sense that breathes through some palace musée of the old world.

The Bouguereau in the Wolfe collection is so unexpectedly fine an exception that one is tempted to drop the lance which habitual prejudice puts into the hand of anybody who is taken to examine a Bouguereau. It is the "Satyr and Nymphs" (5 x 10 feet), painted in 1873. Four or five life-size women of the woods have caught a goat-faced satyr at a disadvantage, and are pulling him into the water by the arms, the ears and the horns. Here are forms of real rounded relief and precipitate action, a wonderful achievement for Bouguereau; here are real windy, balancing trees to form a dark relief for them; the whole combination of life and spirit being so striking that the eye, in high good-humor, is ready to bear witness that the skins of the people are really palpitating and compressible in this case—not Bouguereau parchments scraped down with a razor. The foremost woman is particularly well designed; she really seems to be moving spiritedly away from the spectator, as her polished back leans toiling towards the

with the picture is that the people are ladies, not Maenads or Bacchantes. Their undressing is accidental or prurient, not ignorant. Look at any of their faces, and you feel that they need not insult your reason by pretending not to know how to write modern French and read the fashion-newspaper.

Cot's "Springtime" (4 x 8 feet), painted in 1873, hangs beside. It is a life-size boy and girl, in the most dangerous and inflammable of the teens, dangling in a swing among the trees of some Greek garden. A bold plunge into antiquity and primitive idyl, combined with a truly modern French consciousness of the philosophy of voluptuousness, have made the fortune of pictures like this and like Gérôme's "Cockfight." This revelling pair of children, drunken with first love, are not really Greek,—the whole budget of Tanagra statuettes, with their demureness and modesty of acting love, rises in the mind to forbid the thought; but they are not quite modern either, for they have escaped our awkwardness and hobbled-hood. The cunning eagerness with which the maid looks right into the boy's eyes is modern in meaning and antique in dress; hence the acceptability of this Arcadian idyl, peppered with French spice. The painter is from the south of France, ardent, rude, young, and uncultured. When he had prepared the picture, he felt that he needed a title or a text of scholarly distinction. His own limited reading not furnishing him with anything very novel, he applied to a friend, Dr. Soulaige, the electrician, of New York, whom I have heard relate the anecdote; and this auxiliary was able to come to the rescue with that pretty Italian couplet now always quoted with the picture:

O primavera, gioventù del anno!
O gioventù, primavera della vita!

The Bonnat in Mr. Wolfe's gallery is perhaps the finest specimen known to private collections. It has the statuesque emphasis and relief of his "Le Christ," and the ethnographic analysis of his more familiar peasant subjects. The topic is a "Fellah Woman," 1870, (4 x 9 feet) carrying her babe, a group studied from life while Bonnat was attending the ceremonies of opening the Suez canal. The black, heavy air of an Egyptian twilight closes round the lonely mother, who stands among the heavy exhalations of the Nile, darker than they, with downcast, lethargic eyes. Her baby, a little naked frog-like animal, curls around her shoulders, dangling his bended toes over her breast, and curling his lean arms around her forehead, on which he drops his heavy head in slumber. Neither of them expects anything or has any hope. The woman is strong and of savage symmetry, with the inattentive placidity of a granite Memnon that has long since ceased to sing. In technical execution the group has a final and masterly expression, and the brush seems to have worked with the grand cutting strokes of a Michael Angelo chisel, satisfied and sure that when the definitive blow was given there was nothing more to be said and no more labor to be done. The modeling and planes are understood with the realism of those artists who work *à la touche*, and busy themselves to get each facet of surface at its exact and proper distance from the spectator's eye, as distinguished from those who work especially for outlines, and would make a figure a



FEMME COUCHÉE.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE STUDY IN OIL BY JULES LAFFERRE.

victim she has seized; her elastic feet grasp the bank along which she climbs, and the light, attracted and cajoled by the long wedge of tempting white flesh, slides gaily down to the eye along the ivory incline of her form, from the head that leans into the background, over the slippery back of her limbs, with their rounded, straining muscles. The trouble



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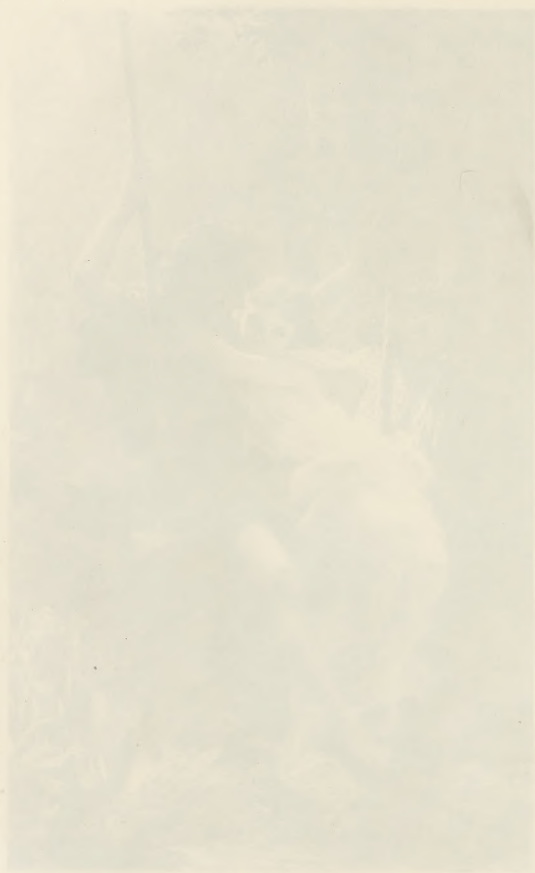
Taggart

GRAVING HOUSE, N. Y.

SPRING.

Illustration of the season of Spring, from the poem of the same name, by the author of "The Poet's Garden."

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY



transparent and flimsy diagram of contours—the Davids and Bouguereaus of art; the conscientious academy-worker will best understand this distinction. At the same time the painter



MOORISH JEWESS.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. VERNET-LECONTE.

borrow from the craft of modeling a series of effects proper to that science, and elaborates his forms with an aggressive solidity, so pure and detached, that the eye checks at every boss, sinks into every cavity, and feels like passing completely around and behind the object. The leg of the infant, rising easily on the mother's shoulder, might be especially pointed out as a lesson in the science of design, round as a terra-cotta sculpture, firm and vibratory like a bar of projecting steel, tough as the remainder leather "left in the pit when the tanner died," and at the same time alive with tendons, muscle-fibre and bones. Even Ribera has not carried further the illusion of making so many inches of flat paint look like a rounded and relieved object, while this piece of work avoids his helpful trick of raising the salient surfaces by means of sharp high-lights. Again, the robe of the woman,—a dark blue curtain of burly folds, that rumple into rippled creases over their large laps and flutings,—is designed with monumental firmness. This simple vision of coarse cotton stuff—a notion of texture the artist has derived from some original long since made up into paper—is as solid to the sense as any fireproof-door. Would it yield, you wonder, at a fire or a demolition, or would it not rather survive from the inherent virtue of the idea that is in it, as the warped copper legs of the Vatican Hercules have kept their sheeted strength through the changes of war and time? Mr. Bonnat has made the world richer with a picture that has no piquancy of subject or anecdote, but which seems to extend the possible boundaries of the art of painting.

Alongside the picture of "Fellah Women," by Makart, (4 x 9 feet,) painted in 1874, awarded a gold medal at the Vienna Exhibition of 1876. The problem in the artist's

mind was so different from the last, that it seems cruel to insist on any comparison. This is a problem of grace and "tone." "Tone," said an intellectual poetry-reading artist to me contemptuously the other day, "tone is simply bitume." He went on to explain how a crude picture, painted narratively perhaps in the English style, with an eye for expressions of faces and selection of types, became instantly a thing of "tone" by the simple expedient of being "*frotté de bitume*." Before it was a raw scheme of color, without any surface; now, it is a thing of tenderness, depth and harmony, a jewel for the æsthetic to sigh over; and the secret is just "bitume." By this cheap and royal way of getting at artistic distinction, Makart has arrived at a work of tone. Two Egyptian women stand by a fountain, with large jars, one stooping and looking up at the other, who balances a jar on her head, and accommodates in the crook of her elbow a little thumb-sucking pickaninny with ophthalmic eyes. Beside the Bonnat, these figures look like thin, embossed reliefs in a sheet of gelatine: the reality, the impenetrability of matter, is wanting. And in the great desideratum of tone—though the Bonnat may be granted to be rather opaque and blackish—the Vienna painter's research for air and transparency is plainly a recipe of "bitume." Bitume makes the softness of these dark skins; bitume makes the air, which clusters in deeper and deeper shadows towards the corners; bitume makes the niche of rocks in which the women stand. A clever master of temporary illusions though he be, Makart makes for his groups an effect of theatre-lights like nothing in nature, and his types are actresses and actors, idealized out of all naturalness by the stage idealization of painting-up and costuming and posing. The Tableau Makart can represent—the Picture, never.



NORMANDY GIRL AT A FOUNTAIN.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES BISTON.

The four large pictures above described are those which, hanging together, particularly give to one of the rooms the spacious air of a European governmental collection. But

there are other canvases of monumental size hung as centres in various chambers of the mansion, or lending their emphasis to walls begemmed with miniature works. Thus Cabanel's "Venus" is the decoration of a favored space, above a range of bronze statuary, whereamong shines Clésinger's restoration of the Parthenon "Fates." The "Venus" has been three times repeated by Cabanel. The large life-size original, seen at the 1867 Exposition, was the Emperor's private property: the present example, a little smaller, was painted to Mr. Wolfe's order; and another, still somewhat less in size and of paler colors, is in the Philadelphia collection of Mr. Gibson. It is a subject where Love is treated in a purely amusing and pleasure-seeking manner, without an idea of the antique seriousness. The goddess is just born, and lies undulating upon the

and importance. Its interest is damaged by the great uninteresting spaces of empty paint, employed to separate from other pictures in a Salon that concentration of living jewels which is formed by the grapes and orange in the middle, and which makes the motif Vollon is interested in painting. The intelligent, modern Frenchman thus jockeys the hanging-committee of the Palais de l'Industrie, who insist that exhibition pictures shall touch each other, instead of being separated by hangings, as at the Grosvenor. Determined to secure an artistic solitude around his principal object, he makes it with a flat border-land of neutral color. The present picture has for its chief theme the fiery topaz-jewel of a broken orange, around which are Chasselas and purple grapes. No one, since the old Dutch masters, has so painted the spangled pulps and



MORNING.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. B. C. COROT.

foam, stretching and half-opening her long-dazzled eyes which she shades with her arm. Five genii—little winged puddings most unconsciously drawn—fly around her head, awakening her with their whispers of adoration, or playing upon conchshells. The ambition of Cabanel in this picture was hardly more grave than that of a Boucher or a Fragonard. The form of his personage suffers from bonelessness; but Bonnat himself could not, perhaps, have given much anatomical definition to a scheme of intentionally blonde tones, where the deepest shadow is itself a light. The buoyancy with which the Venus floats, the irresponsible innocence of her mischief, and to some extent the success of modeling in a gamut of very high values, constitute the merit of the picture, which, however, is willingly left by the critic to the admiration of the sentimental and easily-pleased multitude. A family portrait, also by Cabanel, is found among the canvases of the collection, an achievement of two short sittings, and a spirited piece of sketch-work with the brush.

By Vollon there is a still-life (48 x 36) of great excellence

and importance. Its interest is damaged by the great uninteresting spaces of empty paint, employed to separate from other pictures in a Salon that concentration of living jewels which is formed by the grapes and orange in the middle, and which makes the motif Vollon is interested in painting.

Lefebvre's "Femme Couchée" (18 x 12 inches) is the color-study of a larger picture painted in 1865 for Alexandre Dumas *fils*, who retains it. A nude girl stretches horizontally, couched on her right side, her right hand doubled up under the chin, her left extended along the back of the lounge. The eyes are open and attentive, which gives an unusual and disquieting expression to this attitude otherwise marked with repose. The whole torso, with its play of interchanging curves, leans before the eye against the back of the lounge like a long bas-relief reared against a wall, and the attention is engaged above all things, in a study so carefully scientific as this, with the elasticity of the human machine, the interdependent strength of the flesh that hangs in festoons from joint to joint, the flow of superfluous softness around the knee, laid sidewise, and other such matters belonging to constructive drawing. As compared with the





FELLAH WOMEN AT A FOUNTAIN.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HANS MAKART, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN WOLFE, NEW YORK.

Cabanel nudity, this seems a work of computation and dissection—that a work of pure and enjoyed, though not very deep, feeling.

A small specimen of the crisp, graphic talent of J. G. Vibert represents "Selling Palm-Branches on Palm-Sunday." It is one of his piquant sketches of real life, taken in Spain, a country which has afforded the artist many of his most clearly-cut impressions. A Spanish peasant-girl, standing, partly supported by the rich carvings at a church door, holds in her hand a fanciful palm-branch, while behind her are bouquets of similar specimens, contained in a pair of elegantly-woven baskets or frails. The branches which the traveler sees offered for sale, on this festival, in Italy or Spain, are far more decorative than the simple sprigs of box with which our American worshippers are obliged to content themselves. They are long, fine branches of veritable palm, of which the fine, flat leaves are woven in-and-out, in a sort of basket-work, so as to make the tuft present a highly ornamental and artificial appearance, more like a huge cockade of ribbons than like a natural sprig of leafage. The foliage is completely dried, and assumes the light, straw-like color familiar to us in the common palm-leaf fan. A large sheaf of these emblems, held for purchasers at the door of some village church by the sweetest and most attractive girl of the hamlet, forms a quaint, elegant bouquet, of which, of course, the fair negotiator constitutes the principal flower. Vibert is a born Parisian, forty years of age.

There are two beautiful paintings in the collection by Jules Breton, the poet-artist of Courrières. The smaller and



SELLING CONSECRATED PALMS AT A CHURCH-DOOR IN SPAIN.
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. G. VIBERT.

better (12 x 18 inches) represents "A Normandy Girl at the Fountain," and shows a healthy, simple child of twelve, with the thick white cap around her brows and the flowered

kerchief crossed over her bust, stooping to dabble her round, brown fingers in the spring that pours over a plain, unsculptured block of stone. Her sun-burned arms are bare to the



THE LOST DAUPHIN.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES BRETON.

elbow, and she is guiltless of stockings or shoes. The leaning, half-spiral attitude of her body is full of the natural grace of frank health and youthful vigor. She is completely rustic and unspoilt by the borrowed charms of cultivation. These happy French country children have not the burning eyes and dangerous classic beauty of the Italian, nor the slim, serpentine precocity, promising so much ardor and passion at the moment of unfolding, characteristic of the young maids of Spain; but they possess a healthful simplicity and a tranquil directness of character that make them attractive. Breton knows better than to dress them off with ideal graces beyond their station. With a pure, plain, robust little model before him—a simple costume as close and fitting as the calyx around the corolla—he can make a figure of simple sylvan nature that refreshes the sight like a wood-flower or a sportive animal. His larger canvas shows the "Penitent of Brittany" (36 x 48 inches). Kneeling in church, holding an enormous lighted taper, and exhibiting the severe, almost classical straight-nosed profile which is common with these unmixed races of Brittany, the self-collected penitent rises like a statue from the cold, stone floor, as if she would never change her posture till the stone saints of the altar changed theirs. Although her penitence has the stamp of such sincerity and profoundness, her sins can hardly be very deep—not much thicker than the coat of tan which has come upon her fore-

head and cheeks from contact with the out-door world. She has simply led the exposed life of the work-day nature around



THE BORCHED CAT.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY L. R. LAKHET.

the sanctuary, and a little of its cark and dimness may have settled on her character as on her complexion. If one of the wax-faced Breton nuns were beside her, with her pure brow whitened by perpetual seclusion, we should see the difference. But, is her nature any the less healthy, marked with the colors of the live air and light, than if she were saved from the shadow of contamination like the cloistered nun? The recluse may be whiter, but she does no task in the movement of the world. The woman of action, though she may be a little sun-baked and darkened by the conditions of her life, and though she feels the need of these long purifications with burning taper and bended knee, has helped along the work of the earth that has to be done, and in the sight of the wise intelligences around us may offer as pure a brow as her secluded sister. Breton was born at Courrières in 1827.

Charles Chaplin is the painter of artful and polished graces, of worldly elegance, of rusticity as understood in cities, of theatrical *bergerades*, of innocent maids supremely conscious of their innocence. "The Dove" is a small picture, exhibiting one of the pretty maids who seem to inhabit his studio in profusion, kittenish, simple, voluptuously round, and calling on all visitors to observe how guileless they are. This one caresses a pigeon; others of the family may be seen trifling with a flower, or neglecting a baby which they

have hardly intelligence enough to love, and which they seem to wish were some winged Cupid that they could accept as pure allegory. Chaplin essays to produce in our own time the prettiness of Greuze and Boucher; but our time, though not more virtuous than the time of Greuze and Boucher, has a keener brain and a more cultivated taste, and is not in the least deceived by exhibitions of stage-innocence. Chaplin's ideal is pleasing, so long as it strictly confines itself to the pretensions of decorative art; though even then there are misgivings, owing to his confirmed inability to paint flesh, and his persistent chalkiness. As to any human sympathy that it is possible to feel for his satin shepherdesses and pomaded purity, the best-natured view to take of the personages is that they are unreal beings, created of the lime and fresco of the ceilings he decorates so elegantly. Chaplin was born at Anderlys, of an English father, in 1825, and earned a medal at Paris so long ago as 1851.

Louis Leloir's "Zephyr" is one of his graceful little ornaments, imprisoning a fresh and pretty fancy, and obviously belonging to fan-painting art. An airy creature, with sylph-like slenderness of form, balances on a blossoming fruit-tree twig, where she sits like a child on a swing, and makes no use of the enormous pair of butterfly wings that spread



FRAGMENT OF "ZEPHYR."

FAC-SIMILE OF A DESIGN FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR BY L. LELOIR.

behind her back. The spotted wings, barred and striped in tiger fashion, with the silhouette of the form and the Japanese



THE DOVE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR BY CH. CHAPLIN, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN WOLFE, NEW YORK.

decoration of the flowery branch, are all painted against the pale and shell-like colors of the sky, which they marble with their fantastic tracery. There is no effort made to match the scale of the butterfly wings with the scale of the blossoms. The former are as big as the hand-screens we use, and seem among the diminished flowers almost painfully gigantic, like the flies that annoyed Gulliver in the land of Brobdingnag. Slight as it is in motive, and cheap in invention, M. Leloir's unsexed fancy of a female Zephyr fills out a paltry opportunity with ample measures of grace and airiness. The artist is one of a family of painters, Parisian born.



THE INVENTION OF THE ART OF DESIGN: THE DAUGHTER OF DISBUTANTES AND HER LOVER.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY N. DE KEYSER.

By Jules Goupil, a pupil of Ary Scheffer, is the "Citoyen de l'an IV," or, "The Lost Dauphin" (24 x 36 inches.) It is a half-length portrait, painted in 1873, of some snub-nosed little model, with long, lank hair and vacant expression, whom the painter has clothed in the heavy cocked hat and exaggerated coat-collar of the early Republic. Seen in profile, and resting his heavy head against the rounded back of a Louis-Seize chair, the child looks straight before him, with drooping-lid eye, and holds his heavy lip ajar, like an imperfect intelligence stunned by great events or waiting for prodigious opportunities. The style of painting is very broad and sincere, with full *morbidezza* for the flesh and decisive firm brushing for the stuffs of the costume. The quaint, fantastic dress of the *incroyable* had been already adopted by modern French art for a host of

comical or buffo subjects, and was beginning to pall, when the painter of this picture, by weighing down with it the innocent figure of a little child, and making it seem like the oppressive swaddling-bands of a new political birth, gave point to his very peculiar moral and novelty to his subject. Spectators felt as if they saw, in this image of a complaisant infant—condemned by the hatter and the tailor and the fashion-plate artist to carry the ponderous livery of Danton or Mirabeau—an allegory of the young Republic, half stupefied with the responsibility of modes and manners perhaps too mature for its strength. American spectators, whose thoughts fly at once to the more sensational epochs of history, are determined to recognize in the picture an image of the young Dauphin, rigged out by the Jacobins, in mockery, with the dress of the new order.

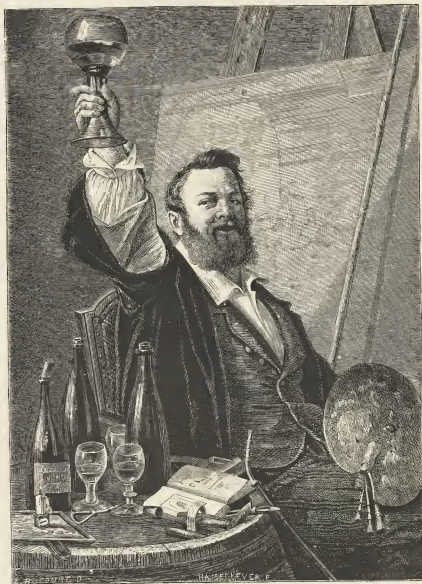
"The Moorish Jewess" (12 x 22 inches) is by Charles Hippolyte Emile Vernet-Lecomte, a relative of the famous Horace Vernet, and his pupil. It is one of the numerous oriental subjects, such as "The Almeh" and "Young Fellah Girl," which the painter has drawn from his experience of African life. Relieved against the lattices and balustrades of some Morocco courtyard, the African Jewess—flower of a race that has grown rich amid all sorts of oppression among the ruins of Dido's civilization—shows full-front to the gazer her indolent face and glittering costume. Bracelets of heavy and barbaric gold, rich plaques of jewels, like the high-priest's breastplate, and the globes of two languid, glittering eyes begem this animal-like being, that has grown fat in the imprisonment of a rank and wealthy *Ghetto*. The veil is thrown frankly back from her broad, unabashed face; it is not the seclusion of the harem, but the despised liberty of a far older national tradition. Contemned by the most ragged and filthy Arab as of an inferior race, yet conscious of wealth, of an immemorial faith, the daughter of Isaac seems to tolerate and endure, rather than hate, the sons of Ishmael who swarm around her in the city. The type is comprehended by the artist with delicacy and understanding; the style is somewhat conventional, but faithful, intelligent and true. M. Vernet-Lecomte is one of the older of contemporary French painters, having received the honor of a medal so long since as 1846.

By Gérôme there is an unimportant picture of a "Circassian Girl," limited in extent, though as the representation includes little more than the head and the hand which grasps the stem of the narghileh, there is room for a scale of feature and accessory rather large for him. Gérôme has generally but mediocre success in flesh-painting that exceeds the scale of the ordinary photograph album, and in this instance, besides the perfunctory look of a study prepared obviously to sell, there is a tightened, strained look about the smooth features, as of a picture painted on an elastic substance and stretched till all becomes glossy and drum-like. Still, as it is simply impossible for Gérôme to paint without enclosing in his work some valuable ethnographic study, he gives us in this little panel a decidedly striking and uncomfortable transcript of an empty mind and unfurnished character, forbidden to blossom in the incarceration of the seraglio, and become hard, pitiless, feelingless, and unhuman by the conditions of a monstrous social system.

James Bertrand, of Lyons and Paris, who has painted so many pictorial elegies soliciting us to weep for the woes of Ophelia, or Marguerite, or Lesbia, or Magdalen, is represented in Mr. Wolfe's collection by a small replica of his "Virginia," of which the larger copy, painted in 1869, and 1.86 metres by 84 centimètres in size, was honored by being selected for the Luxembourg Gallery. The heroine of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's story is represented as dead, after the shipwreck, cast

readers would have had the poor child behave otherwise, and the trait is a part of that fresh, pure, virginal union of qualities which make up the sweet personality of Virginia.

Gustave Brion (1824-1827) is shown by his animated "Bridal in Alsace" (48 x 36 inches.) It is a gay and crowded procession, with decorated carts bearing the brightly-painted wedding furniture of the new household, and including a representation of the pretty Alsatian custom which commands



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST.

ENGRAVED BY J. GUILLAUME, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY F. F. HADDECLEVEN.

up among the tepid waves of the Mauritius shore. She lies horizontally and upon her side, her hands clasped in front, revealing that exquisite modesty which was the cause of her death. Around her form clings the drapery of a striped, thin, tropical-looking material, which she refused to cast aside to help the chance of her being saved. This exaggerated sentiment of propriety, perhaps not quite free from self-consciousness, has been lauded by some as an exquisite touch of the writer's, and blown by others with an acuteness, which is itself not without a suspicion of pruriency. Whether the impulse was an absurd or a simple and maidenly one, few

all the guests to pay toll to the bride, in the form of bouquets or small presents. The specimen is a happy example of Brion's solid, manly, serious, but not severe, talent. His illustrations to *Notre Dame de Paris* and *Les Misérables* show the more burly and solid qualities, fixing the types as sternly and inexorably as carvings by Peter Fischer in a Gothic church; examples like the present reveal his occasionally gay and amiable transcripts of the happy peasant life he loved.

Georges Clairin, the comrade of Henri Regnault and Fortuny, and one of those young voluptuaries who aim to translate into French the glitter of the so-called Spanish-



J. DE CONINCK, PIER.

Original painting by J. De Coninck.

DEATRE, GOSSEL & CO.

THE RING.

From the Original Painting in the collection of Mr. John B. Hays, New York.

HARRIS, PHILADELPHIA

Roman school, is revealed in a brilliant "Scene in Morocco," with the entrance to a sumptuous harem, and suitable figures. The black chamberlain ushers into a splendid doorway the proud, fallow, passionless master of the seraglio.

Edouard Frère is present, of course, with his budget of studies from the village life of Ecouen. An oil-picture shows the "Noonday Meal." There are four figures grouped around an humble board. These figures seem too small for the scale of the room, and the whole effect of the picture is hard and wooden for Frère. A small water-color shows incipient peasant vanity, with a little country girl getting her ears pierced for "The First Earring."

Leon y Escosura contributes a small picture, showing Murillo painting in the presence of the king. Philip IV shows himself to be on the most familiar terms of condescension with the tender and devout young painter of Seville, and the palace walls are represented as already studded with some of those masterpieces of Velasquez and Zurbaran which at present form its glory.

Lambert, the chief of modern cat-painters, departs from the usual happy and unclouded choice of his themes to exhibit a spectacle of feline misery. Is this the original "cat that was killed by care?" A superb Angora, in great agony, recoils from a steaming milk-jug, in which it has imprudently boiled its nose, and life seems to have no more charms for the unfortunate gourmand. The picture of "The Scorched Cat" is 14 x 24 inches. The large cup and saucer, the bread-knife with porcelain handle, and the fuming cream-pot with hinged lid, speak of the ordinary French morning-meal, anticipating the breakfast, and consisting of simple bread and *café au lait*. The proprietor, overcome by morning slumbers, is not yet on the scene, and the enormous *matou* determines to have the first taste, with results fatal to his own peace. We rather like this disproof of that detestable proverb about the "early bird." In this case the early bird gets a decided "bite." The master, who will receive his breakfast cold, will be punished in another way, but at least he can comfort himself over his frigid cheer with the thought that he has fully done his duty by his kind friend Morpheus.

Berne-Bellecour, one of the amusing painters who tread in the footprints of Vibert, shows in a small picture "The Infatuated Lover." He is a romantic youth who climbs to kiss the painted hand of a portrait of a fair dame hanging on the wall. The costume is that of Henri III, with silken doublet and luxurious foppery. The question arises in the mind whether these were portraits painted in such a modern style at the epoch determined by the costume of the young gallant. "On the Ramparts," also by Berne-Bellecour, is a little painting with a single military figure.

Jules Worms, a skillful Paris painter, who applies a very solid and serious style to themes too frequently trivial, is exemplified by small, good pictures of "A Spanish Serenader," standing under the railed window of his innamorata, and "A Spanish Volunteer."

Detaille, the best of the modern painters of micro-photographic style, contributes a small but exceptionally freely and richly-painted specimen, showing an engagement between

a Cossack and a French hussar, in Napoleon's Russian campaign. The picture blooms with a brilliant and decorative chiaroscuro, rare for the painter, and the figures with their horses, in frantic action, avoid the frigid model-painting look of many of Detaille's subjects. This small panel is a gem, decidedly superior to many a Meissonier of equally high finish and similar size.

Alfred Stevens is shown in a very characteristic, and better than beautiful, specimen called "Coquetry," or "The Language of the Fan" (12 x 18 inches). A confirmed flirt, of wily and experienced visage, all nerves and brains, without the softening mitigation of adipose tissue, has drawn one



THE CONNOISSEUR.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ED. GREÜZNER.

cream-colored glove, and manages her dark Spanish fan with a world of provocative expression. This is a bust-picture, full-face.

"The Andalusian" is a life-size dark-skinned head, with the national dress, by Ramon de Madrazo, painted in his peculiar crisp, hardy, decided style, with effects like the firm yet delicate touches of a sculptor modeling in clay.

Landelle, in his romantic, poetic manner, smacking of Bouguereau and Portaels, shows "Spiritual Consolation" (2½ x 4½ feet,) representing a group of calm and considerate and benevolent angels standing around a sorrowing soul, repentant of its sins or overcome with affliction. This stately composition has been a favorite in photographs and engravings.

Hugues Merle is represented by a standing figure of a wistful girl, with depth of character apparently above her station, supposed to be a "Washing-Girl of Eretat" (14 x 24

inches.) This is the small color-study for the completed picture in the gallery of Mr. Fairman Rogers. The peculiar, natural arched rock of Ererat is perceived in the background.

Doré is seen as an oil-painter in the "Don Quixote Entertained by the Student and his Wife," a working over with the paint-tubes of what he has better done on the box-wood, in the well known illustrated edition of Cervantes. The student, a genial specimen of natural Spanish courtesy, clasps the knight's hand and looks at him with exquisite indulgence and young protection, while his young bride—her face surrounded with a voluminous wimple—gazes fondly at both, and Sancho fills his bottomless appetite at the table behind. Doré's utter inability to paint like a painter finds a dismal exemplification in the attempt, but there is strong graphic ingenuity to redeem the misadventure.

Fortuny is exemplified by one of his best pen-and-inks, well known from a reproduction to be found in the shops, of an old General of the Directoire, sitting and handling the pommel of his cane.

De Coninck shows a smiling, life-size, girl's head and bust, and a pair of plump hands engaged in trying on "The Ring." It is a generous, freely-laughing peasant-girl of the Campagna, in the usual peasant costume. The bauble can hardly be an engagement ring, for it is not worn on the ring-finger, but on the *medius*.

Desoffie, on a canvas 22 x 18 inches, depicts a selection of the jewels in the Apollo Gallery of the Louvre, particularly designated for representation by Mr. Wolfe. A fan of Marie Antoinette's, and a cup of red agate mounted by Cellini, are among the objects delineated in the picture, which was painted for its present owner in 1871.

The specimen of Corot is a good example of his peculiar dreamy and half-hinted style, so full of suggestion and poetry. A fisherman pushes off his punt from shore, in a soft sunrise light that floods the river and softens with velvety lustre the shaggy group of pollard willows at the left. This example is in the blondest tone of Corot, a pearl of silvery radiance, and of "obscurity" that does not depend on shadow for its tantalizing mystery. Its size is 14 x 12 inches.

De Keyser's "Origin of the Arts of Design" (18 x 24 inches) is one of the surviving pictures of the German school included by Mr. Wolfe from his earlier collection; he parted with the same artist's "Milton Dictating to his Daughters," at the sale of 1854, obtaining \$2400 for it. Beulé, the archaeologist, thus narrates the legend by which the potters of Corinth were in the habit of attributing to their craft the beginnings at once of portrait art and modeling figures in clay. "The Corinthians claimed for Dibutades and his daughter, Cora, the honor of this discovery; they related that one evening Cora traced with a knife the outline of her lover's profile, whose shadow was thrown on the wall. Seeing this, the father, who was a maker of vases, took some moistened clay, made an impression, and had it fired in his furnace." The painter introduces some vases in the foreground to indicate the profession of Cora's father. Nicaise de Keyser was born in 1813, and is President of the Academy of Antwerp, on the grand staircase of which building are to be seen his decorative paintings representing

the "History of Art." A larger subject by De Keyser, in the Wolfe gallery, is "Love's Young Dream," showing two young classic maidens crouching on the turf in a sunny glade, and exchanging their confidences on the infinite science of the heart. A pendant to this picture, whose figures are life-size, is hung on the other side of a broad chimney-piece, and is by August Riedel, the German professor at St. Luke's Academy in Rome, representing "Cupid and Psyche at the Fountain of Love."

By Carl Becker is the pleasant and able picture, painted with a sure hand and confidence in the art of amusing, entitled



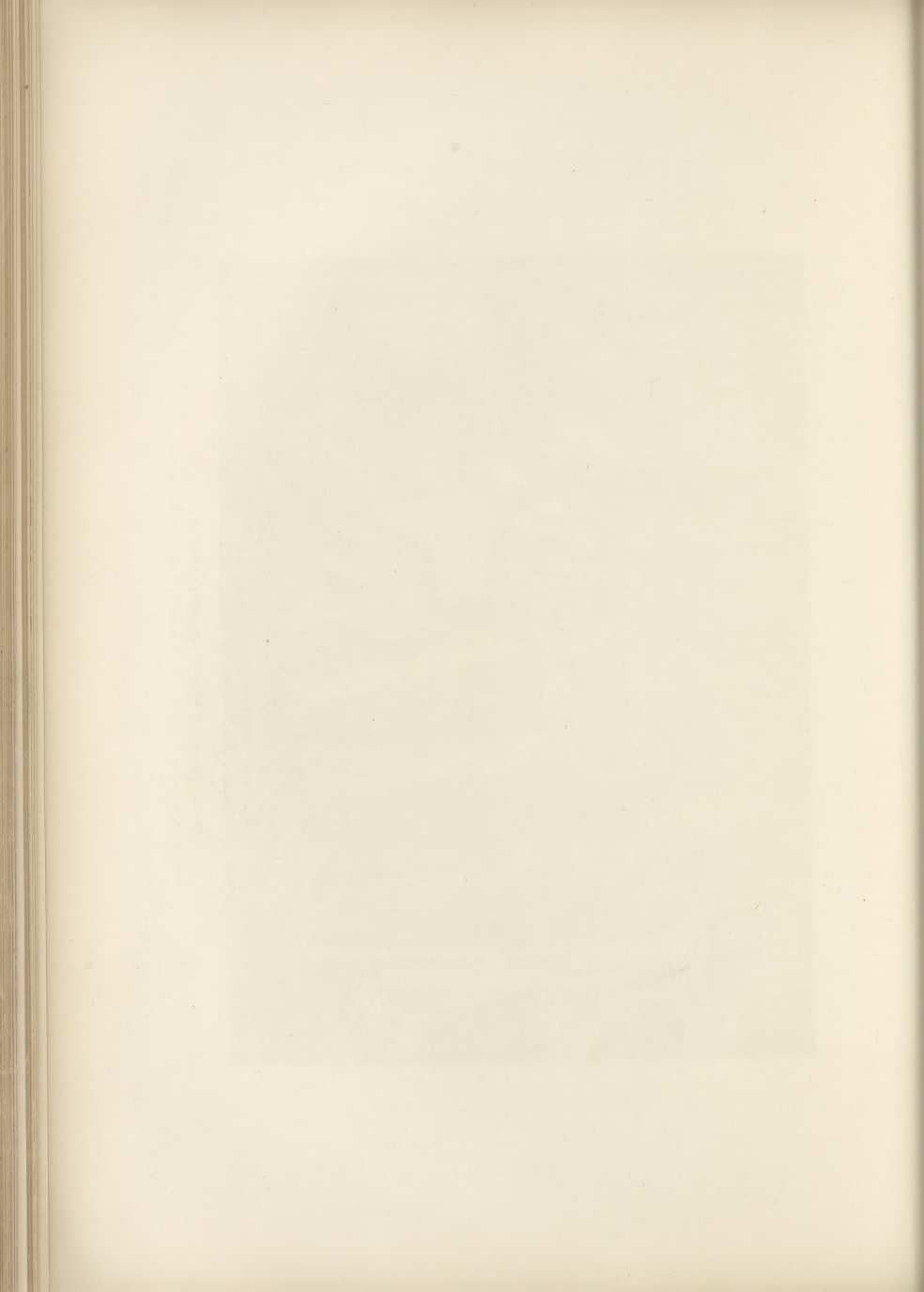
THE FOX INVITES THE STORK TO DINNER.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY F. F. NEYDEHIM.

"Flügger the Banker Burning the Bonds of Charles V." (7 x 5 feet.) Becker, now Vice-President of the Academy of Berlin, was born in that city in 1820. He represents decorative historical scenes, used as a pretext for the introduction of the rich velvets and brocades he paints so seductively. Pupil of Cornelius, he has never felt the slightest vocation for Cornelius' asceticism and miracle-plays, but he turned straight to the savory attractions of texture-painting and still-life, among which we sometimes notice a head, an expression or a sentiment, not too clumsily indicated; the bric-à-brac of the subject, however, is what engages his heart and soul, and this he luxuriates in with an easy superficial enjoyment, in a style and degree of ability characteristic of the better Teutonic school.



FUGGER THE BANKER BURNING THE BONDS OF CHARLES V.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CARL HEDER, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN WOLFE, NEW YORK.



and shared with him in about equal measure by Hamman, Carl Hoff, and Benjamin Vautier. The subject here represented is an episode which Augsburg still remembers with pride, and is one of the pleasantest local histories connected with Charles V, whose conduct outside of Spain is so seldom satisfactory. In this case Charles has just made his triumphant expedition into Africa (1532), overcome Barbarossa, and restored to liberty numbers of captive Christians. The funds for this costly war had been largely supplied by Függer, the great Augsburg banker, but when the emperor visited him in his luxurious home at Augsburg, a fire of cinnamon and other spices was prepared, and the monarch's bonds burned before his eyes in that fragrant crematory, the money-king choosing thus to thank the man of action for destroying pirates and rendering business safer. The Függers, in various offices and manifestations, were the grand tutelary family of Augsburg. Just before this date, Haldric Függer was Chamberlain to Pope Paul III, but joined the Reformers, and eventually left his fine library to Heidelberg; some were ennobled by Maximilian; one was the patron of Estienne, the great French typographer. The race even now exists and has given its name to a hamlet near Augsburg, while in that city is still pointed out, as the tavern of the "Three Moors," the fine old building which was the scene of the painter's incident, to be read of at length in Robertson's *Charles V.*

Riefstahl, a sober and profoundly conscientious artist, whose treatment of air and light as distributed over crowds of figures is equally excellent, whether in the free mountain landscape or in the shadowy interior, is represented by an important and large example, showing "Capuchins Celebrating Mass" (6 x 4 feet.) In a huge, bare, rustic chapel of some rock-built monastery are seen the thronging prisoners of religion, their spare, weather-beaten faces telling of hard lives and charitable labors in the bleak world outside. The light of day is breaking through the window, while night still reigns in the barn-like church, broken by the candles which the brothers carry in their slow procession around the room. An immense wooden reading-desk—rough and primitive as Noah's Ark—sustains the pile of splendidly executed music-books in the centre. This ample picture is painted with singular gravity, conscience and breadth.

The famous *Piloty* is seen in an example almost as large and elaborate as the "Thusnelda" of Mrs. Stewart's collection—a rich and dazzling effort executed to Mr. Wolfe's order and devoted to a subject of his selection, "Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn" (5 x 4 feet.) The incident is that so vividly presented in the first act of Shakespeare's final and concluding play in his gigantic historical series. It is the festival at York Place, with a dais or "place of state" for Cardinal Wolsey, who is seen in the background, while in front, upon a carved bench, is transacted that coquetry of royal favor and ancillary grace which changed the face of English history and resulted in protestantizing Anglo-Saxon Christendom. The smile that did all this is planted on the lips of Anne Boleyn, and the king is about to reap it from them with a kiss. "Sweetheart, I were unmanly to take you out and not to kiss you!" the drama makes Henry say. A bevy of beautiful court ladies, with

Sands, Lovel, and the Chamberlain, people the rich architecture of the room, through which a golden light of almost theatrical garishness falls over the splendid dresses and gallant forms. Comparing this with such a work as Becker's "Függer the Banker" we find *Piloty* inferior to him in treating bric-à-brac subjects with breadth and unity, while more ambitious in searching for varied decorations and diversified effects. The scheme of light here is completely arbitrary, and smacks of the stage. The whole jewel-tray of aggressive colors, enough to have lusted Veronese all around the four walls of a refec-



THE STORK INVITES THE FOX TO DINNER.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY P. P. MEYERRECH.

tory, is squeezed into an armload of concentrated antitheses. But it is dramatic in the good sense, if it is theatrical in the bad sense. Like his other compositions owned in New York—the "Thusnelda" and the "Death of Caesar"—it shows the historical talent, the power to interest us in his high-colored Gothic embroidery of a given event. By this ability Kaulbach will always seem superior to mere texture painters and decorators like Carl Becker.

Hasenclever's life-size portrait of himself (3 x 5 feet) occupies a conspicuous station in the dining-room. This Düsseldorf artist was born in 1810, and died in 1853. The self-painted portrait is a whole biography; it represents him in the act of rising from a table in his studio, flourishing a

römer of hock. His picture of the "Wine-Tasters" is seen sketched on the easel before him, and upon the table is the book he so brilliantly illustrated—the *Jobsiad*. This work is the only comic mock-epic poem in the German tongue which has achieved lasting popularity: it was written by E. A. Kortym, a physician of Bochum, in Westphalia, who died in 1824, and narrates the adventures of a braggadocio student who ends as a night-watchman. The several paintings executed by Hasenclever from this work, resembling Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*, formed part of the old Düsseldorf Gallery in New York, and have remained in America. His "Petition of Delegates from the Working-Men's Council, 1848," is also in this country, as part of the Philadelphia gallery of Ferdinand J. Dreer, and is perhaps his masterpiece.

Meyerheim's "Monkeys' Frolic" (4 × 2 feet) represents a banquet of apes, got up by one of their number, dressed in the traditional white apron and cap like a Doric capital; the treatment of the subject by the Berlin artist recalling those scenes in which the French painter, Decamps, so racily satirized the doings of men in simian extravaganzas.

Meyerheim's subjects from La Fontaine (6 × 8 feet each), represent the "Fox and Stork" at the reciprocal feasts which so severely tested their respective powers of assimilation. At

the bird's banquet, the puzzled malice of the fox, is expressed both in countenance and in anxious gyratory motion; his triumphant serenity at his own feast, where the bird hesitatingly draws up one claw while considering a bunch of dead game, is worthy of the Barmecide in the Arabian Nights.

Eduard Grützner, of Munich, is represented by a small picture, "The Connoisseur," showing a Dominican monk in a cellar, before a wine-bin, the key in his hand, the lantern hitched up on the wall, as he looks at the light through a glass of port. Grützner is strong in his specialty of hitting off human weaknesses under the cloistered robe.

Schenck, the shepherd of so many flocks and the teamster of so many velvet-nosed donkeys, sends from his Ecoeur studio a characteristic subject, "Sheep Caught in a Snow-Storm," at the Croix-mourante Pass, in Auvergne. The woolly pilgrims are shown in a highly-puzzled mood, with the track snowed away from beneath their feet in a blinding storm.

When asked why he shows no specimens of Henner, Laurens, Baudry, Bastien-Lepage, this faithful collector replies, with a sigh of appetite and the expression of a gourmet balked, "They are absolutely out of the market; their better and worthier works are quite inaccessible."

CATALOGUE OF MR. J. WOLFE'S COLLECTION.

ACHENBACH, A.—*Spally Weather, off Scheveningen*.
 " *After the Storm*. Landscape.
 ACHENBACH, O.—*Comans, near Rome*.
 BAKKERKOPF, A. H.—*Irish Brass Shop*.
 BECKER, CARL.—*Flagger the Banker Burning the Bonds of Charles V.*
 BERNÉ-BELLECOUR, E. P.—*On the Ramparts*.
 " *The Infatuated Lover*.
 BERTHAUD, JAMES.—*Virginias Dead*.
 BONNAT, L. J. P.—*Fellah Woman and Child*.
 BOUGUEREAU, W. A.—*Satyr and Nymphs*.
 BRETON, JULES.—*Normandy Girl at Fountain*.
 " *Britanny Penitent*.
 BRION, GUSTAVE.—*Wedding Procession in Alania*.
 CABANEL, A.—*Portrait of a Young Lady*.
 " *Birth of Venus*.
 CHAPLIN, CH.—*The Dove*. Water-color.
 " *Nymph at the Fountain*.
 CHATEAU, V.—*The Studio: time of Watteau*.
 CLAIRIN, G.—*Sheik Entering his Harem*.
 COMTE, P. C.—*The Toilet, Sixteenth Century*.
 COROT, J. B. C.—*Morning*.
 COT, P. A.—*Spring*.
 DAUBIGNY, C. F.—*Twilight on the Seine*.
 DE COCK, C.—*Shady Brook*.
 DE CONINCK, P.—*The Wedding Ring*.
 " *The Lizard*.
 DE KEYSER, N.—*The Invention of the Art of Design*.
 " *Love's Young Dream*. [copy].
 DELORT, C. E.—*Irish Brass Shop; time of the Directoire*.
 DE MEISGRIEN, F.—*View on the Loire*.

DESCHOFFE, B.—*Objets d'Art*.
 DETAILLE, J. B. E.—*Fight for the Standard*.
 DEVEIDEN, L.—*Daishi Banauk and Circassian Slave*.
 DORE, G.—*Don Quixote Entertained by the Student*.
 FICHEL, E. B.—*The Card Party*.
 FORTUNY, M.—*The Veteran*.
 FRÉRE, E.—*The Mid-day Meal*.
 GALLAIT, L.—*Huguenot's Family*. Water-color.
 GÉRARD, J. L.—*Circassian Lady*.
 GÉRARD, FRIMIN.—*Caught in the Thunder-Storm*.
 GOUPI, JULES.—*The Lost Dauphin*.
 GRÜTZNER, ED.—*The Connoisseur*.
 GUERRA, G.—*The Villa Borghese*.
 HASENCLEVER, J. P.—*The Artist's Portrait*. [burg].
 HENNINGES, J. F.—*The Park and Palace of Nymphes*.
 JACQUE, C. E.—*Sheep and Lamb*.
 KNAUS, LUDWIG.—*Study from "The Children's Picnic"*.
 KRAUS, F.—*Peasant Girl of the Prussian Baltic Provinces*.
 LAMBERT, L. E.—*The Scorched Cat*. [winces].
 LANDELLE, C.—*Spiritual Consolation*.
 LEFEBVRE, J. J.—*Femme Couchée*. Study.
 LELOIR, L.—*Beating the Retreat*.
 " *Zephyr*.
 LEON Y ESCOBURA, D. Y.—*Picture Gallery in Madrid: time of Philip IV.*
 MADRADO, R.—*Andalusian Peasant*.
 MAKART, HANS.—*Fellah Women at Well*.
 MARCHAL, C. F.—*Pensée*.
 MERLE, H.—*Washerwoman of Etruria*.
 MEYERHEIM, PAUL.—*The Monkeys' Frolic*. [ner].
 " *The Fox Invites the Stork to Din-*

Meyerheim, Paul.—The Stork Invites the Fox to Meyer von Bremen.—The Glacier. [Dinner].
 MUNKÁCSY, M.—*The Widow's Mite*.
 PERKAULT, L.—*The Roman Flower-Girl*.
 PILOT, C. T. VON.—*Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn at Cardinal Wolsey's*.
 PREYER, J. W.—*Desert*.
 RIEDEL, A.—*Cupid and Psyche at the Fountain of Love*.
 RIEFSTAHL, W. L. F.—*Capuchin Monks in a Tyrolean Monastery*.
 SCHENCK, A. F. A.—*Sheep in Snow-drift: Mountains of Auvergne, France*.
 SCHREYER, A.—*Wallachian Team Entangled in the Marshes of the Danube*.
 SOYER, PAUL.—*The Wine Press*.
 " *The Wine Cup*.
 STEVENS, A.—*Coquette*.
 VAN MARCKE, E.—*Com. From the Collection of the Count d'Aquila*.
 " *Bull*.
 VERMET-LECOMTE, E.—*Moorth Jewels: Costume de Fête*.
 VIBERT, G. J.—*Selling Concentrated Palms at Church Door, in Spain*.
 VOLLOS, A.—*Fruit*.
 WAHLBERG, A.—*Near Stockholm*.
 WORMS, JULES.—*The Serrade, Seville*.
 " *The Volunteer*.
 ZAMACOS, D. E.—*A Spanish Shepherd*. Water-color.
 ZIMM, F.—*Public Garden, Venice*.



J. VAN DELFT, DEL.

Engraving

HENRY VIII AND ANNE BOLEYN AT CARDINAL WOLSEY'S

Scene in England, the last night of Cardinal Wolsey's life.

AMSTERDAM: J. VAN DELFT.

GRANDS JOUILLON



THE COUNCIL HOUSE, GRENADA.

From the original negatives in the collection of Mr. Percy C. Brown, Philadelphia.



THE THORNY PATH.

ENGRAVED BY FAUST FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THOMAS COUTURE.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. HENRY C. GIBSON.



THE RAPE OF THE SABINES.
BROZEN BY L. GRECOZZI.

THE arrangement of Mr. Gibson's gallery of paintings is carried out on a plan unique, I believe, not only in Philadelphia, of which city his collection is the ornament, but anywhere in the country. Instead of a large hall, we have a series of little chapels. Each is lighted by a ceiling of glass, and the dimensions are in harmony with the pictures collected, which in hardly a single instance exceed a moderate easel size. Three or four little marble rooms from Pompeii seem to have floated over the sea, like Gulliver's casket, and anchored upon a bed of roses; for the conservatory is adjacent, and the scent of warm hot-house earth steals in from its quadrangle to hint of the stability and

reliance of terra firma. Excavations in such a precinct, one feels, should turn up a bronze household divinity, or a variegated mosaic. The sky shines through the ceilings of the small square chambers, as it does into the house of Sallust or the house of Pansa. The paintings that decorate the walls are many of them erotic and gay, avoiding dark subjects, as the majority do that have been revealed among the ashes of Vesuvius. To get the most striking effect, the exploration should be made when the full moon basks upon the transparent ceilings, and in solitude. In such a case the robe of a goddess fluttering on the wall or the gray outline of a statue takes one back to South Italy readily, and clearly pertains to some villa at Baiae, or Parthenope, or Capri, or Herculaneum. If there were windows in the walls—but there are none—fancy would be sure to sketch us, under the moon, the Naples Bay and the filmy cap and plume of Vesuvius. Through a low doorway, however, to speak of earth and anchor us to realities, come the flower-scents, stooping as they enter, and leaving their silken homes to accost the paintings and the busts. There is a perspective of rose-banks, an environment of color in forms of art, a cold, pale, inlaid floor. Enormous sea-shells swing in the moist conservatory atmosphere, holding an air-plant or a

flowering creeper that fills their labyrinths with perfume instead of murmur.

Our business is, however, with the more rigid daylight view. Mr. Gibson is a collector who holds clearly in his mind the determination never to have more than a hundred pictures. The purchase of a new one means the condemnation of an elder one. The gallery grows in refining, not in increase. This anchorite vow is hard to keep, however, and this Sultan sometimes acquires a new love without finding the heart to discard an old.

Thomas Couture, the French painter of the "Decadence Romaine," who died March 31, 1879, at the age of sixty-four, is revealed in two pictures. "Le Triomphe d'une Femme Equivoque," or "The Thorny Path," is a subject completed in 1873, and measuring 6 by 4 feet. This important picture shows Couture in his self-imposed rôle of teacher of humanity. An allegory of the old-fashioned kind is carried out with permitted anachronisms of the most daring boldness. A classical-looking damsel, whose tunic falls carelessly from the waist, furiously drives a modern "Stanhope;" equally modern is the horrible, mob-capped old mother, of the *mère d'actrice* type, who crouches behind her in the carriage, from whose pocket a huge black bottle emerges, and whose lean hands are clutched over each other with an insatiable lust of gold and booty. Meanwhile the lovely mischief, half standing, half leaning against the box, cranes her slim neck and extends her insolent whip towards a team of helpless men who draw the

in the path, and the feet of the masculine victims are lacerated in the thorny highway. The cortège, all equally well broken in, consist of men chosen from various types and various epochs. Allegory is not afraid to mingle the armor of the mediæval landsknecht with the nudity of the antique Silenus; the satyr-like visage of the minister of Bacchus leads the procession, as on a Bacchic vase; his cynical exposure reveals his figure bloated by excess, his flesh grown flabby with indulgence, his swollen feet and Vitellius-like cheeks, which are shaded by his ample vine-wreath; with his huge and relaxed limbs, he pulls first in the disgraceful team. He looks back, not only with satire but with envy, at the pretty boy who follows next behind, the ideal of a young mediæval troubadour, with his eyes fixed dreamily on the horizon, and his hands clasped on his heart, not feeling yet the load he draws. Next behind follows the young student, in laurel-wreathed felt and modern booted vacation-dress: he jots down a copy of verses as he goes, and the ineffable aureole of youth plays radiantly about his figure, attracting sympathy for his captivity and almost condoning his shame. Last comes the soldier, dragging with his scarred veteran limbs, galled in many battles, and now cramped in the disgraceful harness; of mature age, with an intellectual bald head, a vivid look of self-reproach and introversion in his bent visage, the laurels withering around his honorable armor, as he joins, with full consciousness and bitter sense of vanquishment, in the mad captivity to woman. As these typical figures strain under the whip-lash, the serene and implacable tyranny of Beauty rises behind them, fair with egotism and self-pampering, her bare arms and bosom rigid with cruelty, her white feet lying like flowers on silken cushions; and, lastly, as if the essential and intrinsic badness of the heartless woman were not expressed plainly enough, there emerges, out of the dark behind her, her own completed image in the mirror of time, the model of what she will become, the form of femininity reduced to simple appetite and desire, the lust of gold overcoming all other, the hands turning to grasping claws, the eyes furtively watching for pillage, the life-thirst expressed in the gaping bottle that thrusts itself from the ever-hungry pocket. What surprises the spectator at first is the audacious way in which the moralist-painter has confused his metaphors; there are no traces by which to draw his wheels, either literally or figuratively. A classically dressed beauty, whose mother is a modern market-woman, is pulled in a fashionable "T-cart" by a number of men who have existed at epochs hundreds of years apart, and they pull by the lines alone, neither thills nor traces being apparent about the carriage. Perhaps it is these confusions and contradictions that the terminal bust of Couture himself, set on a marble pillar and signed T. C., is laughing at so sarcastically. In regard to technical execution, it must be said that this picture is inferior in color and quality to the generality of Couture's works. There are crude yellows, reds and blues, such as are seldom seen in his schemes, and the lovely gray on flesh and stone, in which he sometimes approaches the gray of Velasquez, is seen but in isolated patches. It must be said of Couture that he has the courage and individuality of the untraveled artist; familiar with little but the Louvre, his



CREPUSCULE.
PAC-SEMIER OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HANON.

vehicle. There are ruts in the slightly descending road—other convoys have passed that way before; there are burly thistles



THE BIRTH OF VENUS.

From the Original Painting in the Collection of Mrs. Henry H. Wilson, Philadelphia.

works will never be put to shame by being found to contain borrowings from an inaccessible crypt of the Madrid museum, a chapel of Masaccio's at Florence, or the like. His characters are discovered by himself, his expressive vigor is his alone. No type of woman better than Couture's has been created by a modern Frenchman. Her coldness, her distinction, her faultless grace and impregnable cruelty, her air of accepting all and giving nothing, are worthy of Balzac, in another vein. The only bit of pasticcio which I am tempted to suspect in this picture is the fat Silenus in front, whose type resembles that of Ribera's Silenus at Naples, which Couture may possibly have seen in photograph.

Couture traveled hardly at all, was almost unlettered, and was a genius. Such exemplars as are contained in Paris he

and a draughtsman who is affectedly and wilfully wanting in anatomical expression—it is easy to admit that the goddess has a kind of foolish, fond perfection about her. She lies arched on the wave from which she is just born, her whole boneless body twisting on it and her limbs embracing each other: one nonsensical little great-toe of her curls up the reverse way—a blown rose-petal, to be kissed, maybe. She is bedded upon her warm hair, which floats, the color of honey, on the Mediterranean blue; the foam creams up, to pillow her head, into impromptu tufts and roses; she peeps from under one elbow; five little Desires, blowing conchs or catching each other's hands, link and dissolve and form again among the light clouds of the sky—the foam of the atmosphere; on the horizon, an island profile, which should be Cythera, but will



ARABS FIGHTING IN RETREAT.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY S. J. FREDES, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. SCHIEFFER.

is conversant with, but he is no haunter of picture-galleries, no sketcher in scattered lands: he is a discoverer whom our period of pedantry and communication of ideas scarcely touches.

The more impressional spectator is apt to march pretty directly up to the "Venus," painted by Cabanel, whose replica we too hastily noticed in speeding through, as best we might, the ponderous catalogue of Mr. Wolfe's collection. Cabanel invented his "Venus" in 1863, and the present form of the conception became the property of Mr. Gibson in 1870. The painting occupies a little bower of drapery, in the innermost room of all, the folds of which drapery flow away from her figure in every direction—altogether centrifugally, and with a slight air of sarcasm. The "Venus" is surely very delicate and seductive, with a rather uncelestial beauty; the painter has created her with that absence of soul which evades responsibility. The figure is of the family of the Medici Venus, not that of the Venus of Milo. Granting that it is the divinity of a naturally trivial man—an artist who has never yet invented a great situation on any of his canvases

be Capri. All this, of course, is no way to represent the divine principle of Love, but the court-painter created his "Venus" for a corrupt Emperor, as a mischief that man might never hope to mend, and that would laugh in the face of those who would try it by the great grave principles of Greek religious art. In tone the canvas is shadowlessly gay; it throws a light of airy French flattery around the place, and seems to be modeled in excesses of brightness rather than in shades. Unashamed, alluring, and contented in a very narrow sphere of influence, this "Venus" seems born to be called a baggage by any passing Sir Roger de Coverley of the Saxon race, and to go off with a piece of money.

Capri, and Capri again! The lights of Capri gleam from the distance of this pretty little fancy by the painter Hamon, the "Crepuscule." Two girls are flying, fathoms above the sea, their drapery stretched out horizontally by the stress of their motion, and their eyes fixed like those of somnambules. Who is their Mab, the captain of their dream? It is none other than Dan Cupid, who has leaped right upon their shoulders, a foot on the back of each, and stands there fixed,

lashing them inexorably with the cord of his bow. The girls drive wildly forward, ready to dash on the rocks of Capri, still moist with wine spilt in the orgies of Tiberius. Granting to Hamon the faculty of devising these epigrams very neatly, and of knowing just enough of the human figure to draw his pulpy puppets without absolute disgrace, we confess to a wish that he should have generally confined his work to those fans which he decorated so well; what would seem charming on a

personage was mother of triplets at least, for the younger children seem to be of about the same age.

The specimen of Vibert is at the high-water-mark of his bright and glancing talent. It is "The Roll-Call after the Pillage." The dragoons of Villars have sacked some fat and opulent place, Friedlingen or Stolberg, and, laden down with booty, swaggering, tipsy, holding each other up, the men-at-arms form a zigzag line in front of their captain; one, with



SCENE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

FAC-SIMILE OF A DESIGN BY G. J. FEUILLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. FAHNE.

semicircle of vellum in a lady's fingers seems to empty itself into nonsense when heavily framed and hung among the works of artists whose pencils are of the male sex.

A good, almost a flattering example of Kaulbach permits us to set this world-wide reputation in vivid contrast with similar renowns of French extraction. Kaulbach's subject here is "Mother-Love," and is from the same original sketch as the larger canvas similarly named in Mr. Probasco's collection at Cincinnati. The theme is an allegorical female figure nursing four children, in the style of Del Sarto's celebrated "Charity" in the Louvre. Catalogued as "Maternal Affection" in the Derby sale, and so named in the German sources of information, the treatment would indicate that the

liquor in each hand, staggers out of the Golden Lion Inn, whose tap-boy lies on the ground, dead or stunned. In the line drawn up for review, the foremost figure is a graceless comely sort of Don Cesar de Bazan, who has taken a prisoner—the captive being a magnificent white goose, for whom the lad's sword-belt is the gallows. As a painting of humors, an imprint of the superficialities of a situation, the thing is capital; and in the graver qualities of art, soberness of color, composition and quality, it recalls the better day of Vibert, when he had the ambition to be a painter, rather than his present epoch, when a whole laboratory of students elaborate the hard and glittering pictures which he is content to decorate with his signature "for the American Market."



THE SAILORS OF THE "ALBATROSS" AT THE BAY OF PANGLOSS

The statue-group, in bronze, whose representation is inlaid like an initial at the top of the first column in this article, is "The Rape of the Sabines," by Louis Grégoire. M. Grégoire is a living French sculptor, born in Paris, and educated in the atelier of Jean Jules Salmson. In the present work he does not affect classical simplicity, but emulates the decorative brilliancy and lively flutter of the renaissance. The soldier's armor, with its head of Romulus' wolf on the helmet, is of a richness far too advanced for the period, but the artist cares nothing about that; what he is thinking of is to make an ornamental parlor bronze. This group was executed in 1873.

Adolphe Schreyer, the admirable painter from Frankfort on the Main, resident in Paris, is revealed in a fair example,

a vindictive shot as he gallops away. Of late years Schreyer is losing his care and distinctness of drawing, and tending more and more to make mere glancing thistle-down of the dissolving hide of his animals. In an example like the present, though, this soft confusion of glossy form is a grace, for it adds to the sense of motion.

Another glimpse of the Orient, showing a second order of merit, is seen in the "Constantinople Market," by Alberto Pasini, born near Parma, and now living at Paris. I find nobody who can group a confused mass of horses under a tropical light quite so ably as Pasini; the horses are well-rounded, the masses into which they collect are well-rounded too. Titian said that a painter's compositions should be studied



RIDING HOME.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY C. TROYON.

"Arabs Fighting in Retreat." A group of Kabyle sheiks and officers, seen from the rear, with a languid Eastern light falling on their flying haiks and bournouses, are desperately shooting and darting their spears in Parthian fashion as they recede from the eye. The fluttering figures, and the silken-coated steeds they ride, are blotted together in a beautiful suffusion, partly of dust and partly of evening vapor, the poetic mirage-atmosphere of hot climates. This tender, sultry softness which overcomes the landscape is what gives especial distinction to Mr. Gibson's specimen of Schreyer. The painter fastens, with equal poetic appreciation, on the sunny glow of tropical climates, basking voluptuously on romantic Arabs and ideal steeds, or on the snow-flaws of the steppes and the shaggy gipsies and horses they envelop. In this picture our artist breaks the haze with a vigorous figure of a Kabyle on a black horse, who has tied the riderless gray of some murdered comrade to his own steed; thus embarrassed, he vanishes pell-mell into a cloud of white bournouses that swarm up a low, scrubby hillside, turning for

from a bunch of grapes, and Pasini's miniature equestrians show just such a roundedness of masses made up of individuals themselves separately embossed; Meissonier is apt to come a little short of this perfection, as in his diagram-like "1807." In the Constantinople scene Pasini's horses are drawn up into a throng on one side, accurate as little statuettes of bronze, salient and exacting as if each claimed his proper square inch of canvas to stand on. An arched portico fills the background, rising high in air with its turnip-shaped arcades; and the chaffering crowd, in all the colors of Harlequin, gather around the squatting fruit-sellers, whose melons roll over the foreground like pebbles at the foot of a cataract.

The example of Meissonier is small but admirable. It is called "A Cavalier Awaiting an Audience." Some fast-riding post of Turenne or the Grand Condé, come with news to the king of the victory of Fribourg or the burning of Heidelberg, warms himself at the ante-chamber fire as he waits the royal pleasure. One spurred and booted foot he lifts on the hob,

while his hand leans on the sculptured hood of the chimney-piece, and the draggled feathers nodding from his broad and weather-beaten hat tell of travel and haste. This open-air figure, brought with all its breath of out-of-doors into the glow and luxury of in-door shelter, almost unites the sentiment of landscape-painting with that of interior-painting. The subject is of the kind which made Meissonnier's reputation; an internal effect, compassable with studio light and studio accessories, and painted with a quietude of perfect skill that is to be the despair of all future artists and the criterion of talent even in the company of old Dutchmen like Van der Meer and Pieter

love of the true animalist. The present specimen is good enough to show Troyon as one of the great landscape-painters, and if there are shortcomings in the treatment of the figures, these shortcomings seem like an intentional subordination of the animals to the lovely scope and breadth of scenery they people.

But Auguste Bonheur's cattle, how individual, how personal they are! Perfect in structure, with envelopes of living, supple hide, they breathe, they stand weightily upon the canvas. The "Cattle" in this collection is a picture as excellent technically as the same painter's "Fontainebleau" in the A. T.



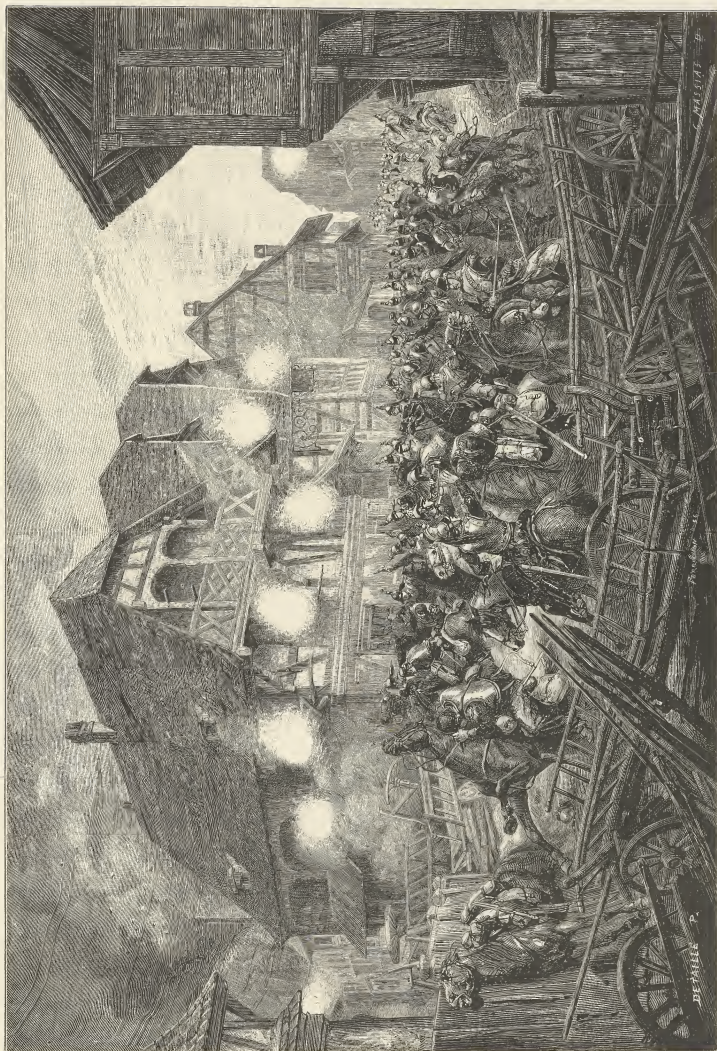
DANCING THE JALEO, IN THE PALACE OF PILATE, SEVILLE.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY R. MADRASO.

de Hoogh. The ambition to paint open-air effects is what is killing Meissonnier's reputation: indisputable in chamber-subjects, he is thrown flat by landscape. The present picture is worthy of his best moments, deep yet not dull, and rich without a particle of vulgar glitter.

Constant Troyon, whose animal subjects nearly always have the incommunicable light and air of genius, is seen in a capital "Landscape with Cattle." A black-faced steer, relieved against a white-faced steer, is seen standing in the foreground, in a shallow stream, which a shepherdess, riding on a donkey, is about to ford, as she gathers her sheep for the evening fold. This master, who took up animal painting comparatively late in his career, because his landscapes were not successful to his wish, remained a landscape-painter to the close, valuing his animals chiefly for their relief and contrast—incidents in his paradise, not sharers of his love. His black ox throws back his distance; his red cow contradicts his meadow; such are their functions; they are not studied as individuals, with the

Stewart gallery. A dark cow has lifted her head towards the herd, shaking her ear, whose shadow plays over her neck of silk: she stands in the shallow water of a river, brimmed into peace and silence by high tide, against a background of low hill-forms. A red and white cow is drinking alongside, and stands out sculpturally in the frank, clear afternoon light, just yellowing enough to tarnish faintly the silver patches of her hide. It is a piece of carving in oils, modeled with the precision and solidity of the golden Hathor of an Egyptian temple. Yet there is no composition in the picture, and its perfections drift together fortuitously and helplessly, wanting the graceful art to collect them into a lovely landscape composition, so easily exerted by Troyon, and even by Troyon's pupil, Van Marcke.

A painting of "Highland Sheep," by Rosa Bonheur, shows a long-haired flock, in imminent need of shearing; her small picture has the blotted manner of the English water-color school, with the English occasional dab of hard, uncom-



CHARGE OF THE NINTH CUIRASSIERS, VILLAGE OF MORSEBRONN, AUGUST 6, 1870.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. DEPAÏLLE, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. HENRY C. GIBSON, PHILADELPHIA.



promising white. Schenck, of Ecouen, in "The Last Hour," has a conspicuous composition of life-size sheep, huddled together in the butcher's shambles, and driven almost frantic by the red floor and smell of blood. This premonition of doom is well known to those who have watched the killing of sheep, and the terror and despair of these soft, helpless criminals, expressed with very practical realism, has made a tragic opportunity for the painter of which he has availed himself more strikingly than gracefully.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY M. ARCOIS.

R. GIBSON, towards the close of Fortuny's life, was able to secure, through the intermediary of his friend, Mr. W. H. Stewart, of Philadelphia and Paris, (Fortuny's great patron) a choice example of the phenomenal Spanish painter. "The Old Hôtel de Ville in Grenada" (19×14 inches) is painted on a panel, and was completed in 1873. He writes from Rome, in December, 1872, to his kind friend Stewart, "I am finishing the picture for Mr. Gibson, and I have

not begun anything new, for I wish to be done with the things I have brought from Spain, in order to return afterwards to my native country again." This refers to Spanish subjects, sketched on the spot, for completion in Rome, of which this picture was one, and which must be all turned off the easel in the Roman studio before the artist would feel free to go on another Spanish foray. Again Fortuny writes from Rome to his "dear Guglielmo," June, 1873, "A thousand thanks for the advice you give me about my money. As for the forty thousand francs for Mr. Gibson's picture, if you cannot take care of it you can dispose of it to be drawn on sight in any banking house you please." Fortuny's biographer, the Baron Davilliers, remarks here, "The picture in question in this letter, and which belongs to Mr. Gibson, represents the Ayuntamiento Viejo, or ancient City Hall of Grenada, a very picturesque old edifice, with balconies covered with flowers and overrun by luxuriant foliage; it is a marvel of color." It is in compositions like this, where Fortuny represents an open-air scene, and, according to his own expression, "fences with the sunshine without parrying a single ray," that his marvelous talent particularly asserts itself. We marvel at the miracle, at the expressive eloquence with which he can make paint talk daylight. This was never done by any preceding school of art, and constitutes, in Fortuny's person, the contribution made to art-experiment by the nineteenth century. The painting shows the court-yard of the old Moorish building, degraded to its present usage as a fish-mart. The crumbling tiled roofs print themselves against the sky, and eat into the plastered walls with their toothed shadows. The balconies

are so many flower-gardens,—and when has flower-painting, done on this miniature scale, given so truly the mingling jewelry of tropical blossoms, the stiff bristling of thorny plants, the velvet dryness of sunny leaves? All over the picture a sense of torrid heat sucks up every suggestion of moisture. The sky is a deep basin of devouring blue fire, into which the red chimney-tops and the serrated ridges of the roofs are imbedded in the sharpest, distinctest mosaic. The raw, unmitigated delivery of color which belongs to vaporless noonday is fearlessly copied, and turned to a novel, spicy harmony; there are placards posted on the wall, of liveliest vermilion, chrome and blue. In the middle distance a knot of gaily-dressed children play and scramble, and their little features, sharpened by the sun, are got in place with the distinctness and reality of a photograph. A group set against the wall to the right, under the protection of a great umbrella, has the real daylight air of living people in the arid light of Spain, and tells besides a pretty tale of maternal happiness. Some miniature figures to the left, dressed in full Spanish variegation, form a series that is granulated at first sight like a procession of ants, but yields all the satisfaction of human



CAVALIER WAITING AN AUDIENCE.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. L. E. NEISSONIER.

interest when we see how every individual is comprehended

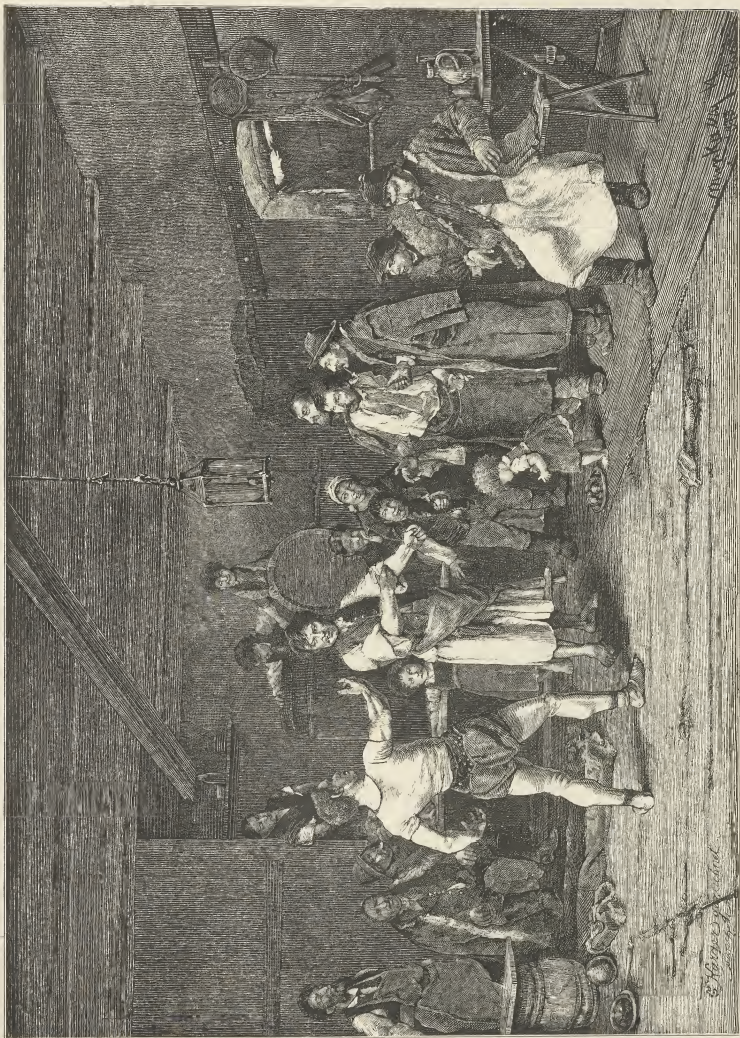
and studied—we seem to be looking into a world of novel scale with the aid of a microscope, and every human figure, every patch of color on a dress, is influenced by the same light which fills with purple tones the grayish shadows woven beneath the plastered eaves. Nobody perceived these relations of values, it is true, till the photograph was invented, and it may be said that the Spanish school ought to thank their true master, the camera. But it is a great deal to have carried out the gray neutral hints of the photograph in schemes of color, and, even with such an aid, Fortuny proves himself a giant in conveying with the mere resources of shaded paints, seen always in a tempered illumination, the full blaze of torrid sunshine. The Dutch did wonders in placing their little animated groups in the full sensation of the open air; but they only attempted the soft, hazy light of a humid climate. Fortuny's conquest is the fiery ocean of dry southern light, absolutely sealed from Art before he came. Of all the subjects in this line of triumph, no picture left by the Spanish painter is more superb than the present example. Its safety has been in great danger, however, its commanding excellence having made it the object of professional cupidity. Some artist, more able to appreciate its beauty than the beauty of honesty, almost succeeded in stealing it by means of the substitution of a counterfeit copy, and Mr. Gibson's picture is the specimen known in art annals as the stolen Fortuny. The incident happened in 1877. The owner had contributed it to the Loan Exhibition at the Philadelphia Academy, and allowed it to remain through the regular Spring exhibition at the gallery; when this closed, on the second day of June, Mr. Gibson's loans were sent back to his home, and the pictures not examined until he returned to the house in the Autumn. Something peculiar in the aspect of his Fortuny then struck the anxious connoisseur; the magic charm of the picture seemed to have vanished from off the face of the panel, and the disconcerted owner ruefully said to himself that if his costly purchase were no better a thing than now appeared before his disenchanted eyes, he might as well have contented himself with some inferior master. So imposing, however, is the evidence of accessories, that the apparent identity of the stuff of the panel almost convinced him that he was mistaken; the back revealed, in fact, the most complete fac-simile imaginable of the original wood, with the "cradles" or strengthening bars strictly imitated from those prepared by Goupils. On the face, too, the signature of Fortuny, and the general aspect of the picture, were close enough to pass muster with a hasty observer; it only seemed as if some fatal deterioration had come over the scene, and left everything commonplace where everything had been miraculous before. A photograph taken from the authentic painting was now laid by the panel, and compared inch by inch; then it was found that there was a discrepancy between the two, in the number of tiles represented in the principal roof. The evidence of experts was taken, and it soon became patent that a very clever forgery had been committed, and the counterfeit left in place to console the possessor for the absence of the genuine. On collecting the evidence of the history of the past months, it seemed probable that some unscrupulous art-student or copyist of the Academy had substituted his imitation, in the face of the danger attending

the theft of so conspicuous a masterpiece; and, finally, the curator of the institution, being detailed to hunt for it, returned from a long search with the legitimate picture, which he reported having found in the hands of a wandering artist at Niagara Falls. The affair has never been probed further, the owner being averse to any greater publicity, and content with regaining his favorite.



THE SUMMER STROLL.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY G. H. GOUPILS.

Modern Spanish life and character, depicted by those who can best interpret them, are found in the dancing-scenes of Madrazo and Villegas. How infinitely superior are these studies, redolent of the soil and collected by natives who smack their lips over them, to the far-fetched traveler's-reports of the Englishmen, Phillips and Lewis, or to those of Giraud in the Luxembourg! By the modern Spaniards we have the true flavor and wine of life as it mingles in the hot-blooded bull-fighters of Seville and the gipsies who dance for their delight when the toils of the arena are over. In the "Jalco-Dance in the House of Pilate, Seville," we see the dark-hued gipsy-girl courageously mounted on the table, and writhing in the convulsions of the dance, which twists her gay robes



THE WRESTLERS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY MICHAEL MUNKÁČEV, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. HENRY C. GIBSON, PHILADELPHIA.

about her like the spirals of a cornucopia. Her female companion watches her distantly and like a critic from a seat under the banana-trees of the court, while behind her the gay toteros pick the guitar or stretch over several chairs, with the *marsille* or embroidered jacket flung over one shoulder. In the small picture of Villegas, called "Spanish Recreations," we are treated to a not dissimilar comedy, where a stalwart bull-fighter

Paris Salon for years, with all the air of a disciple by conviction of the most advanced doctrines of the "Spanish-Roman" school, but it is his distinction never to have received a French decoration. The clique of Fortuny and his brothers-in-law and his intimates seems to have absorbed the whole medal-giving power of the Salon jury, and when Boldini comes forward with precisely similar merits the door of preferment



THE DRUMMER-BOY.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. DE NEUVILLE.

of gipsy descent, with one of those dark, monkey-like faces so common at Seville, and broad, heavy hat, watches from his perch on a table, while a gipsy in multiplied flounces extends her arms towards him in an amatory dance, and a doorway behind is filled with three attentive faces and an equally attentive and accompanying guitar. An item in the natural history of the *manola* or Spanish dancer, as analyzed by these careful observers, is that her gay clothes are always huddled, and never smoothly worn; her skirt of thin brittle silk, of blushing pink, is crumpled like the leaf of a poppy, and it never seems to belong to her, but to have been cast over her figure at hazard out of some repertory of cheap professional costumes.

Giovanni Boldini, of Ferrara, has been exhibiting in the

Paris Salon for years, with all the air of a disciple by conviction of the most advanced doctrines of the "Spanish-Roman" school, but it is his distinction never to have received a French decoration. The clique of Fortuny and his brothers-in-law and his intimates seems to have absorbed the whole medal-giving power of the Salon jury, and when Boldini comes forward with precisely similar merits the door of preferment

is crashed in his face. "The Summer Stroll," in this collection, shows what he can do. The problem in his picture was to set a bright costume and an illuminated face, without any relief of values, right against a sunny sky, with a boldness as different as possible from the tricks of conventional portrait-painters, who always tone down their skies by many degrees behind a head, or contrast the latter with an improvised thunder-cloud. In this bright little gem of painting Boldini chooses to tell the truth about nature, and makes his heavens and his figure of the same value. The result is luminous and triumphant. The type, too, in the old-fashioned costume Boldini generally affects, is as quaint as it is appetizing; the sweet forms and graces of youth are rigged out in the clothes

we find in our grandmothers' trunks. Here is a pretty lady mincing along through the tall grain, swinging her large open canopy-topped parasol, gloved up to the elbow, short-waisted almost up to the throat, the chin protected by a broad frill, and the completed costume crowned with a prodigious fountain of feathers, which plays madly into the sky from the very apex of the cap. It is one of Carle Vernet's caricatures made lovable, human, sympathetic.

The "cry of the earth" that poets rave over in the works of Millet, is found, too, in the large and grand picture by Jules Breton, "The Potato-Gatherers." Here is the solid, real, positive grit and fracture of the germinating clod. The rustic

Atlas, able to carry her sheaves with the grace of a caryatid; and they seem as they linger or stretch their large muscles to stand upon the brick-fields of their Babylon, faintly conscious of their exile, and longing for some happier heritage to which in right of their sex they should return. The French farm, with its simplicity, patient cultivation, humble ambition and moral purity, is full of the atmosphere of the pastoral, and there are interpreters, like Breton and Millet, who know it. Strange that this sweetest of *motifs* has not got into French literature; but French art is much more radical and penetrating, much less a thing of sophistication and of cities, than French letters. By this poet of the fields, then, Mr. Gibson possesses



MORNING.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. B. C. COROT.

painter of Courrières is one who comprehends the immense poetry, and who has been shadowed often with the immense dumb sorrow, of the fields. He enunciates this poetry as little as possible in the old French style of imaginary pastorals, garlands, and shepherds' pipes; but he sees in the gayest life of clowns the lament of their narrowed opportunities, and is penetrated with pity even during their awkward snatches of hard-won ease and festival. In his Luxembourg picture, as the rustic pageant of the Host winds through the yellow wheat-fields, this Breton, with the sympathy of a pious soul, is heart-struck by the tender trust of the hard-fisted spectators, who lift up their bent backs to view the solemnity, and absorb into their stony minds an instant's share of the ideal. Why should immortal intelligences be cast into such circumstances? he asks and makes us ask. In the presence of such captive natures we seem like thieves, with our apparatus of libraries, education, music, art and travel. In another picture, his peasant-women repose after a day's harvesting, each a female

the first important picture he ever painted of nearly life scale, —to be followed by the various knitting shepherdesses of the natural size, who seem rather overgrown and motiveless in the cabinets where subsequent collectors have imprisoned them. Mr. Gibson's specimen is the best of its style and kind in America or anywhere. In plain prose, two farm-women are gathering potatoes at dusk. In poetry and truth, a pair of Titanesses, who have battled with the earth, are stripping the dark Amazon of her meagre trophy. They stand into the sky like Druid towers, and around them stretch the immeasurable Landes; their thick frocks fall upon them like the hammered drapery of iron statues; their muscular faces are composed by the reiterated monotony of their toil into proud granite masks; and the huge arms, under their thickened, leathery skin, are the arms of the gladiator. What but the magic of genius could transform subjects so obstinately simple into figures of art, and make you *feel* the art beyond the subject? But such is the creator's sorrowful strength, that the picture



TRAVELING IN THE UKRAINE, RUSSIA.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JOSEPH CHELMONSKI IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. HENRY C. GIBSON, PHILADELPHIA

seems like a Hymn to Labor, with the burden devil-changed into a curse. The canvas aches with a waste of power. As we consider it, we remember how Dürer has drawn a figure that still puzzles the meditative spectator,—a woman brooding amid all the appliances of art and information, sullen in the centre-place of improvement, and mocked by a Bat, that flies away into the sunrise with "melancholy" written on its wings. Our later poet paints his women in their shipwreck of opportunity, bereft of everything that nurses womanhood into grace; and, weaving its circles in their solitary night, we seem to see *their* familiar, and the word upon its wings is "melancholy" too.

Detaille's graphic and important picture, from the Salon of 1874 ($6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ feet) represents the "The Charge of the Ninth Regiment of Cuirassiers in the Village of Morsbrunn, on the day of the Battle of Reichshoffen, August 6th, 1870." The young artist has himself described the incident of his picture, in a letter communicated to Mr. Gibson, with a circumstantiality which leaves nothing to be desired, and proves how competent he is to be enrolled among the historians of a war which he followed in person to its close. "It was at the time when the extreme right of the French army," remarks M. Detaille, "commanded by General of Division, De Lastigne, began to be outflanked by the Germans, that the successive charges of the regiments of Cuirassiers took place; first, that of the Michel Brigade, in the village of Morsbrunn, then, that of the Bonnemaïns Division, in the ravine of Elsasshausen. The little village of Morsbrunn was situated at the right wing of the French army; the Michel Brigade, composed of the

behind. About one o'clock this brigade received the order to



REVELATION.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. GAMBOS.



LA FÉE AUX JOUJONS.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY N. DIAZ DE LA PENA.

attack the left wing of the Germans, which was beginning to outflank the French right wing and had already occupied Morsbrunn. The Prussian infantry barricaded the northern extremity of the village with carts belonging to the peasants, and left open the approach placed on the side towards the French; then, ambushed in the houses and in the vineyards surrounding the village, they awaited the charge of the Ninth Regiment, which came up at the utmost speed, expecting to meet the enemy on the other side of Morsbrunn. This is the moment of the engagement represented in the picture. The regiment has just dashed upon the impromptu obstruction, of which it had no suspicion; the balls are raining on men and horses, and the rear of the regiment, having no intelligence of what is going on at the head of the column, continues to plunge into the single street of the village. This unfortunate regiment, after an enormous loss, was in great part taken prisoner. The Eighth Regiment, which had made a charge outside of the village, was likewise nearly destroyed. This hardy charge, in which the soldiers voluntarily sacrificed themselves to cover the retreat of the French army, is one of the most unhappy episodes of the Battle of Reichshoffen. Half an hour later, four fresh regiments of Cuirassiers proceeded in the same way to sacrifice themselves and meet their destruction in the ravine of Elsasshausen." The artist, after remarking that all the officers represented in the picture are portraits, proceeds to identify these brave and doomed commanders. In the foreground, and in the middle of the canvas, the officer whose back view we get, and whose right hand is raised to

eighth and ninth regiments of Cuirassiers, was ranged a little

check the column from dashing on the barricade, is Lieutenant Mathey, who was killed. Just over his head, the youth discharging his revolver at the window, is a young sub-lieutenant, who sat for his portrait to the artist in the attitude of his remembered action during the struggle. At the extreme right of the picture, and almost in the background, an officer who

and especially from the narratives of officers who were present at the charge, as well as the personal information collected by me in the two journeys I made into Alsacc. There are other likenesses of Cuirassiers, whose names I no longer recollect." The whole canvas has the minuteness, the detail, of an army report; besides its minutiae, it is grasped with a firm hand as a



THE OLD CLOTHES DEALER, CAIRO.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY R. J. PERRE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. L. GEROME.

extends his broken sabre is the *Commandant*, Pimont de Hounaville. Other figures, more recognizable in the large picture than in the reduced engraving, are Colonel Waternau, (identifiable by his white moustache and by having beside him his officer of *ordonnance* in amaranth-colored kepi) who survived and is the present commander of the Ninth Regiment of Cuirassiers. At the left of Colonel Waternau is Lieutenant-Colonel Archambaud de Beaune, who was wounded fatally, and a little behind him, Captain Tescon. "My picture," adds the artist, "has been composed from the most exact documents,

united composition. The impulse of a moving body, suddenly checked by an obstacle in front, is as well given as are the photographic particulars of arms and equipments; at the left, the incident of the wounded horse leaning against the barrier to die, is striking and pathetic.

"A Drummer of the French Army" (9 x 12,) by Alphonse de Neuville, is a capital photograph of the army musician, with his gaiety, his carelessness, his loose swing of the joints. Only an artist familiar with the camp and the march could render this living figure of the bivouac. Such a study reveals

to our eyes the roving tenant of the fields, a being perfectly comfortable without the appliances and affections of home life, complete and contented with his little apparatus of blanket and canister; when once comfortably uniformed and proven-dered he is as self-sufficing as the snail in the shell, finding all the roof he needs in the cap and the system of ideas he carries under it, and in continual movement the repose we demand from fixed positions and definite shelter.

toys for the crowding infants. Some children of a larger growth press eagerly on from behind, showing that every age has its toy, and that a blind faith in the goddess of good fortune is as great a comfort to the adults as to the babe. Diaz doubtless brought with him from Spain this pretty mythology of a dispensing fairy and her inexhaustible pannier.

Three little examples of the brilliant talent of Zamacois—a painter of small figures hardly inferior to Meissonier—are



THE MORNING WALK.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY S. J. FERRIS, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY F. WILLIAMS.

One of Corot's silvery scenes of dawn reveals the early laborer plodding along with his hoe, among light trees that dance against the dim vapors of the sky, beneath a row of humble roofs not yet crowned with the morning tufts of smoke, and beside a languid canal whose banks are confined with wet and muddy piles; the pearl of perfect peace seems dissolved in these swimming colors and shadows.

By Diaz there are five examples, none worthier and richer than "La Fée aux Joujoux," where the legendary form of Kriss Kingle is transfigured into a lovely fairy, with a basketful of

found in the collection, the most cynical and laughable being "Revelation," an old butler, whose wife must be the favorite soubrette of the establishment. He is seized with misgivings in his prophetic soul as he approaches a pair of ornamental ox-horns on a chimney-piece; this sarcastic fable is painted in the rich, begemmed manner of the artist's *début* and will hold a fair place among the limited treasures left by him at his early death.

Larger than a majority of the Munkácsys owned in this country, "The Wrestler's Challenge" ($4\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ feet) must take

its place as one of his more important, if not more beautiful, works. It is a scene in a Hungarian inn, where the blacksmith, the carpenter, the butcher and other local characters have assembled to pass away an idle hour, and watch the feats of an ambulant acrobat, whose progress from hamlet to hamlet has brought him at length to their town. He is a stout fellow, dressed in tights and spangles, and at the moment depicted he dares the villagers to a wrestling match, after finishing his feats with the cannon-shot and the juggler's balls, which last are attentively examined by a child on the floor. The groups are full of national character, and there is a fine look of dry calculation and measurement of forces in the face of the burly barefoot cock of the village, who stands forth and rolls his

the traveler's comforter, and cold, golden gleams on the yellow straw, alone relieve the desperate chill of this large, comfortless picture, which nevertheless conveys a lively traveler's tale and a valuable local reminiscence.

One of Baron Leys' truly admirable pictures, in his earlier and more unctuous manner, is "The Message," of no great size, but precious as a realistic Jan Steen, aristocratic as a Terburg. It exhibits a fair châtelaine giving orders to a page, the two living figures set like jewels in a dim, mirrored interior. It is very different from the harsh antiquarian studies of Leys' later time, his intentional crudeness being missed, and replaced by all the puzzling softness and mystery of the Rembrandt chiaroscuro. This atmosphere is full of air, distance, tender-



RIVER SCENE.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY C. SAUVIGNY.

sleeve to meet the challenge. Munkácsy's "Hungarian Encampment on the Edge of a Forest," with gipsy figures of strong character glimpsed in the wagons, and his "Lazy Apprentice," a delightful figure of a lazy boy going off into an explosive yawn at his bedside, are well-selected specimens, showing the collector's appreciation of this robust and emphatic talent.

Joseph Chelmonski's picture is perhaps a little too large for the subject, but it is a salutary gage of daring towards Schreyer, who has too long maintained a monopoly of shaggy horses, timber sledges, and terrible roads in the land of the old Centaurs. It is a "Souvenir de Voyage en Ukraine" (6 x 3½ feet,) painted in March, 1877. Passing one of the *icons*, or symbols of the Christian Passion, erected piously by the roadside, four horses drag a rough sleigh, with driver and one ill-starred passenger. The prevailing tone is an unpleasant leaden gray, to which the hues of the dappled horses and the dirty snow contribute. Patches of red on the driver's cap and

ness; and the canvas, if it do not darken too much from its already dark present standard, may one day perplex the critics as a picture in which the great Van Rhyn himself, with all his own witchcraft of shadow, combined the silvery elegance of Breughel.

"The Old-Clothes Dealer of Cairo," by Gérôme, is one of the master's studies of foreign life, finished, minute, inexorably perfect, a photograph with the addition of color. You can almost hear the monotonous cry that proceeds from the fellow's jaws, set in a mechanical state of expansion, like a machine kept open with a spring and a peg. Our western collectors of bric-à-brac will fall in love with the adorable gun, the celestial silk gown, and the seductive Saracen helmet with chain cape, exposed by this purveyor in the vulgar lanes of Cairo, seemingly with no sense of their *virtuosité*; the artist will more greatly admire the statuesque solidity of the figure, the vibrating walk, with head doddering from side to side, the solid bronze mask of the face, or even the nature-study of the dried, horny



View from the Harbor of Nice

ALFRED. GUYOT. No. 1

NICE.

View from the Harbor of Nice, France, showing the city and the harbor.

ALFRED. GUYOT. No. 1

ankles that issue from the shapeless slippers. Next in value to one of Gérôme's priceless Roman tragedies is one of Gérôme's faultless ethnographic studies from the East. The model that this painter catches in a Cairo bazaar, or on a Jerusalem house-roof, is pinched in a trap; he cannot get away, he is all there, every atom of him; he is henceforth the property of art, hair and nail, skin and substance: he is a preparation—an injection.

Willems exhibits, with more of the breath of life than usual, and with the least possible of his habitual tedious repose, a fair lady dressed in weeds of the time of Marie de Medicis, a little flushed and glowing with the idea of taking a walk that may end in a breathless and adventurous meeting or rendezvous. Her poodle puppy rests in her arms, a large hound prepares to accompany her, and she rests for one last moment on the threshold, where the velvet curtain, powdered with fleurs-

picture is the treatment of the water, not interpreted with much sense of depth, perhaps, but massive of surface, heavy, shaking like festoons of sapphire between the boats. Fortuny had a lively appreciation of his friend's ability to paint the sea. "There are certain *motifs* here," he wrote to him from Portici, "which you alone could paint well." The friends were to go to Venice together, when Fortuny's untimely death at Rome in 1874 supervened. When tracing these rare views of the sea-city Rico must often have felt that something was missing, and that the sunshine of the Adriatic would have basked more brightly on his canvas if the eyes of his friend had been watching beside his own.

"The Meuse" is a liquid, tranquil view by Clays, the best interpreter of the luminous repose of placid water. The scene shows a profound calm, only emphasized by the changing swirl of the petty currents, by the distant mill whose sails



THE MEUSE AT DORDRECHT.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY F. BRIDGE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY P. J. CLAYS.

de-lys is held open for her by a page. Willems in this picture seems to have had his eyelids rubbed with the flower that awakens.

Martin Rico, the comrade of Fortuny, is shown in a picture that glitters and coruscates, though the light it sheds is cold, and the blue of its enameled waves is an unsympathetic china-blue. It is a view in Venice, the oft-told tale of the Piazza, the Ducal Palace, the two columns, and the two Moors striking on the bell. All the front of the scene is dancing with the little rippling waves, never better painted by artist in their wet, changeable flutter. The avaricious gondolas, hungering for British tourists, crowd their hawk-beaks up to the steps of the Piazza, as mad for a job as the sacristan in Saint Mark's or the *commissionnaire* in the Palazzo. The radiation in the lines of these black crocodile-boats, seeming to focus their heads from everywhere towards the prey, gives motion and animation to the foreground, above which presides the serene Past, in the person of these calm and stately buildings, impregnable, incapable of deterioration, whispering to each other of the Doges. But the special glory of the

stand idle, and the grouping fishing-boats whose sails hang in motionless sheets.

Daubigny is shown in two choice examples, of which a "River Scene" is sketched for these pages. He is the poet of Evening, as Corot of the Dawn. The ineffable lightness of the atmosphere in a Corot is exchanged in his landscapes for the heavier airs of evening, more solid, satisfying, real, and with a sense that more has been attained. The history of the day is over, and twilight hoards the gains and experience of the fruitful hours. The "River Scene" shows clumps of trees hanging out their thirsty foliage for the dew, the light *batteaux* drawn up on the bank, and the vapory sky waiting for the evening star.

The example of Millet in this collection is of great value and importance, showing a shepherd wrapped in his long cloak, herding his sheep together, their fleecy backs form an indistinct cloud-bank all over the plain, as the herdsman and his dog marshal them to their repose in the indistinct shimmer of the evening. Courbet is seen in a fine study, "The Great Oak-Tree of Ornans." Dupré, the last survivor of the group that

included Rousseau and Troyon and Millet, is represented by two landscapes, one a beautiful oak-sapling, backed by a range of hills. Tissot's "The Reverie" and Stevens' "In the Country" are characteristic modern female figures. The general im-

pression of the Gibson gallery is that it is the most fastidiously chosen, in a taste at once catholic and careful, in this country: perhaps we have no other that would yield the same number of pictures of so great a pecuniary value.



CATALOGUE OF MR. HENRY C. GIBSON'S COLLECTION.

ACHENBACH, A.—*Coast Scene*.
 ARANDA, JEAN.—*Scene in a Spanish Wine Shop*.
 BÉRANDER, A.—*Curiosity*.
 BOLDINI, G.—*The Summer Stroll*.
 BONHEIS, A.—*Cattle*.
 BONHEIS, ROSA.—*Highland Sheep*.
 BOUDIN, E. L.—*Marine*.
 BOULANGER, G.—*The Escort to the Bath*.
 BRETON, JULES.—*The Potato Harvest*.
 " " *The Flax Spinner*.
 BRION, G.—*The Invasion*.
 CABANEL, A.—*The Birth of Venus*.
 CALAME, A.—*Lake Lucerne, near Brannen*.
 CHIELOMONSKI, J.—*Traveling in the Ukraine*.
 CLAYS, P. J.—*The Mute at Dordrecht*.
 COMTE-CALIX, F. C.—*Why don't he Come?*
 COROT, J. B. C.—*Landscape*.
 " " *Landscape—Morning*.
 COUREBT, G.—*The Oak of Oman*.
 COUTURE, THOS.—*La Victoire*.
 " " *A Roman Youth*.
 DAUBIGNY, C.—*River Scene*.
 " " *View on the Seine*.
 DE BEAUMONT, ED.—*Temptation*.
 DE COCK, A.—*Landscape*.
 DE NEUVILLE, A.—*The Drummer*.
 DESGOTT, B.—*Objects of Vertu*.
 DETAILLE, ED.—*Charge of the Ninth Cuirassiers in the Village of Morsbrunn, Aug. 6, 1870*.
 DETTI, C.—*Scene in a Studio*.
 DIAZ, N.—*La fee aux joujoux*.
 " " *The Coming Storm*.
 " " *Landscape*.
 " " *An Eastern Tale*.
 " " *Fontainebleau*.
 DUPEK, JULES.—*Landscape*.
 " " *Landscape*.
 FAED, JOHN.—*The Mirror*.

FONTIN, E. H.—*Chrysanthemum*.
 FORTUNY, M.—*Scene in Grenada—the Council House*.
 FROMENTIN, E.—*The Halt in the Desert*.
 GAUTIER, ETIENNE.—*Sisters of Charity*.
 GÉRONI, J. L.—*The Old Clothes Dealer, Cairo*.
 GIORDANO, G.—*Grapes*.
 GIBARD, FERMIN.—*Scene in Japan*.
 HAMON, J. L.—*Night*.
 HANSEN, H.—*Court-yard, Palazzo Fara, Bologna*.
 " " *Interior*.
 " " *Interior Doge's Palace, Venice*.
 INDUNO, G.—*The Dancing Lesson*.
 ISABEY, E.—*Scene during the Reign of Louis XIV.*
 " " *The Duel*.
 JACQUE, C. E.—*Landscape and Shop*.
 JULIANO, B.—*The Day Dreamer*.
 KAEMMERER, F. H.—*The Market Woman*.
 KAULBACH, W. VON.—*Charity*.
 LEYS, BARON H.—*The Message*.
 MACCARI, C.—*The Model*.
 MADRAZO, R.—*Dancing the Fado, in the Palace of Pilate, Seville*.
 MEISSONIER, J. L. E.—*Cavalier Waiting an Audience*.
 MERLE, H.—*Maternal Affection*.
 MEYER VON BREMEN.—*The Little Rogue*.
 MICHETTI, F. P.—*Peasant Girl*.
 MILLET, J. F.—*The Shepherd*.
 MUNKACSY, M.—*The Cobbler's Apprentice*.
 " " *The Weaver*.
 " " *Hungarian Encampment*.
 PASINI, A.—*Scene in Constantinople*.
 PLASSAN, A. E.—*The Bath*.
 RICO, D. MARTIN.—*Landscape*.
 " " *The Doge's Palace, Venice*.
 ROFFIAEN, F. G.—*Musical Room*.
 ROSSI, F. G.—*Interior of a Studio*.
 ROTHEMEL, P. F.—*Bacchus*.

ROTHERMEL, P. F.—*The State House—Day of the Battle of Germantown*.
 " " *The Bather*.
 " " *Elizabeth Signing the Death-Warrant of Essex*.
 " " *Dedication*.
 ROUSSEAU, H.—*Landscape*.
 ROYNET, F.—*A Cavalier*.
 SAINT JEAN, S.—*Flowers*.
 SCHENCK, A. F. A.—*The Last Hour*.
 SCHLEYER, A.—*The Retreat*.
 SEITZ, A.—*The Hunter's Story*.
 STEVENS, A.—*In the Country*.
 SULLY, THOMAS.—*Child Rejoicing*.
 TISSOT, JAMES.—*The Reverie*.
 TROYON, C.—*Landscape and Cattle*.
 VAN MARCKE, E.—*Landscape and Cattle*.
 VAN SCHENDEL, P.—*Market Scene in Antwerp*.
 VAUTIER, B.—*The Thirsty Traveler*.
 VIBERT, J. G.—*Calling the Roll after Village*.
 VILLEGAS, JOSE.—*Spanish Recreations*.
 VOLTZ, F.—*Cattle*.
 WILLEMS, F.—*The Morning Walk*.
 YUTZ, CARL.—*Sheep*.
 ZAMACÓR, ED.—*Contemplation*.
 " " *On the Lookout*.
 " " *Revolution*.
 ZIEM, F.—*Grand Canal, Venice*.
 " " *Sweet Waters, Constantinople*.
 ZO, ACHILLE.—*Moorish Dancng Girl*.

SCULPTURE.

BAILLY, J. A.—*The First Prayer*.
 " " *The Expulsion*.
 LOMBARDI, G.—*Suannah*.
 RINEHART, W. H.—*Hero*.
 ROBERTS, H.—*But of Eleanore*.



THE HEMICYCLE.

From the original painting in the collection of the Earl of Pembroke.



KEY TO THE HEMICYCLE.



PAINTERS.

	BORN.	DIED.
1. Correggio (Antonio Allegri, called)	1494	1534
2. Paul Véronèse (Paulo Cavanis, called)	1598	1638
3. Antonello da Messina	1475	1478
4. Murillo (Bartolomé Estéban)	1618	1682
5. Van Eyck (Jan)	1390	1442
6. Titian (Tiziano Vecellio, called)	1477	1576
7. Terburg (Gerrit)	1624	1682
8. Rembrandt (Pieter Van Ryn, called)	1606	1669
9. Van der Meulen (Hendrick)	1631	1690

	BORN.	DIED.
10. Rubens (Pierre Paul)	1577	1680
11. Velasquez (Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva)	1599	1660
12. Van Dyck (Anton)	1599	1642
13. Caravaggio (Michelangelo Merisi del)	1593	1610
14. Bellini (Giovanni)	1436	1506
15. Giorgione (Giovanni Barbarelli, called)	1477	1510
16. Raphael (Jacopo)	1600	1669
17. Peter (Paul)	1601	1664
18. Claude Lorraine (Claude Gellée, called)	1600	1682
19. Gaspard Poussin (Gaspard Drouart, called)	1601	1669

SCULPTORS.

	BORN.	DIED.
20. Peter Fischer	1577	1645
21. Bontemps (Pierre)	Worked from 1576 to 1578	
22. Lecca della Robbia	1500	1545
23. Benedetto da Maiano	1444	1495
24. Giovanni Pisano	1290	1340
25. Bandinelli (Baccio)	1497	1560
26. Donatello	1385	1466
27. Ghisberti (Lorenzo)	1578	1635
28. Puligny (Bernard)	1510	1570
29. Goujon (Jean)	Worked in 1541	1570
30. Cellini (Benvenuto)	1568	1571
31. Pilon (Gilles)	Worked in 1569	1599
32. Puget (Pierre)	1620	1694
33. Jean de Bologne	1570	1608

34. Gothic Art. 35. Greek Art.

36. Etruscan. 37. Appellian. 38. Phidian.

39. The Genius of Art.

40. Roman Art. 41. The Renaissance.

ARCHITECTS.

	BORN.	DIED.
42. Desorme (Philibert)	1545	1598
43. Peruzzi (Baldassarre)	1498	1536
44. Erwin de Steinbach	Lived in 1547	1578
45. Sansovino (Jacopo Tatti, called Tit)	1499	1570
46. Robert de Lorraine	Lived in 1570	1570
47. Palladio (Andrea)	1518	1580
48. Brunelleschi (Filippo)	1377	1446
49. Jones (Inigo)	1572	1633
50. Arnolfo di Lapo	1190	1240
51. Leccesi (Pierro)	1510	1578
52. Bramante	1494	1514
53. Mansart (François)	1595	1693
54. Vigorelli (Jacopo Barozzi, called)	1507	1573

PAINTERS.

	BORN.	DIED.
55. Beato Angelico (Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, called)	1397	1455
56. Marc-Antoine (Marc-Antoine Raimondi)	1495	1547
57. Edelinck (Gerrit)	1640	1707
58. Holten (Hans)	1608	1674
59. Le Sourd (Eustache)	1613	1685
60. Orgagna (Andrea)	1390	1479
61. Sebastian del Piombo (Sebastiano di Luciano, del)	1493	1547
62. Dürer (Albrecht)	1471	1528
63. Leosard de Vinci	1452	1519
64. Doménichin (Doménico Zampieri, called)	1593	1641
65. Fra Bartolomeo	1469	1517

	BORN.	DIED.
66. Mantegna (Andrea)	1431	1510
67. Jules Romain (Giulio Perti, called)	1493	1546
68. Raphael (Raffaello Sanzio)	1483	1520
69. Perugini (Pietro Vannucci, called)	1476	1524
70. Massaccio (Tommaso di Giovanni, called)	1401	1428
71. Michael Angelo (Michelangelo Buonarroti)	1474	1564
72. Andrea del Sarto (Andrea Vannucci, called)	1478	1530
73. Cimabue (Giovanni)	1240	1300
74. Giotto	1267	1336
75. Pisano (Nicola)	1394	1664

THE HEMICYCLE.—ARTIST, HIPPOLYTE (CALLED "PAUL"), DELAROCHE; BORN AT PARIS, 1797. DIED, 1856. PUPIL OF BARON GROS. COLLECTION OF MR. W. T. WALTERS, BALTIMORE.





THE RETURN OF THE NURSE.

ENGRAVED BY SMETTON, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. E. FLAASMAN

THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM T. WALTERS.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY HANSMANN.

GALLERY, intelligently built for the best display of paintings, occupies part of the ground-floor of one of the most splendid houses in Baltimore, and contains a great part of this magnificent collection. The gallery is divided into two rooms, the smaller of which holds the water-color paintings. The mass of pictures being very

large, however, the canvases overflow into other apartments, while an extraordinary collection of bric-à-brac occupies a large up-stairs chamber, especially set apart for it, and in other nooks and corners helps to furnish the house. There are special apartments consecrated to exhibitions of furniture; one chamber, for instance, hung with silk, is dedicated to old

French *meubles*, and with its carved bed, lace draperies, etc., resembles a boudoir of Marie Antoinette's. A second room has a rich Dutch bedstead, and other furniture and curiosities in strict keeping, so as to resemble a Rembrandt interior. As a collector of *virtù* Mr. Walters is known at all the shops and auctions of Europe. His assortment of oriental porcelains and bronzes is fit to vie with those of the most impassioned European lovers of bric-à-brac. As compared with the celebrated collection of Cernuschi, the banker, at Paris, for example, it is to be noted that while many of Cernuschi's vases and bronzes are in pairs, Mr. Walters will never admit a duplicate of an object, thus doubling the capacity of his collection for the display of varieties. When he buys Japanese porcelains in pairs, it is his custom to give away one of the duplicates to a museum. The Chinese and Japanese ambassadors to this country are fond of visiting the collection, where they can refresh their taste and patriotism with the sight of old historic pieces no longer accessible in their own lands. There are choice potteries from

the Summer Palace, and old Japanese temple censers; hidden away in cabinets, there are miniature lacquered works in profusion, and a large drawer is filled with Japanese swords, enough for the officers of an army. In the art department proper, this collection likewise overflows into receptacles and secretions beyond the powers of exhibition of any ordinary residence. A splendid series of fruit and flower pictures, in aquarelle, by Bonvin, (brother of François, the figure-painter,) is concealed in portfolios, and never meets the eye of the ordinary visitor. Other indications show that the pictures are not acquired for wall-display merely. The collector had long cherished the idea of bringing together, in a large album, a quantity of water-colors representing the idea of prayer; prayer, the mysterious effort of communion, as understood and practised in antiquity and in modern times; as viewed by Turk and Christian, Buddhist, savage, or Hebrew. The first artists of Europe willingly participated in the scheme, and one of them, Gréme, wasted two whole days in an effort at producing a water-color painting, a line in which he had no experience, and which he gave up in despair; his contribution of a Turkish prayer-scene had to be executed in another form of art. The collection of subjects illustrating prayer remains as one of the most remarkable synthetic efforts ever dedicated by art to the harmonizing of a varied idea, and demonstrating the essential unity of man's eternal instinct to place himself in harmony with the infinite.

Among the many paintings of extreme importance decorating the walls of the gallery, the palm must be yielded to the "Hemicycle," by Paul Delaroche. I have seen nothing in America which seems so perfectly to bridge the civilization of the two continents, and place the connoisseurship of the new world in connection with that of the old. The subject, dedicated to the history of art, and treated with unexampled distinction of style, seems in effect to transport whole Vaticans and Louvres to these shores. In presence of these serene effigies, representing the great masters of art as they never were represented before, the American seeker may render his homage, and feel that he is baring his soul to the influence of the mighty exemplars of civilization, manifested in the utmost perfection of our art, and so uniting himself to the vast congregation who are faithful to the best traditions the world over. The theme is, in fact, an assembling of the portraits of the chief artists of all time, as they lived, dressed and wrought. The usual title, "hemicycle," simply describes the form and arrangement of the original picture, as bent around the semicircular or theatre-shaped lecture-room of the Beaux-Arts School, in Paris. Often, in this rich gilded hall, while listening to the critical expositions of Taine, or the antiquarian lore of Heuzey, have I fancied that a helpful influence came from these profound figures of dead artists encircling the wall of the room, tranquil in the realization of their glory, and holding up the hard, calm test of achievement to the faulty and experimental views of the lesser men who were lecturing. The Baltimore picture is the smaller replica, prepared by Delaroche for the use of the engraver—Henriquel Dupont—who spent on his large plate about one hundred months. Comparing the Baltimore duplicate with a vivid recollection of the great work in its place at the Paris School, I find

that Delaroche's linear precision of drawing—amounting in the Dupont engraving to a mathematical theorem—still exists in a great degree in the Paris painting, while it is scarcely seen at all in Mr. Walters' specimen, which exchanges this accuracy of habit for a comparatively broad and generalized touch. I have never happened to see one of Delaroche's small-scale pictures so loosely brushed as the present specimen; but this is one of the cases where the owner's accumulations of the evidence of authenticity must be allowed to overbear the arguments, often faulty and at best merely circumstantial, drawn from the comparison of known examples. The work, as the best guarantees assure us, is that of Delaroche himself. It is the habit of all great and busy painters to allow their assistants to sketch or trace the diagrams of their large compositions from the original studies upon the canvas, which they finally paint upon and develop so as to leave the finished work imprinted everywhere with the seal of their own style. This habit derogates in no degree from the authenticity of the present picture, while it accounts for the attribution of the painting in part to the pupils of Delaroche. The lively and convenient little biography of Eugène de Mirecourt, a writer who for being popular is not necessarily so faulty as is sometimes supposed, represents Delaroche as toiling for twenty days on this small canvas, in the presence of the original; here is the passage:—"On the sixteenth of December, 1855, a fire threatened to destroy the masterpiece. It was fortunately possible to control the progress of the flames, and the damages were repaired by the author of the picture himself. The engraving of the Hemicycle cost Henriquel Dupont eight years. It being impossible for him to remain in the Palace of the Beaux-Arts for so long an interval, the pupils of Delaroche made a copy, which the master insisted on retouching himself. To accomplish this task, we are assured that he remained face to face with the primitive work for three weeks; it was in the midst of winter, and impossible to heat the room sufficiently, and the porter of the Beaux-Arts School used to wrap up Delaroche in woollen blankets." This piece of testimony, rightly considered, goes to establish the authenticity of the smaller replica as a work really by Delaroche. Three steady weeks of labor on it at the Beaux-Arts School, to say nothing of the afterthoughts and caressings which he must have given it in the studio afterwards, would amply suffice for such a man to cover a canvas of its size completely with his own touches. The picture remained in France, most highly prized, till the disastrous epoch of the Commune. In that era of overturnings, when the hardest-headed dealers lost their calculating powers, and all confidence in values, even the firmest, was gone, Mr. Walters happily succeeded in obtaining the canvas, and proceeded to remove it in great haste and with the necessary secrecy. In ordinary times every museum in every large French town would be ready to ruin itself rather than let such a masterpiece leave their shores. One would expect to find the government exhausting itself, with aid of ministry at home or embassy abroad, for its retention or recovery. All things considered, the "Hemicycle" is probably the highest effort of the nineteenth century in academic painting. It is, in fact, an estimate by Art itself of Art,—Art contemplating itself in a mirror. We here



ORPHEUS.

From the collection of the Duke of Devonshire.

have the most accomplished of modern painters addressing himself, not to the representation of scenes created by his fancy, but to the celebration of his proper calling. He grasps this theme by a representation of Immortality itself,—the glory in which the great artists of the past repose. It is the ideal Paradise of æsthetics, in which the mighty souls of the past enjoy their eternity. What decoration of such a building as the Beaux-Arts palace could be more fit, what stimulus could be presented to the youths who there receive their prizes more grand and striking? Every boy who marches up to the rostrum to accept his decoration fancies that the painted Fame

is concealed by the bay-wreath of his immortality. Beside him, centralized and breathing the happiness and calm of his master art, the painter, Apelles, has the youth, the grace, of an Apollo. Five symbolic forms, the only ones in the picture not representative of historical characters, surround this idealized, and, as it were, finally deified trinity. Foremost, and in the midst, is Fame, a glad, crouching figure,—one of the most perfect drawings of the nude achieved by our century,—ready to break into laughter as she throws abroad the practical congratulation of her wreath. At her right, Greek art, moving up to Phidias, like a sister; lower down, Gothic art, dressed in green,



FAME: THE CENTRAL FIGURE FROM THE "HEMICIRCLE."
FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY PAUL DELAROCHE.

in the centre of the picture, casting out laurels from a heap of wreaths at her side, is taking her exquisite aim at himself. The composition, in fact, represents the eternal judgment-hall of Art, where the prize of renown is awarded in the presence of those who have done the best. A classical portico is seen in the centre of the picture; under it sit three antique figures. Phidias, who undertook the sculptures of the Parthenon, sits like a judge, at the side of Apelles, who invented portrait-painting, and celebrated Alexander. All the considerations of Delaroche's task, all the painter's pride in his specialty, induced him to give the central place to this legendary painter, although his epoch was later, less pure, than that of the sculptor beside him. At Apelles' left, and balancing the figure of Phidias, sits Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon and of the temple at Phigalia. The torso of Phidias is a striking study of the effects of age upon a body originally symmetrical; the baldness, represented by the sculptor in his last portrait of himself,

and bringing the model of a cathedral. She is the portrait of Delaroche's wife, the daughter of Horace Vernet, who made him a figure-painter; he was at first a landscapist, but fell in love with this beautiful woman, who persuaded him to attempt her portrait, and the success of this love-task decided his vocation. On the other side sits Roman art, her brows encircled with the diadem of Roman empire; and beside her, her child of the same soil, the Italian art of the Old Masters. On each side of this ideal group, in its classical porch, extend the wings of the picture, filled with portraits of the great artists, standing or sitting in their habits as they moved of old. At the extremity of the long marble seat, Lionardo, in velvet gown, and venerable with his drift of snowy beard, reposes as a king. Even Raphael, attended like a prince by his teacher, Perugino, and his pupil, Julio Romano, stands in the presence of Lionardo and takes his lesson from him. In front of Raphael, concentrated in his peculiar surly majesty, sits

Michael Angelo, on a carved marble block, his knotted workman's hands on his knees, and altogether treated by Delaroche with a dash of caricature. The nearest neighbor to Michael and Raphael, with their angels' names, is the nicknamed Masaccio, "Dirty Tom," the inspired sloven whom they both copied. Behind his head, that of Del Sarto, the slave of his false wife's beauty. "There is a little busy tailor's son running about in Florence," said the great Michael to Raphael of Del Sarto, "who would make you sweat if he had popes and dukes for patrons, like you." Next to Andrea Del Sarto, the profile of Cimabue, literally copied from an existing fresco in which the great thirteenth-century father of modern painting is represented; and then his pupil, greater than himself, the mighty creator, Giotto; among these Italians, in the corner of the picture, the French painter introduces his noble fellow-countryman, Poussin, from his self-painted portrait in the Louvre,—that French child of Italian art, who might be said to be born from the cartoons of Raphael. In front of Raphael's serene head, at an equal height with itself, is the monkish one of Bartolomeo, that grand rival who has left but a handful of stupendous works, but these almost weighty enough to crush the Urbinate himself. Over



A RELAY OF HUNTING-DOGS ON THE DESERT.
ENGRAVED BY VASSE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. L. GERARD.



THE AWAKENING.
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY C. P. JALABERT.

the friar's shoulder, the profile of Mantegna, whose "Triumph

of Caesar," preceding Raphael's triumphs, is at Hampton Court. Dominichino, the humble, the persecuted, shelters himself between the monk and Lionardo. Next to Lionardo sits Orgagna, whose "Triumph of Death," a breath of early poetry, gives a thinking reality to the old walls of the Pisan graveyard. Above Lionardo stands Dürer, who exchanged drawings with Raphael from his northern German home, and behind him Del Piombo, that strange union of Venice color and the anatomy of Rome. A mixed symposium of worthies occupies the seat near Lionardo. After Orgagna, Le Sueur, who decorated the Chartreuse with the Life of St. Bruno; then Holbein, the pet of Henry VIII; then the engravers, Edelinck and Marcantonio; and finally, completing this detachment of figure-artists, the vast standing form of Fra Angelico, bowing his head to listen to his angels. All the artists so far were more remarkable as designers than as colorists; it is at the other extremity of the picture that full prominence is given to the teachers of color and light and shade. Here are the Venetians, with Titian and Rubens and Rembrandt. Sitting in front, in his rich Dutch brocades, like a cramped but kindly schoolmaster, is John Van Eyck, treated as if he were indeed the inventor of oil-painting. Antonello of Messina, when all the painting of the Italians was only held together with glue, went to Bruges, became his pupil, and stole the precious secret for Italy. Antonello, the third figure from the left, stands at his teacher's side like a prize scholar. Behind him is Veronese, the greatest of decorative painters; behind him again Correggio, the lonely man, who invented the voluptuousness of the "gallant painters" long before them, and in the very lifetime of Raphael. The great standing figure hereabout is Titian, robed shroud-like, in his century of life. Then Rembrandt, then Rubens—the colorists, of the Dutch and Flemish schools—coming down, in this trinity, from the north, to exchange their mysteries with the Venetian. Rubens' pupil, the handsome Vandyck, sits at his side. Over Vandyck's shoulder looks Velasquez, a more prominent place for whom would be the principal change that modern criticism could venture to have asked of Delaroche. Behind Titian is Murillo.



GRAND HOTEL, 1880

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THE DUE, AFTER THE BALL.
From the Original Paintings in the Collection of H. W. Miller, Esq.
 MADE IN ITALY

Rembrandt's short figure is artfully dissimulated by an arrangement of steps and shadows; he is flanked by exquisite painters of the north, the portraitist, Van der Helst, and the genre-painter, Terburg. Behind Vandyck, his face in the shadow of his hand, sulks the master of shadows, Caravaggio. In front of him majestically stand forth the great early Venetians in their pride of youth, Grand George, or Giorgione, and John Bellini. Behind Giorgione's stalwart figure are seen successively, Ruysdael, selected as the apostle of Dutch landscape, (Hobbima was not yet worshipped in Delaroche's time,) Paul Potter, the cattle-painter; Claude Lorrain, and Gaspar Poussin, the French landscapists.

Donatello, whose look of age and care is in singular contrast with the eternal youth of his best-known work, the St. George of Or San-Michele. In front of him, the superb dark figure of Ghiberti, author of "The Gates of Paradise." Next, in background, Palissy the Potter; by his side, another protestant artist, the sculptor Goujon, killed on St. Bartholomew's day; he bends one knee gracefully on the marble seat. Cellini, behind him, draws off from everybody, with his own matchless audacity and grandeur. Under his haughty head sits Pilon, who carved a tomb for Francis II, the husband of Marie Stuart; next him Puget, sculptor of figure-heads for the ships of Jean Bart, and of the "Milo," converses with John of Bologna, who,



DIOGENES.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. L. GERÔNE.

On the side towards Phidias, and continuing the line formed by the painter-colorists, come the artists who work without the aid of color—the sculptors. Luca della Robbia, who united sculpture and color in ceramics, sits in his long wrinkled gown, next to the painter Claude, but leaning from him towards John Pisano, the sculptor and architect of the great Campo Santo. Between these two, with uplifted hand, in the liveliest conversational attitude, sits Benedetto di Majano, author of the sculptured pulpit of Santa Croce, in Florence. Above these interested talkers stand Peter Fischer, in the leather cap he wears in his self-portrait placed on the famous Nuremberg shrine, and Bontemps, who had the honor of carving the tomb of Francis I. Bandinelli, more honored for his rich bas-reliefs and choir-screens than for the extravagant statues he carved in rivalry with Michael Angelo, stoops over the three conversationalists. Then comes the sage head of

placing himself next to Phidias, seems empowered to send his flying "Mercury" into the Greek sky as a herald of the renaissance. The architects gather to the side of Ictinus; they are also next that group of Italian painters whose works were most nearly associated with the architectural glories of Italy. Delorme, who built the Tuileries; then Peruzzi, whom Michael Angelo succeeded as architect of St. Peter's; then Erwin von Steinbach, of the Strasburg cathedral; and Sansovino, whose works surround the loveliest of city squares, at Venice, converse together and compare their diverse nationalities. Then, stately and important, but arranged in a back view because no portrait of him exists, stands Robert de Luzarches, the legendary builder of Notre Dame; next, Palladio, architect of the Doges' Palace; then, Brunelleschi, inventor of the modern dome, as it soars over the Florence cathedral; Inigo Jones, builder of St. Paul's—the only Englishman represented—tough and

resolute in his background place; Arnolfo di Lapo, constructor of S. Maria delle Fiore, at Florence, "the bride;" Lescot, of the Louvre; Bramante, architect of the Vatican, and uncle of Raphael; then, near Vignola, builder of the Escorial, Mansard, under whose famous invention of roofs we all, from time to time, shelter ourselves, and whose own personal dome of thought is obscured in the picture by a neighboring elbow, as he sits and

painter to cut holes of blackness in a wall that has no other visible means of support would be a structural solecism. Its serenity and general coolness of temperament, its academic exactness, its blonde breadth as of a bas-relief, are so many concessions made by Delaroche, who had his black moods often, to Monsieur Duban the builder.

The great "Hemicycle" occupied Delaroche from 1837 to



THE DELIVRY OF SORROW.
ENGRAVED BY BUTTERWORTH, FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUIS GALLAIT

clasps his knees in a posture of unsurpassable comfort and content. Indeed, all the personages, whose list is now complete, are arranged in the most varied postures consistent with natural dignity, and, what is so refreshing in French art, without any posing. The whole frieze of figures extends with unrepeated attitudes and unconscious majesty. Our century has done nothing so pure and sincere, so calmly right in its arrangement of prodigious difficulties, as this immense work. Those who would ask for more of color, more of depth, more of Rembrandt and Titian, should remember that this is a composition meant as an ally to architecture, and that for a

1841. He received for it eighty thousand francs; its diminished replica is now worth greatly more than that. Thiers, Minister of the Interior under Charles X, had commanded of Delaroche the entire decoration of the Madeleine church. The painter occupied two years in Italy making studies for the work, when he learned that the cupola had been given to Ziegler. Upon this he threw up the task, and the picture for the Beaux-Arts School, at first contemplated as a canvas of twelve feet and fifteen figures, was ordered as a compensation. "Let me make a frieze," said Delaroche, and produced the present composition of seventy-five figures. "The distributors of the revenue,"



TO THE KING!

From the "original" binding in the collection of H. B. & W. D. Swaine

SARNEY, PHILADELPHIA

says de Mirecourt, "took alarm at the proposal; they represented to the artist that they had not the funds for recompensing such a gigantic work. 'Be easy,' he answered, 'I ask no additional payment. Let the Ministry only subscribe to the engraving, and we shall be quits.'" Delaroche, in fact, aware that the engraving of Dupont was to be the great engine of his fame to all time, renounced in the engraver's favor a large part of his recompense. Meanwhile the artist had become a hermit. Irritated by the criticisms of his best pictures, published by Gustave Planche in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and by others elsewhere, he abstained from exposing his works in the annual exhibitions, dating from the year 1836 to the day of his death. In this eclipse were included the years devoted to the "Hemicycle." Thackeray saw him in his retirement. Says the Englishman, in his most flippant way: "He is, at present, occupied with a vast work at the Beaux-Arts, where the writer of this had the honor of seeing him—a little, keen-looking man, some five feet in height. He wore, on this important occasion, a bandanna round his head, and was in the act of smoking a cigar." The elder Dumas also describes the lustrum of oblivion. "Delaroche allotted five years to the writing of this fine page; but during the five years that he keeps himself shut up in the Beaux-Arts palace to write it, Delaroche lets himself be forgotten. We forget soon, in France, and to be dead is better than to be dropped. At the end of five years one heard people saying, 'Don't you know Delaroche?' 'Delaroche?—Delaroche? Oh, yes.—Well?' 'Well, he has finished his grand task.' 'What grand task?' 'Why, his Hemicycle.' 'Oh, so there was a Hemicycle!' 'Yes.' 'And where is all that?' 'At the Beaux-Arts palace.' 'Ah, really?' 'You ought to go.' 'Undoubtedly I shall go,—that is, if I can find the time.'—When only five years before, a canvas of Delaroche's caused a rush of all Paris! It is as many as can be estimated, if a thousand persons gathered to see this magnificent fresco, alone worth all the other pictures of Delaroche." Let not the spectator of the "Hemicycle" forget



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY ADOLPHE BRUNN.

from her own antiquities, that have no history—or had not, until they were mixed with blood by Spanish conquest—loves dearly to turn to the legends and lore of Europe.

Our first taste in architecture in this country was Greek, almost oppressively Greek; and Latrobe is hardly yet displaced by the architects of the Romanesque and Jacobean affections. Our picture-buyers, and many of our painters, love the legend of Orpheus better than the legend of Hiawatha. Orpheus soothes us here in the uncongenial West, as Shakespeare makes him soothe Queen Catherine at Bridewell:

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing.

Jalabert, one of the most poetical pupils of Delaroche's atelier, represents the musician charming the dryads and water-nymphs. A group of them float and pause, like exhalations, on the margin of a forest brook: they repose in a delicate bevy like doves, one of them, in the middle, expressing the absorption of listening with still more grace and profoundness than the others. The rising ground among the trees affords what may be called an upper register to the picture, placed upon which is Orpheus, a figure dark against the sky, striking the harp and appealing to the heavens for his inspiration. The painter, born at Nîmes, and medaled away back in 1847, still lives and continues the tradition of his great master. Another of his pictures in the collection, "The Awakening," is of very delicate and precious beauty, where the maternal love seems ready to turn to worship, and the babe's instinct of confidential trust has in it something of the divine, so that the group exhibits much of the sacred beauty of a Holy Family.

Gérôme, as well as Jalabert, is well represented in the Walters gallery, so that the two principal pupils of Delaroche stand sentry before his "Hemicycle," like a guard of honor. Gérôme's most famous picture, from the Salon of 1857, is in this collection,—"The Duel after the Masquerade," of which the London *Athenaeum* said, in 1858, "There is an epitome of a hundred passionate novels in this painting." The masked ball



THE SUICIDE.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY S. J. FREDER, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. G. DECARPS.

that, among other costly payments the artist laid down for it in sacrifice, he calmly and with open eyes paid these years of Paris neglect.

is supposed to have been held in Paris, and a pair of jealous rivals have adjourned at dawn to the Bois de Boulogne for a duel. The cabs that have brought them wait in the distance, under the skeleton trees, and their blood reddens the snow of that wintry time called "the gay season." In the fog and the sleet the two combatants have engaged in a passage at arms that is fatal to one of them. The victor, dressed as an Iroquois brave, is making off, with the consciousness of his guilty deed written in the lines of his back, as this painter knows so well how to write with the contours of an attitude: his second, an athletic figure, dressed as Harlequin, supports him, and his sword lies in the snow. The group in front is horrible. The vanquished duelist is dressed as Pierrot; his

give a name to his philosophy, sits in the opening of his earthen wine-cask, and polishes the lantern that is to help him in the search for an honest man; the naked limbs of Diogenes are designed with sculptural truth to nature. A third picture of the accomplished master represents "A Relay of Hunting-Dogs in the Desert." Its quality is of the highest that Gérôme has reached. Its owner relates how the artist remarked of it, in 1873, "It is one of the very few of my works which, when completed, gave me entire satisfaction." Indeed, the landscape sentiment, with its breadth of torrid wind that sculpts the sand-hills into ever-varying forms, and flutters the tunic of the sturdily-planted Nubian slave, is masterly in its oppressive power. The brace of hounds are of that skeleton-like Kur-



ALVA VIEWING HIS VICTIMS, EGMONT AND HORN.
ENGRAVED BY BUTTERWORTH, FROM THE WATER-COLOR BY LOUIS GALLAIT.

death-agony stamps itself on his face, covered with the white flour which plasters the visage of the clown, and his form drags from the shoulders with the supine flexibility of a dead body: his nerveless arm, stripped to the shoulder, still mechanically guides the rapier. He is held by the shoulders in the arms of his second, dressed as the Duke de Guise, of the epoch of St. Bartholomew's day; another friend, dressed as a doge of Venice, searches for the wound in his breast, and a third, muffled in a black domino, thrusts the dark hood from his face and tears his hair at the spectacle. Near by lies the dying Pierrot's cloak and his silken mask, whose eyes stare senselessly, never more to receive expression from his fading glances. It is an appalling story of anguish and crime, made infinitely more thrilling by the contrast of its masquerade of levity.

Another important work, by the same hand, is the "Diogenes." The cynic, surrounded by the astute dogs that

distan breed, of which Gérôme always has two or three specimens dreaming over his hearth-rugs.

Gallait still survives to continue in Belgium the traditions of his instructor, Delaroche. Indeed, a critic of Brussels or Antwerp would hardly admit him to be inferior to his great master. The gallery possesses by him two repliche, in small, of his most famous works. One, in oil, is of the "Oubli des Douleurs." Gallait's favorite square-faced young model, with the dark hair dripping back from his broad forehead, bends over a sleeping girl who reposes on his knee. Brother and sister are dressed as ambulant musicians, and the look of divine pity which melts in the face of the brother, as he touches, harp-like, the strings of his violin in the diminuendo of some Lethean slumber-song, is one of those triumphs of art which best entitle its higher expressions to be called divine.

The other Gallait is a water-color, a repetition, in small, of his celebrated "Egmont and Horn." The merciless Alva, while



A HOPELESS CASE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. BOTTA, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. T. WALTERS, BALTIMORE.

filling up the tale of his eighteen thousand executions, has found in his way two noble Dutch predecessors of his in the command of the Spanish troops,—Count Lamoral of Egmont, and Philip of Montmorency, Count of Horn. Accusing them of an understanding with the Prince of Orange, he assassinates them out of jealousy under the forms of justice. In the picture their helpless bodies, and serene and noble heads, are arranged as for burial, and Alva contemplates them with the satisfaction of the lion after its meal. The tragic subject, well known from a popular line-engraving, is carried to its utmost impressiveness in this study stamped by the author's hand.

By one of those strange chances which are a constant surprise, the famous picture of Decamps, which established his renown, has found its way to this country, and adorns the present collection. "The Suicide," whose thrilling success in Paris confirmed the artist in his career, became, in the mutations of trade, the property of an American connoisseur, to whom the art-movements of Europe were perfectly familiar—Mr. Blodgett—and after his death found its way to the Walters gallery. The subject is simple and poignant. A young artist, tired of the world's neglect, has taken his own life. He lies on his back upon his cot, in the humble garret, the garret where, when fortune does not frown too blackly, and friends are near, "one is so well off at twenty years of age!" In this case all friends are far away, and the child of ambition completes his dream in the slumber of death. His easel and palette repose against the wall, and the kindly shadow that



LIBERTY IN CHAINS.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY T. COUTURE.

tranquillity of the picture, in which the only fault is the blackening caused by a too free use of the treacherous vehicle of bitumen, has earned for it a widespread reputation. The water-color sketch for this subject, by Decamps, is also in America, in the Boston collection of T. G. Appleton.

The most celebrated painting left by the great Swiss artist, Gleyre, "Les Illusions Perdues," adorns the Luxembourg gallery, in Paris. The artist's replica, in small, embellishes the present collection. Nothing produced by the present century has touched a greater number of hearts. Rather than quote the well-known description of it, which Sir Arthur Helps has inserted in the crisis of the story-portion of his *Friends in Council*, a French criticism, that of the able connoisseur, M. Paul de Saint-Victor, will here be given. "A man is seated in the twilight, on a desert shore. Before him, wafted by the rapid river, passes a boat filled with young men and maidens crowned with flowers. They are the friends, the loves, of his twentieth year—a crew of illusions, of dreams and of affections which the current is hurrying into the night and the past. The man will hold his arms to them from the shore, and pray to the wave that passes, the wind that breathes, the night that falls. Vain regrets and idle supplications! The bark recedes and disappears, the gracious forms of its passengers vanish, and nothing remains of the apparition but shades which float and are gathered into the folds of the billow." The picture of the "Illusions" was contributed to the Salon of 1843. It was a menace of approaching blindness which fixed on the painter's soul this entrancing symbol of a departing vision. His diary relates how the conception came to him on the River Nile, in 1835, at the moment of the Egyptian twilight, when abreast of Abydos. After a day of intense artistic excitement, in the short-lived calm of nightfall, he suddenly turned to the setting



CUPID DISARMED.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY N.-V. DIAZ DE LA VERA.

descends with the twilight is his sole watcher. The sad

sun, whose rays he expected soon to lose forever in the night of disease. In this instant of exaltation, he immediately saw against the vermillion a boat freighted with angels, whose forms were repeated in the water, and whose chorus he distinctly heard. "The bark stopped just beyond a cluster of palms planted on the bank." Of such evident and tangible revelations are works of true genius composed. Eight years were required to transfer the imperial apparition to canvas.

Like the "Suicide" of Decamps, Couture's "Damocles," or "Liberty in Chains," came into the Walters collection through the testing crucible of the Blodgett gallery. It is one of the best of the smaller Courties. The allegory occurred to the painter after the disappointment of his hopes in

Jules Breton, the deep-brained, simple-hearted painter-poet, is represented by an exquisite group, being the central figures repeated from one of his larger compositions. It shows two young peasant-girls, reposing in the theatre of their toil, in a moment's respite snatched from the closing hour of the day's work. The feeling of twilight is most subtle, most penetrating in the landscape, while the figures are conceived in that large simplicity which lends the purity of the eclogue to a squalid subject. A lovely crayon drawing, also by Breton, represents a young gleaner, in the costume of the fields about Courrières, reposing after a search that has been but slenderly rewarded.

The finest in quality of the two pictures here shown of Millet, represents a farmer's wife breaking flax. The antique

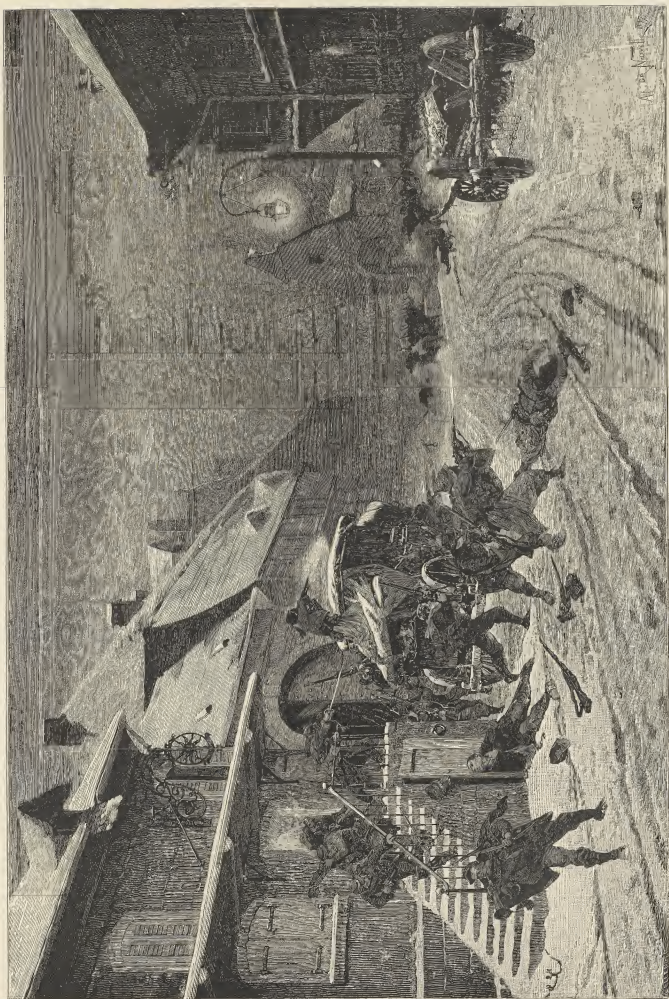


LOST ILLUSIONS.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY C. G. GLEYER.

the Second Empire, which at first he had celebrated with enthusiasm. Here, under classical guise, he expresses the slavery into which Art, with Song and Letters, had fallen under Napoleon III. An enervated Roman figure, like one of those in the "Decadence," is sitting, in a hall furnished with imperial splendor, with gold pouring from a fallen vase at his feet, pampered and half-drugged with wine, but loaded with chains. His harp lies idly by, with his laurel-wreath upon it—it will not sound in bondage. On the wall behind him, near the rivet of his fetters, runs the legend, "Potior mihi periculosa libertas, quam secunda aurea servitus." After all is said, I find no modern painter who can so touch me with an allegory as Couture. Those of the others seem made by rule: those of this painter seem stung with the bitter, the irreconcilable sincerity of Dean Swift, and partly touched too with his black bile, his hypochondria. "A Zouave," also by Couture, one of his broad and capable studies, with more of the feeling of the historical painter than of the mere sketcher is likewise in the collection.

breadth of treatment, the harmony of line, and something of grandeur in the style that Rembrandt, perhaps, would have found more really classical than the Greek statue, make this figure an inexhaustible delight to artists. "The Potato Harvest" presents, in addition to Millet's grand contemplative treatment of the figures, one of his grave, severe, matter-full landscape effects. Beyond the rows of patient and silent women, who follow the diggers or hold the sacks to be filled, is divined an endless reach of scenery of intense but melancholy sentiment, bathed in distant light across the rifts of rolling vapor.

Hamon, whose quaint and poetical antique subjects have the unerring ring of the "nascitur, non fit," and remind one of the most delicate epigrams of the Greek Anthology, is seen at his best in "The Aviary," or "Feeding the Pets." A Greek maid stands, feet pressed together, saucy and timid, at a safe distance from the wire net-work which restrains the feathered tribes of Aristophanes' "Birds"—strange outlandish creatures, the hoopoe and the pheasant, the starling and the crane. Hei



A SURPRISE AT DAYBREAK.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ALFRED R. M. DE NEUVILLE, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. T. WALTERS, BALTIMORE.

chiton is gathered into her hand so as to form an apron for the bird-seed, and rises perilously high above her ankles, careless whether it reveal a dimpled knee or no. The large and simple gesture, seen in profile, as she tiptoes on her beautiful feet and throws the food as far as she possibly can, reminds us of some of the most daring attitudes of Pompeii.

There are petty Correggios in the European museums, notably a little Holy Family at Naples, which the small groups of Diaz forcibly suggest; so bathed in light, so opulent in color. "The Disarming of Cupid" is of this kind. Diaz's figures are even looser in drawing than Correggio's; they are still more insecure on their feet. But they have the magic

no word that his anxious client is saying, but who reads the documents and lets the storm of words pour on, with the old farmer, desperate and garrulous, developing his case with the eloquence that obscures, form a deliciously contrasted pair.

The water-colors of Pils are replete with trained ability, and better than the developed "Battle of Alma," which he painted for Versailles, or the "Emperor and Empress at Algiers." Pils died a professor at the Beaux-Arts School. His present scenes are army subjects, showing great acquaintance with the French military type of being. In the large complicated scene, the energy and drill of the artillerists, charging and discharging their great cannon, are full of life and spirit.



THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY G. H. BOUGHTON.

splendor of light and hue, the carnation of sunny flesh, elsewhere scarce to be found but at Venice or at Parma.

"The Waning of the Honeymoon," by George H. Boughton, from the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1878, shows a *muscadin* of the English regency, too much engrossed with his dog, and with nose too deeply buried in *Tom and Jerry*, or Gilray's book of caricatures, to take much notice of his piquant young bride, who sits at a certain distance from him on a garden-bench. It is late autumn, and there is promise of a heavy chill in the air. "He is reading a book," says the artist in a letter, "and carelessly caressing a dog; and she is pouting prettily, but thinking no pretty things of him."

Vautier is a Swiss artist, who ranks with Carl Becker as a genre-painter, but who draws his scenes more frequently from modern life. "Consulting his Lawyer," in this collection, is full of that frank, still laughter, "between skin and flesh," with which German art so abounds. The man of parchments, whose mouth is stopped with his pen, and who evidently hears

"The Malandrin" is a water-color, by Fortuny, of no great size, but containing within itself a victory over almost every kind of painting. The dry, lean flesh of the veteran is treated with the ability of Ribera's "Saint Jerome." The trunk-hose are daringly shaded, and made soft and flexible, by a sapient application of blottings with a dry brush in a wash of wet color. The chest against which the figure leans is simply a lesson in bric-à-brac drawing. This picture is taken from a celebrated collection called "The Nights of Rome." The Malandrins, whose exploits under the command of D'Enguerand de Coucy were exalted almost to the height of the greatest feats of war, by Froissart, were the terror of France until they were driven into Spain. Murillo, in the Louvre, has represented a beggar-boy hunting for small deer in the abundant preserves of his shirt. Spanish art is not afraid of such venturesome subjects, and again returns to the theme in this chef-d'œuvre of her latest master; for the grisly helmeted warrior, having thrown his corslet down and bared his shoulders,

is exploring his linen for the enemies that annoy him far more than any he meets on the field.

Willems, the Belgian painter, is seen in an unusually vivacious mood in the picture called "Au Roi!" The bust of some well-beloved king is seen on the decorated chimney-piece. The stout landsknechts sit around and drink to his health. The old-time loyalty, that has now almost disappeared from the earth, is shown in variegated forms in their faces and attitudes. The artist, speaking of this particular canvas, in 1878, was lamenting that he could no longer do such good and delicate work. Indeed, the painter of the Louvre "Galant Militaire" would hardly disown its finish and delicacy. M. Willems is also represented in Mr. Walters'

French life, in a bare but stately hall of the Louis Treize epoch, give effect to this dramatic meeting—a father grave and soldierly, a duenna in starch, the elder patrician boy face to face with the elder peasant sister,—and, in the midst, the striking and poignant group of the fat nursing drawing back from its real mother to take refuge in the arms of the hireling!

De Neuville's "Surprise at Dawn" is one of this brilliant battle-painter's illustrations of the Franco-Prussian war. The morning twilight broadens over the snowy streets of a French village. The Prussians are seen pouring in a heavy mass through a distant avenue, firing as they come. Their advance has already taken shelter behind the wagon on the right. The little French garrison, surprised come tumbling down the



SYNAGOGUE AT AMSTERDAM.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. E. B. BRANSON.

collection by "The Important Response;" a lady standing at a table presses a seal on the hot wax which fastens the envelope, whilst the messenger, hat in hand, stands near the door, ready to mount his charger.

By the Italian painter, Rotta, is one of those whimsical genre subjects that express themselves better than labored words can explain them. The sour-lipped cobbler, who rejects with contumely the over-worn shoes in which the belle of the locanda had expected to dance down her rival at the ball to-night, is inflicting a sentence on the desperate little contadina which is severer than even his hard heart would dictate—if he knew all, and the world-wide consequences which sometimes depend on Cinderella's shoes!

By Massan, the elegant colorist, is seen "The Return of the Nurse," a pretty episode, showing the proud foster-mother bringing back the fat weanling she has had charge of in the country. The timid, delicate lady, slight and languid, bends over her daughter-babe. Is she not a little jealous of the foster-love that weeps at the parting? A family group of old

steps, firing from the old stage-coach, or bursting through the porte-cochère of the "Soleil d'Or." The wounded man sinking in front, and the *clairon* blowing his bugle in consternation, are telling and admirable figures.

Other important works are the "Portrait of Mrs. Schurman," a seventeenth-century lady of the most phenomenal attainments,—one of the most minutely-finished and masterly canvases left by the superb painter Van der Helst; Gilbert Stuart's "Consul-General Barry;" "The Petition to the Doge," by Carl Becker, where the kneeling female figure is one of his very best successes; "The Christian Martyr," Delaroche's well-known subject, in small, with the face and hands painted by Delaroche himself, the rest by Jalabert, his pupil; Cabanel's "Pandora," Vibert's crowded "Gulliver Bound;" Zamacois' "French Occupation of Spain, in 1812;" seven water-colors by Barye, of beasts in the Jardin des Plantes, and his bronze group of animals made for the Duke of Orleans, never duplicated, and not to be found in the catalogue of his works.

The picture of "Anthony von Corlaer, the Trumpeter,"



FEEDING THE PETS.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. L. HAMON.

by Charles Loring Elliott, is probably the highest attainment of that well-known portrait-painter in imaginative or genre art. The treatment of the red costume, of the flesh-tints, is admirable; the imaginative grasp of the character, so different a problem from the purely interpretative insight demanded in portrait-painting, is dramatic and creative in its nature. When an artist commits himself, as Elliott did, to portraiture exclusively as an aim, the few examples he scatters on his path of imaginative work are of additional interest, as developing an unknown side of his genius. In this case the truculent type, the rude and primitive model of the man, are well selected and imagined, while all of Elliott's brilliant and accurate definition is secured in the painting-treatment. The artist has evoked a fantasy from the land of dreams, and given it all the Copley-like reality to which we are accustomed in the works of professed likeness-takers. It is an ancestral effigy for the portrait-gallery of phantoms.

It is delightful to pause in the middle of this wonderful gallery and see all around the evolution of an education. On one side hangs the first picture bought by the collector,—an episode from the career of Bonaparte,—a canvas not in the highest style of art, but interesting from its subject, and carrying the memory back to those fanciful days when everyone reads a *Life of Napoleon* as the brightest page of romance that history has to show. A collector always begins his career from *subject*. It is interest in the splendid miracle-play of the Corsican's life that dictates the selection, not

research of perfect tones, transparent and vibrating *qualité*, fastidious drawing, and distinguished composition. From this, it is always observed, the collector mounts by subjects, associated with a higher and higher art-quality, as they succeed each other, and gradually ascending to those regions of pure and serene connoisseurship where *subject* is discarded altogether and mastership of quality reigns supreme. At the culmination of such a career we see such works gathered in as Van Marcke's landscape study—the smaller one in this collection—and Millet's "Breaking Flax." Here the narrative interest of the picture is as nothing; the Van Marcke is the one of that dangerously clever artist's studies from nature which reaches the value of a pure impression without the ambition to be striking—a preparation for market-pictures, of the highest value to himself, and only parted with reluctantly. The Millet shows a plain countrywoman hackling flax, without adjustment or coquetry,—a plain form of pure nature, rude, simple and divine, as a wild animal in the perfectly-fitting environment of its conditions. To arrive at the buying of works of this quality is like a putting off of the temptations of the flesh. On other sides of the room are the important panels marking the epochs of taste, the academic works and the historical pictures. To gather into one view such storied works as the "Hemicycle" of Delaroche, his "Christian Martyr" (partly at least by his hand), the "Illusions Perdues" of the Swiss Gleyre, and the "Oubli des Douleurs" of the Belgian Gallait is to revive the most delicious echoes of a just-vanished past; to mix once more in the salons and coteries where we seem to hear Lamartine reading his poems, Chateau-



A MALANDRIN.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR BY M. FORTUNE.

briand declaiming his poetic *Christianity*, Musset whispering and Gautier conversing. The gallery is an educator of taste not to be excelled in the New World.

The character of the selection is in fact typified by the assembly represented in its choicest painting, the "Hemicycle." In this picture is a congress of schoolmasters, of the most diverse systems and theories, brought together into that divine future where they comprehend and justify each other. So, in the collection at large, we have Millet, who did not like or

understand Delaroche, peacefully attached to his side; old Van der Helst, one of the family-royal of portraitists, (in his exquisite likeness of Mrs. Schurman,) explaining and supporting Gilbert Stuart and Elliott; the melancholy dreamer, Jules Breton, tolerating the high fantastic caprices of Villegas and Boldini; the collector's first love (Odier's "Retreat from Moscow") kept in countenance by his very different last love, Tadema's "Sappho." The reconciliations of such a gallery are like the reconciliations of Immortality.

CATALOGUE OF MR. W. T. WALTERS' COLLECTION.

- ACHENBACH, A.—*Sea-Coast of Sicily after a Storm*.
 ALMA-TADEMA, L.—*My Sister is not at Home*.
 " " *Sappho*.
 BARRE, G. A.—*Faith*.
 " " *Going to School*.
 " " *Portrait of the Artist*.
 BUCKER, CARL.—*The Petition to the Dege*.
 BIDA, A.—*Three Water-colors*.
 BUCHOFF, C.—*The Dropped Stitch*.
 BOKS, E. J.—*Corpus Delicti*.
 BOLDINI, G.—*My Garden*.
 BONHEUR, ROSA.—*Andalusian Bulls*. Monochrome.
 BOUGHTON, G. H.—*Wasting of the Honey-moon*.
 BRANDON, E.—*Synagogue, Amsterdam, July 22, 1866*.
 BRITTON, JULES.—*The End of the Day*.
 " " *A Harvest Scene*.
 CASANEL, A.—*Pandora*.
 CALAME, A.—*The Swiss Alps*.
 CHAPLIN, CH.—*At the Shrine*.
 CHAVET, J. V.—*A Constellation*.
 CHURCH, F. E.—*Morning in the Tropics*.
 CLAYS, P. J.—*The Approach to Antwerp*.
 " " *On the Thames*. Water-color.
 COROT, J. B. C.—*The Evening Star*.
 CORTURE, T.—*Liberty in Chains*.
 " " *A Zouave*.
 DAUBIGNY, C. F.—*Twilight*.
 " " *Landscape*.
 DECAMPS, A. G.—*The Suicide*.
 DELAROCHE, P.—*The Hemicycle*.
 DE NEUVILLE, P.—*The Surprise at Dawn*.
 " " *In the Trenches*.
 " " *Reconnoitering*.
 DETAILLE, ED.—*A Cavalry Picket*.
 DIAZ DE LA PENA, N. V.—*Autumn in the Forest of Fontainebleau*.
 " " *Landscape*.
 " " *Cupid Disarmed*.
 DURAND, A. B.—*Landscape*.
 ELLIOTT, C. L.—*Anthony van Corlear*.
 " " *A School Boy*.
 " " *Portrait of Durand*.
 " " *Portrait of the Artist*.
 FORTUNY, M.—*Un Malandrin*. Water-color.
 " " *A Mendicant Friar*.
 FRERE, E.—*Six Genre Subjects*.
 FROMENTIN, E.—*Arabs and Horses*.
 GALLAIT, L.—*Power of Music*.
 " " *Counts Egmont and Horn*. Water-color.
 GEROME, J. L.—*The Duel after the Masquerade*.
 " " *Diogenes*.
 " " *On the Desert*.
 GLEIVE, C. G.—*Last Illusion*.
 " " *Daphnis and Chloé*. Monochrome.
 GUILLEMIN, G. A.—*The Priest Vendor*.
 HAMON, J. L.—*Fading the Pits*.
 HART, J. M.—*The Adriatic*.
 HEILBUTH, F.—*A Promenade*.
 HERRING, G. E.—*Mare and Foal*.
 HUIDENMAN, F. P.—*The Philosophy of the Ball*.
 HÜBNER, CARL.—*The Emigrant's Adieu*.
 ISABEY, E. L. G.—*Sea-Coast*. Water-color.
 JACOVACCI, F.—*The Borghese Palace*.
 JACQUE, C. E.—*Sheep Drinking*.
 " " *The Barnyard*.
 " " *The Village Poor*.
 " " *Peasantry*.
 JALABERT, C. F.—*Orpheus and the Nymphs*.
 " " *Mother and Child*.
 " " *Italian Child*.
 JIMENEZ, J.—*A Barber-Shop, Madrid*.
 JOHNSON, E.—*The Tender Passion*.
 KNAUS, L.—*Dirt Pic*.
 KOLLER, G.—*Charity*.
 KURZBAUER, E.—*The Dispute*.
 LAGYE, V.—*Figure, with Flemish Costume of the XVth Century*.
 LANDELLE, C.—*An Italian Shepherd Boy*.
 LEUTZE, E.—*Henry VIII and Anne Bolyn*.
 MEISSONIER, J. L. E.—*The Jovial Trooper*.
 MERLE, H.—*The Scarlet Letter*.
 " " *The Good Sister*. Water-color.
 MILLET, J. F.—*A Breton Peasant*.
 " " *The Potato Harvest*.
 MULLER, C. L.—*Purity*.
 " " *Study of a Female Head*.
 ODIER, T.—*The Retreat from Moscow*.
 PASINI, A.—*Constantinople*.
 PILES, I. A.—*Two Water-color Studies of Military Subjects*.
 PLASSAN, A. E.—*The Return of the Nurse*.
 " " *Baby's Bath*.
 " " *Contemplation*.
 PLASSAN, A. E.—*Evening Prayer*.
 PRIET, J. W.—*Fruit*.
 RICO, D. MARTIN.—*Teloso*.
 " " *Venice*.
 ROTTA, A.—*A Hopeless Case*.
 ROUSSEAU, TH.—*Landscape*.
 SAINT-JEAN, S.—*Fruit*.
 " " *Flowers*.
 SCHEFFER, ARY.—*Christ Weeping over Jerusalem*.
 SCHRIEVER, A.—*An Arab Picket*.
 " " *Winter in Poland*.
 " " *News from Afar*.
 STONE, H.—*Portrait of Mr. Wm. W. Corcoran*.
 STUART, GILBERT.—*Colonel General Barry*.
 THOST, J.—*Marguerite at the Will*.
 TRAYER, J. B. L.—*Genre Subject*.
 TRYON, C.—*Sea-shore and Cattle*.
 VAN DER HELST, B.—*Portrait of Mrs. Schurman*.
 VAN MARCKE, E.—*Study from Nature*.
 " " *The Approach of the Storm*.
 VAUTHIER, B.—*Consulting his Lawyer*.
 VERNET, HORACE.—*Italian Brigands Surprised by Papal Troops*.
 VIBERT, J. G.—*Gulliver Bound*.
 VIDAL, V.—*Portrait of * * **. Water-color.
 VILLEGAS, JOSÉ.—*The Slipper Merchant, Cairo*.
 WAY, A. J. H.—*Croquet*.
 WEBER, OTTO.—*Hay Gathering*.
 WILLEMS, F.—*The Health of the King*.
 " " *The Important Response*.
 WOODVILLE, K. C.—*The Sailor's Wedding*.
 YVON, A.—*Napoleon III*.
 ZAMACOS, E.—*Spain, 1812, the French Occupation*.
 ZIEM, F.—*Venice—Morning*.
 " " *Venice—Evening*.
 " " *Sunset*.
 " " *Seven Water-color Studies*.

SCULPTURE.

- PALMER, E. D.—*The First Grief*.
 RINGHART, W. H.—*The Woman of Samaria*.



WOMEN BREAKFASTING WITH LOUIS XIV AT VERSAILLES

Engraving from the collection of Mr. James M. McKim, New York

Engraving from the collection of Mr. James M. McKim, New York



[The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be a series of lines of text, possibly a list or a paragraph, located in the lower half of the page.]





EDUCATION OF THE CHILDREN OF QUEEN CLOTILDA.
ENGRAVED BY FACST, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY L. ALMA-TADOMA

THE COLLECTION OF MR. JAMES H. STEBBINS.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY H. SCOTT.

ERILY there are Americans so cosmopolitan that foreign and native languages are all one to them, and their life abroad is as present in their minds as their life at home. Ought the houses of such as these really to be called houses, or rather tents,—the pavilions of a continual pilgrimage! Now, in the days of the old palmers, when poor and proud alike sought the Holy Land, some went clothed

in rags, and some went clothed in lace; some slept beneath rude sheds of palm-branches, and for some the tents of cloth-of-gold were set every night for feasts of wine and venison. Such Americans as best supply the type of the old pilgrims are usually, it is gratifying to say, rather of the latter category.

The more nomadic our tribes become, the more luxurious is their shelter; and the faithful Knickerbocker pilgrim for whom New York is no continuing city, and who is just as much at home in the street that is called Rivoli as in Broadway, enjoys an even terrestrial reward of his pilgrim-like condition; the larger number of these are apt, according to my observation, to have their blessing of complete mental detachment from local ties accompanied also by other cheerful beatitudes—the comforts of a well-fitted caravan, and uncommon conveniences with which to furnish their tents of a night. The pictures considered in this article are the cabin-furniture (to use Bishop Blougram's comparison) of an earthly state such as has just been considered—a state in which all kingdoms of the world are equally home. The paintings are usually small, and irresistibly suggest the idea of their being selected, like Swiss keepsakes, for portability. Everything smacks of the pilgrim—the cosmopolite. The furniture and decorations are collected from half-a-dozen capitals; such was probably the tent of Cæsar

de Leon on his way to Jerusalem. The pilgrim's freedom from embarrassing and mundane attachments breathes in everything. The servants fill the halls with echoes of a varied and courier-like assortment of languages; and the ladies of the



CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.—(PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST.)
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR BY J. L. F. MEUNIER.

house direct them in German, or in Brussels French,—conversing with each other, meanwhile, in the purest French of the Théâtre Français.

The fine picture by L. Alma-Tadema represents Queen Clotilda, the widowed queen of Clovis,—the first Christian monarch of France,—superintending the education of the little princes, Clotaire, and the others. The scene takes place in the sixth century, and it displays a very curious mingling of antique Roman costumes and Christian monastic dresses. The courtiers exhibit their tunics and sandals and palliums, such as we see in ancient statues, while among them stand the emissaries of the See of Rome,—their uniforms of penitence already adopted, their heads shaven, and the full machinery of the Catholic Church in operation. Who shall calculate what vexatious researches among ancient illuminations and missals, the seals of papal bulls, the statuary of early tombs and wall-paintings of Catacombs have been undergone by the careful painter, to cull these scarce, unattainable details of dress and architecture? Pictorial records of the times succeeding the

disruption of the Roman Empire are the hardest of things to find, owing to the extinction of the arts which followed. But Mr. Alma-Tadema is not apt to confess ignorance of any special antique period he wills to illustrate, and nothing more stimulates his powers than that dim half-light of time when the Gothic civilization was imposing itself on the Roman. At the same time, in the present canvas, he gives us a welcome reminder of the sweetness and warmth of home-life in those chilly eras, as he shows the placid mother watching her little ones, with a heart full of pride, at the sports of the palestra. The stout and princely boys, in the intervals of the lessons which the pale priests will have imparted from their scrolls of wisdom, are throwing the battle-axe at a wooden target, under the superintendence of an old captain-at-arms.

The specimen of Fortuny is an important and a charming one. During his culminating, his wonderful years at Rome, the Spanish painter consented, as a caprice and experiment, to resume for one time the life-size scale of painting, a method he had not employed since his studies for the "Battle of Tetuan." The result is before us, a large portrait of the handsome wife of a Secretary of the Spanish Embassy at Rome. A temporary vicissitude induced the subject of this masterpiece to part with it for a price adequate to its merit, though desperate negotiations for its recovery have since been undertaken. Fit for the proud portrait-gallery of the Silvas, so eloquently recapitulated in *Hernani*, this supreme chef-d'œuvre is separated, perhaps forever, from the records of a family race, to take its position as a work of pure art, and enjoy a lease of artistic life apart from the life of a haughty Castilian house. It will go down to posterity anonymous and famous, like some great Reynolds or Tintoretto. "The Lady with the Pince-Nez" will be its all-sufficient designation, as we mention the Titian of the Glove, or the Rembrandt with a toque; for the family name, which has been mentioned to me, is eminently unsuitable to publish under the circumstances. The proud and truly national type of mind, so perfectly adapted—whether by its limitations or its accomplishments—to the air of haughty and retrospective isolation, is thoroughly understood, fundamentally interpreted. The flesh-painting is tenacious and solid, though a trifle laborious; Fortuny seems to be reciting a lesson of manipulation. But in the treatment of the robes—a mass of crackling black silk, buttoned with coral—he feels all the luxury of sketching, and has left posterity a summary indication, by the most audacious methods of artistic shorthand, of the qualities of light-and-shade he desired to show. Arsène Houssaye, the historian of society and the critic of woman, wrote in a letter of this canvas, after the artist's death: "The same evening I saw, at the residence of your compatriot, Mr. Stebbins, the only woman's portrait ever painted by Fortuny. It is the wife of a Spanish Secretary of the Embassy, at Rome: she is beautiful, but the painting is far more beautiful than she. When will another Velasquez be born?" This master picture, revealing the Barcelona painter in an attitude so commanding and impressive, serves to stamp his character with the sole attribute that is left wanting by the rest of his life-work—the attribute of gravity. But the flash, the glitter, the legerdemain of his style is also represented in



A. J. J. J. J. J.

THESE ARE THE ONLY TWO COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL OF THE "GREAT" OF THE "GREAT" OF THE "GREAT"



A SPANISH LADY.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY MARIANO FORTUNY, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. JAMES H. STEBBINS, NEW YORK.

the collection of Mr. Stebbins. The little sketch of "Pifferari," another memorandum of his sojourn in Rome, is distinguished by those qualities of magic and grace which were temporarily veiled when he undertook the stately family portrait.

levies, of arrests, of tough encounters, reeks through the picture; the blandishments of women, of carpet adventures and intrigues, seem far away from such a situation, as indeed they are distant from all of Meissonier's work. As is inevi-



THE GAME LOST.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. L. E. MEISSONIER.

Meissonier's "Captain of the Guard" is a small water-color, painted in 1865, and sufficiently showing his accurate and thorough style. In the military dress of Louis XIII—which is also, in most of its details, the uniform of Cromwell's time—this truculent *capitaine* waits in the reeking portecochère of the barracks, as if to watch his men-at-arms file out on horseback for the night-patrol. The stamp of military character, the atmosphere of horses, of duels, of sanguinary

table with every artist, but in the case of this artist entirely voluntary and *con amore*, the personal predilection of the creator stamps itself on his creation. Meissonier himself has the style and the brusqueness of a cavalry officer; his speech is short and spare, his actions are direct, his taciturn manner readily assumes the tone of command; you would think he had never lived among women, and only a very few female subjects are found among his paintings, though he has a family

life of his own too. The little Louis XIII captain is a concentrated specimen of our artist's habits of thought, the medium in which his mind dwells, and the images it is in the habit of spiriting up from the vasty depths of the past. In this small, sharply-carved mass of solidity—weighty and chiseled as a cabinet bronze—we have even a more than habitually close reflection of the character of the artist. It is, in fact, a portrait of himself, studied from the mirror; and as such, in other than the usual sense, a characteristic Meissonier. Two other examples of this scrupulous painter, both in his snuff-box-lid

now it shuts itself into clubs with an edifying sense of decorum, and hides. These soldiers of Vaulan, in the interval of laying waste the Palatinate, gamble without fear and without reproach. The slouching and provisory air of the guard-room pervades the group—each individual ready to fly to arms at a moment's warning. In the treatment of the subject, a puzzled player's dilemma, we see a study of five different temperaments,—cynical, curious, insulting, contemplative, indifferent,—all watching the face of the loser. He himself is a whole drama of indecision, a doubting swashbuckler Hamlet. The grouping and



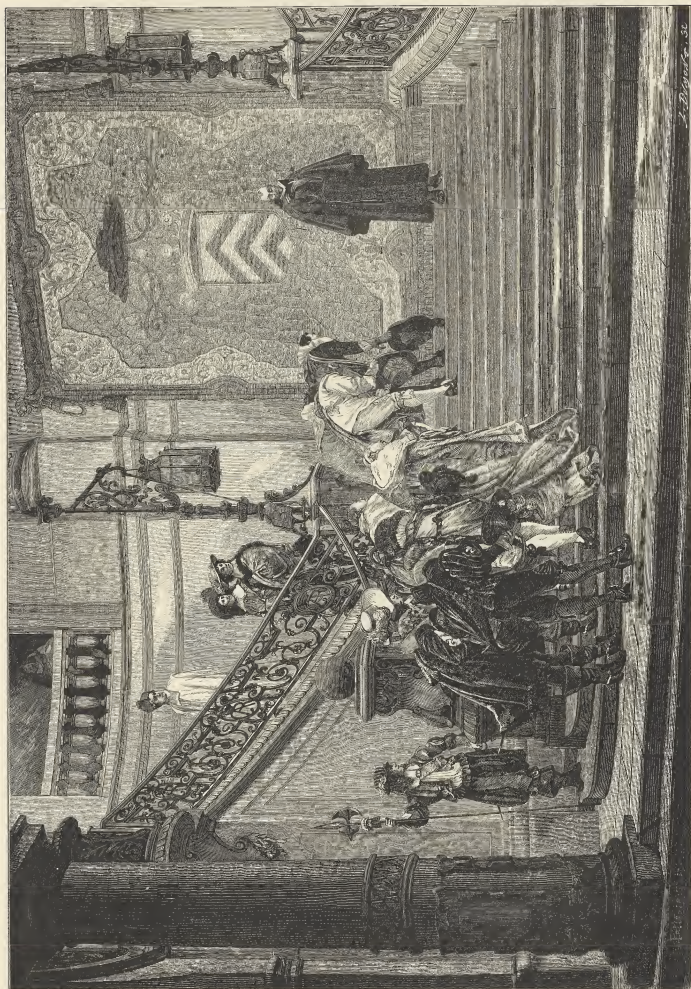
SCENE AT A SPANISH DILIGENCE STATION.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. G. VERRET.

style, are appropriately placed in the library, where their minuteness has a suitable cabinet air; they seem like little carved plaques to be kept in a tray: one is "The Stirrup-Cup," the usual scene of a horseman taking his draught at an inn, without entering it; the flagon is served to him outside, by the domestic, to save him the trouble of dismounting: an old-time custom beloved by painters, because it gives them a chance of uniting a drinking-theme, a horse-theme, a landscape-theme, and sometimes an exceptionally attractive sourette-theme.

"The Game Lost" is one of our artist's inimitable interiors, with a party of card-players, clothed in those antique costumes which we more usually associate with card-playing; not that play is not high now, very often, but that in the past the habit entered visibly into the manners of society, whereas

lighting are eminently beautiful, in a merry shaft of sunshine from a supposed window, that plays upon the heads with the vibrating resonance of a peal of bells.

Zamacois, with his "Indirect Contributions," supplies the note of feminine attractiveness that is so conspicuously absent in the scheme of Meissonier. Very delicate and credulous is the fair châtelaine who comes up from the buttery with the choicest provisions, the most golden canary, and the most velvety draught of chocolate, to feed the begging monk. Her hand trembles as she fills his glass; her hospitality is a direct act of worship. If she could see under the flaps of the capuchin the hasty gobble, the zest of appetite, the agony of gormandizing, it might go some way to destroy her illusion, but could not utterly shatter it, for is not her motive a veil for everything; is she not nourishing the Church? Meanwhile



FATHER JOSEPH: "L'EMINENCE GRISE."

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. L. GEROME, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. JAMES H. STEBBINS, NEW YORK.

the *quôteur*, watched on either side by husband and father with worldly tolerance or cynical contempt, makes the most of his time. He is sent out to beg for his monastery; but all the deposits of his palate are doubly blessed—they gratify the cause, while they gratify the emissary. In the same way, and with the same unanswerable logic, the negro of slavery days justified his raids upon the plantation hen-coop,—to put massa's chicken into massa's nigger was a proper and laudable way of directing the resources of the estate:—it improved the property. By parity of idea, what is donated to the collector

lectual equality, it served the painter's didactic purpose. The scene, probably, takes place at Fontainebleau, before the splendors of Versailles were created. The authority for the costumes is a Gobelins tapestry designed by Lebrun, out of a series illustrating the career of the *roi soleil*, and representing one of the first acts of the youthful king, in receiving an apology from the Pope's legate. The scrupulous accuracy of every accessory reaches here an almost painful pitch of intensity. You feel that the mirror-frames and table-legs, the ribbons and wigs of the knights, and the very forks and table-



THE FIRST-BORN.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. G. VIBERT

is donated to the service at large, and it seems like straining a point to call such contributions "indirect."

One of Gérôme's celebrated pictures, the "Louis XIV and Molière," is in Mr. Stebbins' collection. The legend is unauthenticated, and is strongly doubted, being based simply upon a story narrated by Mme. Campan, long after the supposed event. According to what this gossipy schoolmistress had heard from some other "granny," Louis XIV, when attempting to create the drama in France, found the insolence of his courtiers an almost insurmountable obstacle. On one occasion, discovering that these gentlemen refused to dine with Molière, the upholsterer's son, he directed the dramatist to sit down at his own table, and caused to be laid out between them the contents of his *en cas de nuit*, or luncheon, or sandwich-box; then, summoning the whole court, he said, "You see, gentlemen, that I am not too proud to eat with Molière." This is one of the transactions of legend, not of authentic history, but as it happens to convey a good lesson of intel-

lectual equality, it served the painter's didactic purpose. The scene, probably, takes place at Fontainebleau, before the splendors of Versailles were created. The authority for the costumes is a Gobelins tapestry designed by Lebrun, out of a series illustrating the career of the *roi soleil*, and representing one of the first acts of the youthful king, in receiving an apology from the Pope's legate. The scrupulous accuracy of every accessory reaches here an almost painful pitch of intensity. You feel that the mirror-frames and table-legs, the ribbons and wigs of the knights, and the very forks and table-

cloths have been interrogated, and made to bear witness to a particular date. At the left, De Retz, archbishop of Paris, clutches his *beretta* in a rage; he sees the hailstorm of satire against the church that is coming in this new agency, the drama; he detects the writer of *Tartuffe*. "L'Eminence Grise," another famous Gérôme, is a title soon explained. "Eminence" is the proper compliment for a cardinal; but when Richelieu provided himself with an *alter ego*, in the shape of a barefoot *capucin*,—who shared his secrets and directed his power,—the witty name was invented for the latter, *son éminence grise*,—his eminence clothed in gray, and not in red. This is the "Brother Joseph" whose cunning figure prevades Bulwer's play of *Richelieu*. As he steals, in his bared feet, down the splendid stair of the palace of the cardinalate, now the Palais Royal, the place-hunters and bishops flatten themselves against the balustrade, bowing to the ground, and sweeping the steps with their plumes. He, with nose buried in breviary, is unconscious of earthly things.

The moment he is past, the backs of the time-servers straighten as by a mechanical impulse, and we see the ecclesiastic and the pair of gentlemen who have already passed him on the



PRELIMINARY SKETCH FOR FIGURE IN "L'ÉMINENCE GRISE."
FACSIMILE FROM THE DRAWING BY J. S. GRISÉ.

staircase, covered with hat and cap, and flinging looks of haughtiness and fear. The painter, in works such as this, or the last-named, or the "Grand Condé," shows a power never surpassed of sweeping a whole crowd with a single emotion. Prelates, dandies and soldiers, in their several guise, all yield to the self-same feeling. Gérôme has here restored, with his best conscience, the past ecclesiastical splendors of the actual Palais Royal, has swung again the *riverbiers* to the old lamp-staffs, inserted the monogram of the cardinalate in the railings, and tapestried the wall with the official hat. The picture, of course, is studious, exact and true—a piquant glimpse into history. To show a certain helplessness, however, which clings to the character of Gérôme merely as a painter, it may be mentioned that the composition was first painted as an effect of full daylight, the high lights on the salient points being intended for a representation of sunshine: afterwards, finding his economy of light and shade could afford it, he added the bursts of sun on the floor, as an enhancement, so that what was before painted for sunshine became shadow in the scheme, and another sun, risen on midday, was supposed for particular passages of the canvas. An artist of this stamp, in fact, lost in the philosophical work of reconstructing history, can never be a technician of the first order, and will now and then fall into blunders so fundamental as this. It may be proper, while thus straying among the colors and shades of the palette, to drop a word of explanation about the French latitude with the word "gray." Nobody in English would think of terming a

Capucin's brown robe *gray*. The habit of the French, however, preserves a comprehensiveness derived from far remote times, as Mr. Hamerton has pointed out in one of his papers, and many substances of various warm or russet shades are called by them "gray;" in revenge, Milton's "twilight gray" they call "brown."

Vibert's "Cour de Diligence" is a witty traveler's tale brought from Spain. The artist forces out the censorious disposition of the priest, the coquetry of the pretty *maja*, the assured lady-killing power of the bull-fighter, and the propitiatory humbleness of the muleteer, with a diversified sharpness that is like the dialect-mimicry of a well-told story. The priest must fain read his book. Priests on their travels never do anything else, and when the constant tinniness of the volumes is considered, it must be imagined that priests who travel much get the breviary well by heart. In this case, however, the transcendent interest of the little drama near him is too overpowering for Sir Priest,—the envy of participating too tremendous. His eyes escape from the page, and as they rest on the simple suitor, they bear in them a thunder that would annihilate.

Another charming work of Vibert's is "The First-Born," representing the pride and joy of a young father and mother over the inimitable, the wonderful, the unapproachable and unprecedented achievement in the way of babydom, placed between his happy parents on a couch, and happily unaware as yet of his own many virtues and perfections.

Worms, an artist who treats trivial subjects with a very considerable degree of artistic conscience, is represented in this collection by a little subject of "Uncertain Weather." The first drops of a shower are falling, and have surprised a group of promenaders in the glittering costume of the *directoire*. The weather-cock dances, in symbolic fickleness, over the heads of the ladies, who huddle together in apprehension



INDIRECT CONTRIBUTIONS.
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ED. ZAHACŮS.

and slight dismay, wondering what resource will be found in the difficulty by their protectors. Of these, the more imaginative, who has no umbrella, betakes himself to holding up the back of his hand, and roundly swearing in the face of evidence that it does not rain. The other, armed with good Jonas Han-



FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

From the original paintings in the collection of H. J. Simon, Esq., Philadelphia.

ENGRAVED BY G. H. PHILADELPHIA.

way's remedy, is flying an antediluvian umbrella, like a tent. The man who shows resource in emergency is certainly master



UNCERTAIN WEATHER.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES WORMS.

of the situation; and it is unnecessary to predict that this well-armed champion will marry the prettiest lady.

In his little picture, "C'est un Emir," Boulanger, the friend and comrade of Gérôme, shows the impressive ceremony and state with which Arabs, resting in an oasis, welcome a traveler who presents himself as a son of Mohammed. This wanderer, whose back is bowed with humility, can give the pass-word and show the clay-seal or the sculptured talisman of the marabout. Accordingly he receives the welcome of a present divinity, and will quickly be invited to share the platter of steaming *kouskousou* or the pot of seething kid.

In "The Temptation of St. Anthony," M. Edouard de Beaumont refers again for his inspiration to the legend almost exhausted by Teniers; but the modern artist, among the grotesques proper to Teniers or to Callot, introduces a classically perfect beauty, in the full panoply of academic nakedness. Academic art and caricature art do not go well together. The first feeling about the picture is a jar, as if one should read a copy of verses made up of the vilest vernacular, the coarsest wit, and the most ill-spelled dialect, and be suddenly brought up by a concluding couplet worthy of Milton. As we examine our impression we find it is right, and susceptible of demonstration in the nature of things. Anthony, a subject of given character, would form mental images of the different vices in strict harmony with each other. If gluttony assails him as a deformed Silenus on a pig, intemperance as a pot-house jordan borne by imps, the tempter to warlike ardor as a decrepit dwarf in armor or a frog with a sword, then the solicitation of luxury would attack him in the style of an inn-chambermaid, not of a classical goddess.

Jacomini's "Temptation of Faust," painted in 1869, has the interesting trait that it is an accurate reminiscence of the manner in which Gounod's composition was set on the stage

at the Grand-Opera, in Paris, now burned,—before the commencement of representations at the new opera-house. The standing figure is a graphic study, in bearing and lithe insinuating versatility of manner, of Faure in *Mephistopheles*. The Faust, in gown and cap and curtain of white beard, suggests the tenor just before his disguise of factitious old age is pulled off from him; and the scene, so little staid and so conspicuously natural and familiar, is a precious bit of the unconventional and artistic skill of the French scene-painter.

"Between Love and Riches," by Bouguereau, is the largest canvas in this collection of choice easel-pictures. The types, for Bouguereau, are uncommonly right and genuine. The girl is a real *ingenue*, seemingly copied from a simple village beauty—the hardest of models to find, the most unprocureable object for a painter's studio. The guitar-playing boy is not a very strong character, to be sure, and has no proof of constancy to offer better than a relaxed guitar-string. But the old man is really human, with a good, serious, robust face, an excellent type of worth, prudence and diplomacy. Do not be too indignant, beautiful readers, at the girl for hesitating one single moment! Has not the painter taken pains to represent the old man, for an old man, as really very well, and the boy rather exceptionally stupid? The painting of this group, where the figures are life-size, is of unusual sincerity and strength for the artist; the textures are varied, the planes and



RECEPTION OF AN EMIR.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY G. BOULANGER.

distances are established with right feeling, and two of the heads, at least, are recorded upon the canvas with the energy and vehemence of a direct impression.

In Goubie's "Honneurs du Pied" we see the French stag-hunt of the Count D'Orsay epoch. A lady in *postillon* coat and cap, on a dark horse, is in the middle of the composition, receiving the compliment of "the deer's hoof." The chase is over, the stag is laid low, the hounds sitting in a committee around its antlered head. As the first recognition of success, the head *piqueur* descends from his horse, cuts off the fore-foot of the deer, places it on his half-moon chapeau, as on a salver or tray, and presents it to the lady of the party as a mark of highest honor.

By Rosa Bonheur is a neat black-and-white sketch,

ness of manner, as of a most polished pastoral poet, the cattle-painting of Auguste Bonheur gives as high a quality of elegant and temperate pleasure as it is possible for the art to afford.

The example of M. Bonheur is not illustrated in these pages. Other specimens of interest not selected for embellishment are a couple of canvases by Horace Vernet. The chief of these is the life-size head and bust of Judith, a study for part of his large "Judith and Holofernes," in the Louvre; the face, in profile, is very elegantly modeled, with a sculptural perfection and a research after anatomical truths almost char-



PRESENTING THE DEER'S FOOT.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY R. GOUBIE.

"Ready for the Market." The study of stout Norman cobs, their tails tied up in clubs or fringed short, their halters attached to a shady tree, and beginning as a group to form each others' acquaintance or reject, nose-fashion, the offers of friendliness, is done with great facility of drawing and with lively accuracy and spirit.

By Auguste Bonheur, the brother of Mlle. Rosa, there is a very beautiful picture of "Normandy Cattle," closely corresponding, in method and merit, with the same artist's cattle-piece, recently praised in Mr. Gibson's gallery. The treatment of a cow in foreground, patched with white, is so silvery and pure, that one is tempted to say never was animal painting better done. Greater richness and luxuriousness of style have doubtless been attained, but for tranquil, even-tempered sweet-

acteristic of Delaroche; the relief of the shoulder, of the elegant bust, in a uniform blonde flesh-tone, is definite and distinguished; this piecemeal example, as a bit of pure technic, gives perhaps a higher idea of Vernet as a painter than anything preserved in America. Another specimen of Horace Vernet, rather dark and mystical, represents "Communism," the Communism of the 1848 Revolution. The allegorical figure of vulgar revolt, placed among the wrecks of its struggle, is an impressive symbol, viewed from the aristocratic or authoritative standing-point. Two considerable canvases by Heuillant, both called "Arcadia," represent the modern prismatic school, called Roman-Spanish. Bertrand's "Serenade in Rome" is unusually cheerful for this elegiac painter, and laureate of love-lorn damsels.



W. B. BENTLEY DEL. 1851

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BETWEEN LOVE AND RICHES.

The young man of the picture is the son of the rich man of the picture.

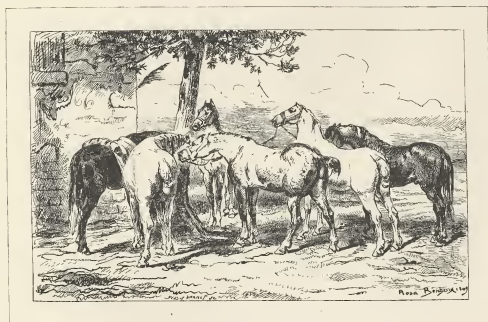
1851

De Neuville's "Hauling by the Capstan" is a crowded sailor group. Pasini's "The Sultan's Escort" is a very rich and beautiful assemblage of Eastern horses and costumes. Detaille is represented by "Les Incroyables" and "A Scene in the Franco-Prussian War." Troyon is just indicated by a small study, "Normandy Cattle." Wylie, one of the best of American painters, is seen as the portraitist of "Five Brittany Children."

Saintin is shown in a clever bit of *chinoiserie*—a sourette archly interrogating a Chinese porcelain divinity with nodding head. Dust-brush suspended, she nods her pretty cap, in concert with the image, and perhaps leaves to its decision the committal of her often-besieged heart.

troness. The charming group in the middle, where a lovely maid in white mantilla turns from her duenna to flirt with a graceful young bull-fighter, gives an added grace to the theme; while the row of nuns, the charity baby, held as a sort of advertisement by a nurse, the walls dripping with gilded rococo,—the whole mixture, in short, of luxury and austerity, benevolent motives and cruelty to animals, is a compound that could only have existed in Spain, and whose piquancy is as fresh as a chapter of *Gil Blas*.

Among the statuary is a life-size copy, in the full proportions of the original, of Canova's "Cupid and Psyche," by A. S. Tadolini, himself a sculptor of eminence, and one of Canova's last pupils. Psyche, just awaking from slumber,



READY FOR MARKET.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE MONOCHROME BY ROSA BONHEUR.

"Curiosity" is satirized by Bagniet in a highly enameled picture representing two elaborate morning-ropes—containing ladies. One has contrived to bend her spine at a right-angle and listens at a key-hole; the other watches, finger on lip, ready to pull her away by the sash if anybody comes. Let us hope these indiscreet though pretty spies will be punished as they deserve, and that the sudden bursting of the door will soon send them over upon the tessellated floor of the ante-room, one knocking down the other, niniepin-fashion.

A delicious work, with all the virtues and few of the faults of the modern Spanish school, is Alvarez' elaborate little picture called "Selling Tickets for a Charity Bull-Fight." It is a sparkling comedy of Spanish life in the time of Goya. All the types are rendered with infinite-zest and abandon. Every character is crisp and brilliant, from the bedizened old dandy, flattening his *claque* under his arm, who advances to lay down his doubloon, in front of the poor-box and upon the plan of seats in the circus, to the hearty, fat, worldly priest who receives the collections, and the wonderfully starched dowager, in a ruff, who oversees the subscriptions in the rear, as pa-

starts up to embrace the curly head of her celestial lover, who has knelt behind her and lifts up her cheek for a kiss. The boudoir grace and mannered style of this group are in the highest degree characteristic of the artist.

Courtesy to an artist who is very much of a stranger demands that some space should be given to the distinguished Austrian, August Pettenkoffen. He is represented in Mr. Stebbins' series by a most graphic scene of a "Market in Hungary," where all the humors of life among the most individual and haughty peasantry of Europe, are spread out as if seen with a *camera lucida*—the vendors and traffickers grouped, in their national costumes, around the huge wooden post that supports the market-place. It is impossible to dispose the personages of a drama with a more thorough comprehension of the subject. The painter has applied to every detail a most policeman-like scrutiny, a most lover-like attention and fidelity. Every form is finished with scrupulous care, yet the brush never trifles with useless minutiae. Nothing is distinctly spelled out but the shapes that are in the focus, and naturally evident in a moving, stirring scene. The coloring is



THE TWO ORACLES.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. H. SAINTIN.

as praiseworthy as the design and invention; every tone, chosen with exquisite taste, strikes the right note without a jarring distinctness, and melts together in a pure atmosphere of golden gray. The artist thus broadly successful in minute scale, is a product of the education of two or three countries. Pettenkoffen was born at Vienna in 1823, and at the Academy of Art, in that city, first served his apprenticeship to painting. The professors at Vienna were of the last mediocrity, forty years ago, and were entirely unable to extend to others professional secrets which they had never learned themselves. The Germano-Austrian school was a school moving ponderously down to a hopeless decadence, in those days before the arising of Matejko, Munkácsy, Makart and Pettenkoffen himself. Happily, the young student, though imprisoned in an almost monastic retirement from art-movements, heard the report of a little band of seekers and searchers,—Troyon, Rousseau, Meissonier, in Paris, and Leys and Stevens and Willems, in Belgium,—who were courageous enough to ask Nature for her secret, face to face. This gospel of glad tidings was his earthly salvation. But, in the meantime, arrived his turn at the national conscription, and the young man, drafted into the troops of Francis Joseph, fulfilled his duties like an honest soldier, and was promoted with remarkable rapidity to the grade of captain. The profession of arms, however, was unable to keep possession of a spirit that had tasted of artistic delights. The young man had viewed his military routine with the eye of a painter; it remained for him to drill his artistic

faculties with the severity of a captain. Resuming the practice of art, he determined to devote himself to his profession from the military point of view, feeling that no one else could recount so well the field-scenes which had passed before his eyes. The event has justified him, and delivered to the world a mass of incidents of the Austrian army and its wild Hungarian contingent, such as would have been lost to posterity without his aid. The young artist was now ready to carry out a project which had tempted him in his salad-days at the Vienna Academy, and repair to France for a more exquisite culture in the things which belonged to his peace. Only at Paris, in the epoch of 1850, could be found a group of seekers and teachers capable of satisfying an earnest seeker after verity. He finished a few portraits at Vienna—portraits of his relations and neighbors, as much to please the originals as to get his pencil-hand in practice again—and departed for the French capital, carrying with him two canvases traced over with the sketches of two pictures, "The Spy," and "Marauders Dividing Booty," the last of which found, when finished, a resting-place in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace. The painter, Alfred Stevens, narrates that, about 1852, a young Austrian, with the appearance of an officer, used to come from time to time with a request to be allowed to pass a few minutes in the studio, a permission granted with none the worse grace that Stevens always fancied his visitor some noble picture-buyer. It was a dealer, one Van Cuyck, who undeceived the Belgian artist, and assured him that he had unearthed a painter of great talent, introducing by a double presentation the young



INDISCRETION.

FAC-SIMILES OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CHARLES BAUGNOT.

Austrian and one of his finest specimens. This merchant fell

so deeply in love with a certain early work of Pettenkoffen's, "The Volunteers," that he vowed, contrary to the ways of dealers, to make it his inseparable companion until his death, which was done, the canvas only being sold by Van Cuyck's heirs twenty years after. From this epoch M. Pettenkoffen, without by any means abandoning his preference for the scenes of his birth, a preference exhibited in the selection of all his subjects, may be said to have entered the cosmopolitan art-republic of the world, and to be no longer confined by national or provincial inexperience. A minutely invented, careful and toilsome series of exquisite studies, representing scenes of army-life in the troops he had just quitted, or village groups from Bohemia and Hungary, have occupied his time incessantly. A sagacious observer, wondrously sensitive towards the pic-

such ready sale, and get into the houses of people of undoubted culture. Millet and Breton may go begging for a purchaser, while light-hearted Italians and Castilians—Filosa and Rossi, Alvarez and Villegas—leap smartly into the highest and most undeniable places, with their shop-window display of fan-painting and pictorial *vernis-Martin*. The reason is not necessarily a want of intelligence on the part of the patrons of art; it is largely to be found in the conditions of modern social life. We seldom build picture-galleries in our homes, with sky-lights capable of flooding the place with sunshine. Our houses and their system of upholstery prefer a discreet half-tint for the rooms. It is inevitable, therefore, for the great majority of collectors, that a picture which adds a light to a wall, and shines partly by its own brightness, should often be



SELLING TICKETS FOR A CHARITY BULL-FIGHT.

FACE-SIMILS OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LUIS ALVAREZ.

turesque side of things, he prefers to make himself a reporter. It is to his credit that he has comprehended from the first how unfitted he was, both by education and temperament, for the invention of great military epics. In his whole series of pictures there is not a single work of imagination. He has learned from the contemplation of the Wouvermans and Van de Velde how much can be imparted in a small panel finished in the grand manner, and his ambition has restricted itself to the discerning treatment of reality. A long and delighted study of the "Hungarian Market" has induced this pleasant recapitulation of the facts of the artist's career, and begotten the desire to make the name of the Austrian Meissonier a more familiar household word in the western hemisphere.

In reviewing the rooms where these and other brilliant canvases are enshrined, we derive a wonderful impression of sunshine and splendor. Examining into the matter, we perceive that the selections are made with a particular meaning, and that a decorative one. Artists whose muse dwells continually in a poetic shadow, sometimes ask with dissatisfied hypercriticism why the pictures of the *butterfly painters* find

preferred to one which takes the eye into the solemn seclusion of a cave, and is illegible under the ordinary conditions of our homes. The more collections we visit, the more let us try to be catholic in taste. Nobody reads Milton and Wordsworth all the time; scholars of the most finished education are fond of unbending over the poems of Præd and Canning and Hookham Frere. Canvases and aquarelles such as furnish this sunny home are the *vers de société* of current art. At the same time, it is idle to accuse of mundane lightness a cabinet of pictures such as that which enshrines such serious works as the two Vernets, Alma-Tadema's "Queen Clotilda," Gérôme's "Gray Cardinal" and "Molière," and Fortuny's imperial "Lady of the Pince-Nez."

The ambition of collecting without contradicting the idea of social luxury and distinction, is shown in this gallery most harmoniously and consistently. The vivacity and interest of the subjects, the fashionable success of the painters represented, the gay and decorative character of the works assembled, make the *ensemble* singularly characteristic of the condition of the higher American society of the present period.

CATALOGUE OF MR. JAMES H. STEBBINS' COLLECTION.

AGRASSOT, J.—*Fortun's Studio.*

ALMA-TADEMA, L.—*Education of the Children of Queen Clotilda.*

ALVAREZ, LUIS.—*Hide-and-Seek.*

" " *Selling Tickets for a Charity Ball.*
Flight.

BAUGNIET, C.—*Curiosity.*

BEARD, W. H.—*View in the White Mountains.*

BERNE-BELLECOUR, E. P.—*The Love Token.*

BERTRAND, JAMES.—*Serenade in Rome.*

BICESTADT, A.—*Sunset in the Yosemite.*

" " *Mount Hood, Oregon.*

BONHEUR, A.—*Normandy Cattle.*

" " *R.—Ready for the Market.*

BONQUEREAU, W. A.—*Heinzing Between Love and Riches.*

BOULANGER, G. R. C.—*The Emir; Scene in Algeria.*

CANOVA, A.—*Capid and Psyche.*

CERVIL, J.—*The Disputed Picture.*

DAUBIGNY, CHARLES.—*Landscape.*

DE BARBERIN, T.—*Portrait.*

DE BEAUMONT, E.—*Temptation of St. Anthony.*

DECAMPS, A. G.—*Dog.*

DIEFFENBACH, A. H.—*Showering the Pet.*

DE MONTALANT, J. O.—*Pontine Marshes.*

" " *Naples.* [Italy.]

DE NEUVILLE, A.—*Hauling by the Captain, Brit.*

DE NUTTIS, J.—*Chinese Shop.*

" " *Confidences.*

DETAILLE, E.—*Scene of the Franco-German War.*

DETAILLE, E.—*Les Incroyables; Forest of St. Germain.*

FORTUNY, M.—*Portrait of Mme. Garcia.*

" " *Pifferari.*

GARDNER, MISS E. J.—*Portrait.*

GÉRÔME, J. L.—*L'Eminence Grise.*

" " *Molière Breakfasting with Louis XIV.*

GOUBIE, J. R.—*The Honors of the Foot.*

HERMANN, LEON C.—*The Country and City Rats.*
La Fontaine's Fable.

HEULLANT, A.—*Arcadia.*

" " "

HUGARD, CLAUDE.—*Early Summer.*

JACQUIN, A. L.—*Faust and Alphonsphelo.*

LELOIR, LOUIS.—*After the Supper One Must Pay.*

LOTH, H.—*Artist's Amusement During Carnival.*

MADRAZO, RICARDO.—*Vines, Granada.*

" " *Street in Granada.*

MEISSONIER, CHARLES.—*The Story of the Campagna.*

MEISSONIER, J. L. E.—*Captain of the Guard; time of Louis XIII.*

" " *The Silver Cup.*

" " *The Game Lost.*

" " *Ancient Armor.* Pen Drawing.

MICHIETTI, F. P.—*Child in the Woods.*

" " *Italian Children at a Fountain.*

PASINI, A.—*The Sultan's Escort.*

PETTENKOPFEN, C. A.—*Market Scene in Hungary.*

PORTAELS, J. F.—*Bohemian Cabin.*

RICHTER, ED.—*Gallery of the Louvre.*

RICO, M.—*Interior Court, Granada, Spain.*

" " *Boating Party in the Bois de Boulogne.*

" " *Washer-women at Peisy.*

" " *The Scene at Peisy.*

ROSSI, H.—*Olden-Time Midnight Amusements, Venice.*

" " *Pen-Drawing.*

" " *Sketch.*

ROWSE, S. W.—*Portrait.*

SAINTIS, J. E.—*The Two Oracles.*

SCHREYER, A.—*Winter in Wallachia.*

SIMONETTI, A.—*The Letter.* Pen-Drawing.

" " *Curiosity.* Pen-Drawing.

" " *Concert.*

TEN-KATE, H. F. K.—*Dutch Guard-Room.*

TROYON, C.—*Normandy Cattle.*

VANSUTILLI, S.—*Day-Dreams.*

VERNET, HORACE.—*The Original Study of "Judith."*

" " *Communism and Cholera.*

VERNET, E. L.—*Washer-women of Brittany.*

VIBERT, J. G.—*Scene at a Spanish Diligence Station.*

" " *The First-Born.*

VILLEGAS, JOSE.—*Bull-Fighters Waiting their Turn.*

WESSEL, O.—*Butterfly.*

WORMS, JULIS.—*Uncertain Weather.*

WYLLIE, R.—*Five Brittany Children.*

ZAMACOS, E.—*A Court Fool.*

" " *Laying Contributions.*



CUPID AND PSYCHE, BY CANOVA.
EXECUTED BY CHEVALIER YACOBINI.



Supper, 1878

SHOOTER, 1878

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

From the Original Painting in the Collection of Mr. August Schenck, 1878.

HARPER'S PUBLICATION



MARGUERITE LEAVING CHURCH.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY BARON HENRY LEYS.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. AUGUST BELMONT.



entering the commodious gallery, built expressly for the reception of pictures,—after passing a hall decked with busts of the Roman emperors, where Hadrian sports a toga of variegated marbles, in the taste of the sixteenth century, and another well-fed imperator wears a cuirass of *giallo antico*—we find ourselves among a collection in which the Teutonic schools naturally have a place of honor. Mr. Belmont has

been a generous friend of German, Dutch, and Belgian art, while he was among the earliest patrons of the Anglo-American Boughton, and brought over to this country at least two painters of merit,—the late Dutch marine artist, Maurice F. H. De Haas, and his brother. It is not surprising, then, to detect in the collection one of the rarest subjects by Baron Leys in this country, (the “Marguerite Leaving Church,”) a specimen of Ludwig Knaus, unexcelled

for variety and spice, (“Going to the Dance,”) an amusing genre subject by Benjamin Vautier, a brilliant *scène de mœurs* by Max Michael, and in general the well-known kit and budget of Düsseldorf or Antwerp anecdote-painting. But in another aspect, the catholicism of connoisseurship is displayed in Rothschild-like liberality, and covers the whole world of art with its generous tolerance. We find here, for example, some precious scintillations from the great gone lights of France—a small but thoughtful Delaroche, a Decamps, a Léopold Robert, a Horace Vernet, one of the few Héberts in America, and little master-works, “signed all over,” of Rousseau and Troyon.

The Meissonnier (about 12 x 8 inches) is of his highest quality; when that is said, it is clearly expressed that the subject is an interior scene, not a landscape, and that it is not one of his more recent pictures. The painting, in fact, is a little mellowed by time, but was never crude. The sweet golden air of home and comfort floats through this antique room, with its busts and screens and Louis Seize clock, and bathes the inhabitants with its ineffable aura of peace. An enormous dog—Meissonnier's own furry Algerian hound—is pitched head and shoulders at the spectator, in the foreground, as he lies in the steepest foreshortening, legs, tail and nose gathered together in a focus. Easels and stretched canvases

form the panels of the view; we are in the home of Van Loo or Vien, or one or other of the stately painters of ceremony; the furniture is rich and roomy, and doubtless the cut decanter breathes the aroma of some rich nectar. Two chess-players, with the fine skins, ready to wrinkle into the most meaning expressions, and the flexible Brougham-like noses, of French comedy, face each other over the board. In front, displaying his embroidered back, and the enormous skirts of his coat, sits the loser; the opponent who has posed him, with an expression of long-suffering endurance of stupidity, advances his head, and smiles into the aperture of his long pipe. An intensity of quiet—made emphatic by the attitude of the dog—has brooded for many minutes over the long move in the game. All these bits of expression which go to make up the little drama are accommodated in the art-motive, but none of them are forced in, in the Düsseldorf style. His painter's duty is what the artist is attentive to, not his story-teller's duty. The enameled inlay of embroidered coats and flowered upholstery, the quaint harmony of stiff straight chair-backs and mechanical-looking easels, a rigid black table-leg dropping exactly into the middle of the composition like an exclamation-mark, are the items which the composer is to harmonize into grace. There is naught of the feebly-flowing in his lines; all is well-supported, sturdy, yet elegant: the old Dutch schools have taught him this harmony of light and shade over burly material. Two quaint old-world figures, with speaking faces, focused over a drowsy yet vital trial of skill, that is the comedy; but the purpose is a serious and a difficult one, and the triumph is complete. The breadth of style in this small painting, the commanding sweep of brush,—more like elbow-work than wrist-work,—the temperately-rich mosaic of colors at the bottom of a bath of luscious and ambient air, these qualities burst forth from the limited inches of the picture, and make the painter-spectator sigh with baffled envy.

The "Slave Market" of Gérôme is one of that master's close, scrupulous transcripts of Eastern life, with conscientious narrative as of St. Augustine applied to licentious subject-matter as of Aphra Behn. Having seen the libertine horrors of the odalisque-market, the painter finds no nearer duty than that of transcribing them. His accuracy seems the fatal accuracy, without relish yet without shrinking, of some tranquil recording intelligence, poised in the air over the reeking pavement of the human market. Six spiritless women, seemingly without hope, without future,—certainly without shame or protest,—sun themselves along the wall of a bazaar, within which sits the shopman, patient as a spider in its lair, and faced by his pet parrot. Two of the captives are standing—one with a sleeping babe in a swaddle of cloths resembling a cocoon, the other a statuette of *cnnui*, stretching, clasping her lifted hands, and trampling on her garments, possibly in a weary dream of her Circassian hills. The rest are crouched and squatted against the wall, like debris that clog a gutter, in an absolute stagnation of intention or expectancy. Every *Namouna* vaguely expects a buyer, and vacantly speculates on his looks or his wealth; but for a career independent of that ownership she has no hope or care. They are all comely, and the artist exults in the mastery obtained by his incomparable

talent of drawing over so many confused and foreshortened attitudes. His pearl is the standing nymph at the left, with her tresses descending to the knee, her armet that is more than half a fetter, her tint of old ivory, and her sculptural delicacy of form, as of his own "Phryne."

Vautier's "School-Examination," a criterion specimen of an artist who shares with Knaus the glory of the Düsseldorf school in its best expression, represents a throng of ingenious types. The endeavor to capture a vanishing clew of thought, as the prize-girl stands facing her dominie and cannot quite find the answer, is a masterpiece of arrested intelligence. Around her, the tow-headed village children listen with apprehension or torture, fearing that the terrible question may pass to them. A whole children's-opera, with notes of profoundest misery gradually rising over the gamut to lightest mischief, is included in the frame of this dexterous picture. Benjamin Vautier, the artist, was born in 1829, went to Düsseldorf in 1850, and has remained one of the lights of the school.

"Going to the Dance," by Ludwig Knaus, is a superb example of the peculiar quality sought for—not color, perhaps, or *chiaroscuro*, or any of the traits of the greatest masters of all, but the comedy of manners in its liveliest scintillation. How true to nature is the blithe gladness of the little boy in front who spreads his arms, partly to express his sense of participation in the jubilee, partly to frighten the geese, one of whom turns to brave him, with inveterate animosity! How finely caught on the fly are the foremost urchins, who turn cart-wheels! True, the landscape embracing the figures, though decorative in its details as a stage village-scene, is not of a quality to shine among Hobbins and Ruissdaels; and the figures are not set into it with that identity of air and illumination which proves that the artist has studied them out-of-doors, not in the studio. With a painter like Bastien-Lepage, for example, the task before the eye is always to make a unity of tone and air between the personages and the landscape which embraces them; Knaus hardly thinks of this; some of his scenes, for example, have been duplicated, now with a landscape round them, now in a room, with no obvious change of coloring for the environment. But, when we study sympathetically the little farcical actors of this scene of manners, how quickly the ill-temper of the fastidious critic disappears, coaxed away in the royal good-humor of a stupendous burst of versatility and observation. You might as well have put on the critical spectacles when Theodore Hook was stirring up the whole contents of a drawing-room in one of his impromptu recitals. Here are children, understood and deciphered by one who comprehends what children really are. Here are the sad, seedy, respectable musicians in rusted black. Here are village girls dragging each other forward to the dance, pressing, crowding, eager, flushed and kissable. Here is the happy father, giving his little one a ride on his shoulders; and here, under the old city arch, whose patron statue can be none other than St. Vitus, comes a very lame man with crutches, bound for saltatory feats of daring with the rest, and determined to make his two sticks beat a measure worthy of the *diable boîteux*. All are infected with the spider that bites and incites to waltzing; the ragamuffins express themselves by turning



J. M. W. TURNER, 1840

SAVORY, GOSWELL & CO.

FOR SALE.

As part of the original collection of the collection of Mr. J. M. W. Turner, Esq.

1840. 1841. 1842. 1843.

wheels on the grass; the paunchy innkeeper steps merrily forward, with a beer-keg for his partner; the maidens tread a preliminary measure in the path,

And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Frisks underneath the burden of fourscore.

The late Baron Leys has left nothing finer than the "Marguerite Leaving Church," in this collection. His wizard-like power of throwing himself into the spirit of the middle age, so that Matsys's portraits seem to be alive again, was never exerted with more illusive effect; while the lighting and *ordonnance* of the scene,—the modeling, about midway between

watches with Mephistopheles through the bars which fence off the God's-acre of the sanctuary. This screened espial gives the impression of something furtive which belongs to his pursuit. Goethe has nowhere else been honored with such an illustration of his heroine as is found in this picture. Along with a realism which suggests the flesh-and-blood tangibility of Holbein's "Madonna Meyer," there is the exquisite classical symmetry of a John Bellini Virgin. Leys's consummate art has the cunning to sweep up all the accomplishments of modern attainment, all the knowledge of Greek statuary possessed by our age, and bear it triumphantly back to the environment of the fifteenth century. He has rediscovered



GOING TO THE DANCE.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LUDWIG KNAUTH.

the shadow-drowned style of his earlier period, and the hard stained-glass manner of his close—the masterly grasp of the whole composition, antique as a missal, actual as a photograph—these qualities combine to give the weirdest charm that is possibly attainable from the archaic style of painting. Here we have the side of a mediæval church, decorated with external wall-paintings, with little shrines, and with beggars. The transept door forms a gaping hollow in the midst, black and peopled with antique wimples and coifs, out of which emerges Marguerite, a "lily clasped in a missal when swart paynims pray." She supports Martha on her arm, and the rounded luxury of her fair young flesh is tightly clasped by ancient broadcloths made burly with embroidery. She turns toward Faust, not because she would look at him, but because he is placed on the side towards her aged companion, to whom she directs the large young pony of her watchful glance. The lover, an intellectual, slender knight of the crusading epoch,

that happy land where art, an unspotted flower, is just about to blow. His types have the dewy freshness of the gentian-bud. All that pre-Raphaelism boasts of, in the way of ingenuousness, is commanded here with the simplicity of perfect innocence, and with a frankness that lets it clothe itself in the masquerade of mediævalism without a suspicion of affectation. The procession of antique church-goers in this picture, from beggar to burgher, is a parade of types like those in the engravings of the "Little Masters," and preserves their astonishing vitality of impression. The blind and blanketed mendicant, who watches so keenly out of his sightless eyes as the worshippers approach the little shrine in the wall; the lounging lovers who spell out the decorative mural paintings forming a sort of metopes between the buttresses; the noble figure in the extreme foreground, like a young unwithered Erasmus, and his lovely wife, who crosses herself at the church-side shrine, with taper fingers like the aristocratic

fingers of Holbein's portraits; these characters are imprinted with the jeweler-like precision of the old illuminators, while they have that higher calm, that more perfect congruity, which satisfies modern criticism. Meantime the train of forms, which in one sense is fitted into the background of church-walls with the accuracy of mosaic, in another sense is freely and liberally moving in a bath of silver atmosphere, with heaven's own colors playing at will over the throng, and every vibration of air and light is kept in fullest sympathy, with all of the jealous care of the most accomplished landscape school. The united graces of such a picture sweep most of the range of nineteenth-century science and criticism.

moment break like spectres through the opaque and felt mists of the horizon. Altogether, this is one of the considerable Bonheurs that one is surprised never to have seen engraved.

A scene of exquisitely drawn puppet-horses and highly-vitalized little manikins is Detaille's "Souvenirs des Grandes Manœuvres." The incident of the picture is the practice with cannon from the brow of a hill, on whose summit a quaint old wooden wind-mill dominates the whole scene. Our sketch, in the artist's own autograph, depicts a group of the officers watching the firing. Their eyes are directed with a far-away gaze, and we can hardly imagine that the



RENDEZVOUS DE CHASSE.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ROSA BONHEUR.

Rosa Bonheur's "Rendezvous de Chasse" ($5 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ feet) is one of the important examples, so far as size and care go, of this lady's style. It is an early hour. There is a strong feeling of dew on the grass, and you pity the numb fingers of these amateur hunters, as the icy fogs roll up like silver sponges from the wet lands. The day will clear directly, however, and already the little lengthened shadows are streaked beside the tufts of grass, out of which the song of the last crickets will vibrate from among the dew-drops as though the moisture were audibly sizzling into dryness in the hot sun. This landscape impression, so genuine, fresh and candid, is unusually powerful for Mlle. Bonheur. Three horses are represented, and half a dozen huntsmen, grouped around a little smoking fire in the midst of the plain. The spotted dogs, tied two and two, are sniffing eagerly at imaginary burrows in the ground, while the nobler contingent of the party wait with chill expectancy for the comrades whose mounted forms every

fountain-like spurt of the gravel announcing the hit will be at a less distance than three or three and a half miles. This picture is one of Detaille's thronged and enumerated scenes, with every figure perfect as an effigy on a five-franc-piece. The officers on horseback, drawn up in a crescent on a hill, while enclosed by them is a mixed throng of infantry-soldiers and various city amateurs, volunteers and spectators, are individualized to the extreme of critical nicety. The picture, to have been invented before the day of Meissonier and Detaille, would have been rated almost as a miracle. I confess, however, that I can now never look at one of these unimpeachable scatterings of human nature over an unsympathetic panel, without a reminiscence of the *camera-lucida*, which it is said Detaille is very fond of using. This small goblin of a machine projects upon a canvas or a card-board a wonderfully brilliant but *fidgety* little image of the object in focus. The thing has all its native perfections, only strangely condensed together; it looks like



GROUP FROM "SOUVENIRS DES GRANDES MANŒUVRES."
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EDUARD DETAILLE.

the pin-pricked details of the Claude-Lorrain mirror, or like the troublesome little miniature in the wrong end of the opera-glass. It is all perfect, in one sense, but in another it is all fault. This violent compression of Nature, this determination to subject her to a squeeze, destroys the serenity of the impression in a degree that finally becomes tiresome. The rule of true art should be this: for every degree of your scale of reduction you should suppress some of the details; as your canvas gets greatly smaller, the sacrifice of minutiae should be greatly more determined, so as to keep parallel with that breadth of impression which Nature preserves in a healthy eye. When Nature makes her picture smaller, by distance, she keeps suppressing detail after detail, so as even to enhance that unity and breadth of effect which is her abiding charm. Art should imitate this, and always preserve a certain proportion between the scale chosen and the enumeration attempted. The little throng of artists who now-a-days minimize Nature, having begun by being very welcome and piquant, have continued by being slightly tiresome. Detaille is the best of his kind, and his crisp drawing is wonderful, but it is troubled with the mania of insisting on things, of bearing on all the time; through all its strange mastery of hand and neatness of crisp touches, we by-and-by detect the fatiguing presence of the *camera-lucida*, cognizant of everything effortlessly and mechanically.

Fromentin's "The Halt" (12×15 inches) has a crowd of silken Arab horses and burnous-wrapped figures studded over a hillside, beneath the square tower of a caravanserai. Scattering as is the theme, the artist is armed with a sort of compelling elegance, which continually sifts, and chooses, and discriminates, until the matter is reduced to a unity. There is a very lovely and high-bred manner inseparable from Fromentin,

whatever his topic; one seems to feel the man of culture, the poetic author, at the same time that one sees the trained pencil. To describe his painting-style, at once enameled and dreamy, one would say that his pictures seem to be painted on plaques of *pâte-tendre* porcelain, and then seen through a shallow ripple of limpid running water; thus does the image seem to fluctuate, as in a desirable apparition caressed just as it is vanishing, and thus, too, does it seem to be immutable in colors of glossy crystal. In this turbaned crowd, sown over the grassy oasis, the dreaming groups are individualized and provided with proper character, but they do not torment you to look at their grimaces, as do the groups begotten of the *camera-lucida*.

"The Miser" is by Alexandre-Marie Guillemin, born in Paris in 1812. This picture shows a cheap and sordid Harpagon, whose few money-bags are contained in a casket on a table. Fancying a noise, he turns short round, in an agony of fear at an interruption, scattering the coins from the open gunnybag he still mechanically grasps. His terrier is equally suspicious with himself, starts at the same terror, and doubtless at other times buries his bones with the same parsimony.

Johann Geyer, of Augsburg, is the painter of a lively and truly witty scene of "Baron Munchausen Relating his Adventures," a selection which coincides with the intelligent love of German art in its better phases we would expect to find in the



THE HALT.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. FROMENTIN.

present collection. The face of the narrator, with the traditional aquiline type and glossy toupee, is bathed in that gentle



BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. GREYER.

irradiating smile which carries the most prodigious arrows of the long-bow as if they were feathers. Immediately facing him at the tea-table sits a lady whom he has fixed in a rigid stare of horror; but the men standing or sitting around, in the periwigged comfort of the eighteenth century, absorb his inventions with delight as pure comedy, and the elderly deaf man at his elbow, pushing his wig sideways to clear his ear, listens with the air of an academician in lies discerning a prize. It is a singular fact that the adventures of Baron Munchausen, which we are apt to associate with German literature, were originally given to the world in our own language. A refugee in London, named Raspe, published the first three editions of the biography in English and in England, and it was only after the chorus of British laughter had pronounced its mighty success that the tale was given in German. The original English title has apparently been the inspiration of the present painting, for there we find, put forward on the very fly-leaf, the idea of the Baron's story being given "as he relates them over a bottle when surrounded by his friends," or words to that effect.

N. Capobianchi, a modern artist living in Rome, is the author of "The Slipper-Shop," a scene of high life in the past, where ladies of the old-time come to chaffer and deal with a gentlemanly shoemaker who attends them with Italian politeness of the ceremonious school. The delicate feet of the fashionable belles shine like blossoms on the waxed floor. Is this one of the convenient shops, like the shoemaker's rooms patronized by George IV, where a sighing Strephon may meet the dame whose pity is necessary to his survival? There is an atmosphere of gallantry pretty plainly scented about this

modish scene. La Guiccioli may have often stopped in her carriage at the door of the fashionable cobbler, who is silent and discreet, and whose motto is, "*Ne sutor ultra Crepidam.*" Something needlessly genteel about the resort makes one suspect that the elegant slipper-merchant's premises are arranged not only for female patronage, but for the visits of the *cicisbeo* who needs a commodious place for a rendezvous.

In Horace Vernet's "Storming of Constantina" we see an earnest of the fury with which the African conquest under Louis Philippe was conducted. These Frenchmen and Zouaves of Bugcaud find before them the pitfalls and traps of a warfare to which they have been unaccustomed before. The Algerians never knew when they were beaten; they made a fort of every house, from which they had to be stormed out piecemeal. The garden-walls, the roofs of houses, the shelter of narrow streets and passages, were all utilized by the African patriots as ambuscades, from which, with their Arab matchlocks, they poured out a murderous fire on the invaders. Every native, fighting for home and hearth, was an individual hero. Vernet's canvas, which is not large, may be accepted as a convenient representative of his famous battle-pictures. Without the trouble of estimating one of his panorama-like sheets of murder and sudden death, or of going so far as Versailles to inspect his pictorial glorifications of the Citizen King's vicarious campaigns, we see the measure of his ability in this portable specimen. It is spirited, doubtless, but perfectly conventional. The lay-figure look of the uniforms upon the

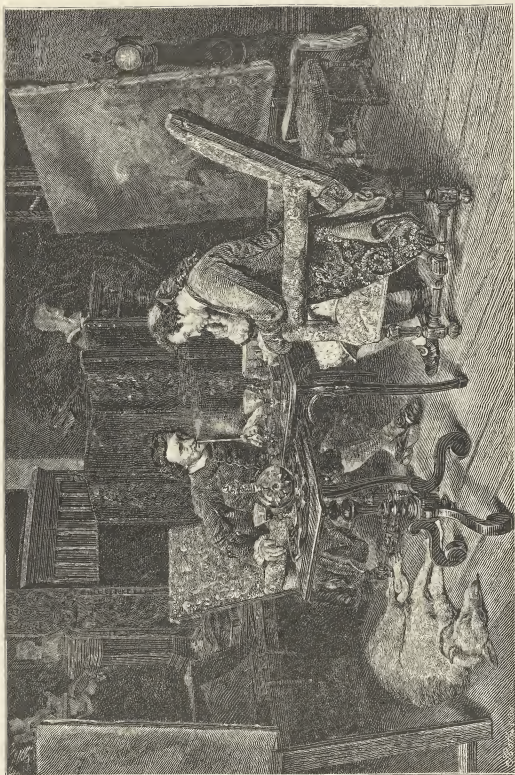


THE MISER.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. M. GULLERSTEIN.

bodies, the commonplace treatment of the atmosphere and landscape, the stogy enthusiasm of the troops, show a mind





THE CHESS-PLAYERS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. L. E. MEUNIER, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. AUGUSTE BELMONT, NEW YORK.

content to range within the limitations of the talents, without ever essaying the daring wing of the genius. Official painting has hardly ever been better done than by Horace Vernet; but who would be willing to be an official painter—who would voluntarily accept the hire and the obligations of a laureate?

The little carved Japanese slides in ivory, called *netsukes*, frequently give the motive which Firmin Girard makes use of for his "Japanese Toilet" ($3 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ feet.) In these delicately sculptured toys we constantly see the belle of Nippon at her toilet, undergoing the manipulation of the bath at the hands

not in the flat inlaid colors of the ordinary Japanese picture, but in our own full luxury of chiaroscuro, in our completeness of perspective, our science of color as affected by shadow and distance. The picture was to be a studio interior, with Japanese bibelots and Japanese figures for pretext; this being the artist's motive, it was little to him whether a Japanese beauty ever climbed the stairs of his atelier, in sash and socks and loops of hair, to apply for employment among his train of female models.

Louis Gallait, the most famous surviving Belgian artist, is



THE SLIPPER SHOP.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY V. CAPOBIANCHI.

of her maids, and shining in the natural hue of the ivory with the unveiled charm of her polished and slippery flesh. In M. Girard's painting we see not only the beauty, in her cold nudity as of the elephant's tooth, but the light-and-shade of the scene, the color and the environment. The lady of the mansion, in an interior which makes us sigh for the land where the best oriental bric-à-brac is only every-day furniture, is under the hands of her maids after the bath. While one of them arranges her hair, she touches the string of the native mandolin. The types of visage are as carefully arranged to match the Japanese physiognomy as is convenient in Paris, where models from that distant land are not for hire in the studios. Possibly a daimio would not find the faces perfectly national, but to us outer barbarians they seem as Eastern as possible, and besides, the preoccupation of the artist was for other qualities; he wished to arrange a subject of Japanese figures,

represented in Mr. Belmont's collection by two works, both being smaller duplications by his own hands of pictures more ambitious in size. "The Oath of Vargas" is a picture about $3 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in dimensions, and contains one of Gallait's well-expressed and epigrammatic condensations of a historic moment. The replica of it was seen until the late sale in the San Donato gallery. Vargas is known in legend as the sinister and repulsive familiar of the Duke of Alva, the sly priest who accompanied the Duke into the Low Countries, and by his counsels and inspirations stimulated a great deal of his cruelty. Here he is seen in function—eager, merciless, scrutinizing, persuasive, and suspicious. Dressed in his Dominican frock, he points with a crucifix lifted high in air to the Pietà in the tapestry, while he indicates the oath to a noble-looking functionary of Holland. Alva, sitting alongside in armor, watches with inexorable attention; a

companion-priest stands by Vargas' side, and the very secretary, who adds the name of the new adherent to his roll, is a priestly and popish servitor in friar's dress. It is a bitter moment for the stately Hollander, in his red mantle, presumably a magnate of Protestant sympathies and devoted to

stamped as on so many dies, are attached together like a string of seals, like the devices on a gentleman's breloques. Nature does not arrange her climaxes quite so obviously. We see, in the arrangement produced by M. Gallait, the old school of Delaroche once more, the dramatic ingenuity of M. Scribe.



THE CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINA.

ENGRAVED BY CHAPON FROM THE PAINTING BY HORACE VERNET.

the Prince of Orange, but obliged to renounce life and estate, and beggar his family, or else take Vargas' oath of fidelity to Alva and Charles V. In this touching and ingenious picture we see a certain amount of artifice and arrangement, it is true; the contrasted types meet in a knot, and afford an exaggerated luxury of antithesis; the hesitating recruit and his merciless superior—the priest who proselytizes by means of appliances of moral and physical torture—all lay their heads in contact, like assorted proverbs brought together in some kind of a game. Fanaticism and protestantism, persecution and hesitation,

Slightly artificial as it is, however, the theatrical school, when represented by such a master as Gallait, produces most impressive and affecting results. The artist's "Jeanne la Folle," "Jane the Lunatic," or "Juana la Loca" is here seen as a highly-finished water-color drawing by his own fingers. It is a tender, a most pathetic rendering of the legend. It has been a great favorite, and an exquisite line-engraving has long been popular, taken from this touching picture by Gallait. Mother of Charles V, this unhappy Queen of Castile lost her reason from grief at the neglect of her husband, Philip the Hand-

some, Archduke of Austria. On his decease, refusing to allow his body to be interred, she spent her days in caressing it, and caused it to be carried with her on her journeys. This sad story has been a favorite theme for modern Spanish painters. Pradilla's large canvas, at the last Paris Exposition, represented her holding a vigil by the watch-fires, while bearing the

shown in this composition, which in many respects deserves the world-wide spread of its repute. Gallait is seen here once more in a life-size oil-painting of the late Queen of Holland, —the friend of Motley, the friend of all intelligence and scholarship, and a lady for whom the present collector may be supposed to have entertained a most loyal regard. The



JEANNE LA FOLLE.

ENGRAVED BY BUTTERWORTH FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR BY E. GALLAIT.

cherished relics on a journey. Signor L. Valles, in a magnificent painting at the Philadelphia Centennial, represented the queen by the bedside of her lord, as in the present aquarelle of Gallait's. The Belgian painter delineates the infatuated widow clasping the dead hand to her bosom, as she kneels by her husband's side, abandoning for his sake the genuflexions at the *prie-Dieu* which is seen at the edge of the composition. The sceptre is laid close to the nerveless arm of the dead, as if to indicate that in her imagination he still ruled the realm of her spirit. Great mastery of grouping, a wonderfully alert invention of pathetic circumstances, are

portrayed, like the small "Jeanne la Folle," is seen in a narrow ante-room, fitted up with curious stag-horn furniture. The queen is represented as amiable and urbane, with that peculiar complexion of milk and lilies oftenest found in Holland, and with an aristocratic fineness of hands and *attaches* which has been a tempting pretext for the artist to caress his subject with the very finest blandishments and finesses of his pencil. Other pictures of note are hung in proximity to those that have been selected for illustration.

"The Savoyard" ($2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ feet) is an unfinished sketch in oil by Auguste Antoine Hébert, Director of the French

Academy at Rome in 1866. His pictures are rare in America, but in France the delicate tenuity of his types and style, and a languid intensity in his *motifs*, have made him the sympathetic friend of all who love emotional refinement, and preserved him a place comparable with Keats's place among us in literature. One would think the tender pictures of Hébert should always be chosen to hang by sick-beds. In the Luxembourg gallery are his "Malaria" and "Women of Cervaro." This homesick Savoyard, looking into your eyes and thinking of the Alps, seems to have been tainted with the same malady which affects the Cervaroles and the victims of malaria. He mechanically grinds his little lurid-gurdy, but the puppets, which it is his custom to set dancing with the cord fastened to his leg, have fallen ruinously at his feet. He wears the velveteen blouse,—tied round the waist with a twine,—the threadbare, blue cotton trousers of his canton, and a little useless cap is perched on his weary head. You see in the countenance one of those natures sometimes discovered among the poor, too delicate for their station, susceptible of culture and all elegant delights, but doomed to be stamped out inexorably by the world in its merciless battle with their frailty. It is well the painter has fastened down this portrait while there was yet time, for the lad will never grow to be much older. In the race for the survival of the fittest he will give way to the burlier and less precious type. This topic being given of an exceptional tramp, a youthful Beattie's Minstrel of the roads, it is interesting to see how much grace and distinction the painter contrives for him, without departing from the conditions proper to his station. The dark and lean face is full of elegance; the pose is one of unstudied, languid, frailest grace; the clothes hang upon the form as a becoming and picturesque costume. The picture, however, is a mere *ébauche*, the canvas around the figure showing its bare threads, merely rubbed over with a little bitumen. It is like lighting upon some incited sonnet of Shelley's, to discover this faint Shelley-like type in the freshness of the artist's first sketch, among American collections which usually know nothing of Hébert.

Delaroche is represented by one of his small preparatory color-studies—a religious subject. It is called "Christ the Consoler" (5×7 inches), and represents the Saviour, standing on the brink of an abyss, and surrounded by a few figures of weary and discouraged disciples. A young damsel leans powerless on his hand, while his right arm is leveled over her bowed head in protection and invitation. Two young men advance to the Redeemer, cowering and halting,—ready to fall into the gulf which opens at their feet,—and their backs bowed under heavy fardels. On the study is inscribed this text in French, from Isaiah, chap. xli, verse 13: "*Je suis le Seigneur ton Dieu, qui te prends par la main et qui te dis: Ne crains rien, je te protège.*"

Léopold Robert, celebrated for the beautiful series of harvest and fishing subjects representing the Seasons, is seen here in a small sketch, "The Gipsy" (14×18 inches.) Two figures are sitting by a wall, in a southern landscape. The picture is destitute of any extreme beauty, and resembles the Italian drop-curtain scenes of the period, as turned out by Vernet and Géricault. The interest, in fact, about the works

of Robert depends largely upon the personal fate of the artist. Like Haydon, like Baron Gros, like Marchal, this refined painter was a suicide painter. "The reason that Robert took his life," bitterly explains Alfred de Musset in a passage I quote from memory, "is that it costs two sous a day to live in Italy, and that Robert while there could not always find the two sous."

Decamps shows his firm and flashing hand in a little theme of "Italian Washer-women" (13×9 inches.) It is very broad in style, and seems to be a sketch from nature. With his thick, savory breadths of impasto he shows the keen steel-blue of an Italian river, of which the sky seems but a fainter copy—more as if the sky reflected the river than as if it was a river imaging the sky at second-hand. The women kneel on the brink and attend to their washing. This *ébauche* contains some useful lessons in laying on of paint, but is rather a prize for artists than for collectors.

Alfred Stevens has "The Student," a very beautiful specimen of his earlier and more unctuous manner. In this small example we see the serious *fonds* of the man, before Parisian frivolity took hold on him. The dark eagle-like profile of the young reader—a type like one's fancy of Abelard—is imprinted on a shield of sunshine cast upon the wall by the last rays of daylight, as the dark-robed scholar sits absorbed among his folios and lets the evening overcome him. Bonnat shows a little "Italian Girl" (9×14 inches,) in the costume of the Campagna. She is forgetting to beg, and half withdraws her hand, as she lingeringly looks at the spectator.

"The Twins," of Bouguereau, is a better specimen than the ordinary. These seem to be Chantrey's sleeping children, just before they were imprisoned by death, and took to sleeping, on tombs, the slumber that knows no waking. Here the sleep is dewy, vital, and warm. When a certain reservation is made of the well-known qualities of Bouguereau's style, this picture is seen to be truly meritorious, and quite beyond the need of any apology; the engraving from it is justly popular, for it is sealed with the stamp of real beauty. A line of exquisite and select grace is the line of silver which touches the silhouette of the little twisted form, as the light touches the mere outline of naked shoulder and thigh, leaving the greater part of the small curled mass of humanity in shadow.

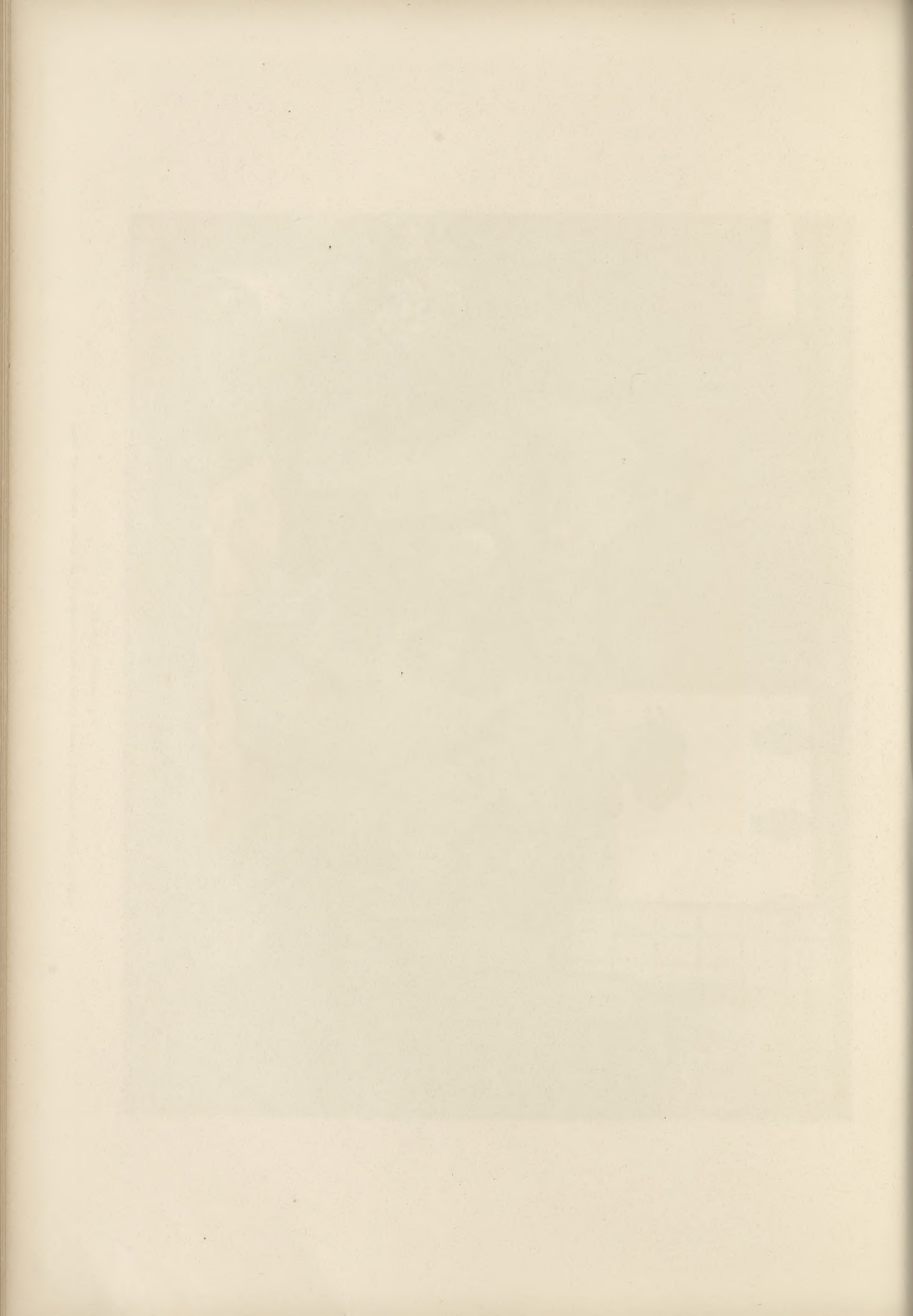
Merle, also, is seen at his best in this collection—"The Good Sister" having been painted in 1865, since which period he has been declining. A favorite topic of modern French art is this serviceable character of the eldest girl of some orphaned family, who is obliged to constitute herself the second mother of baby boy or girl, and thus experience the cares of maternity while still a maiden. Here we see a peasant daughter, herself almost a child, lulling to sleep a little infant in a ponderous cap, whom she hugs fondly in her arms. Her hair is blonde, her face in shade, and the quality of flesh in shadow is exceedingly fine for Merle. Time has been wonderfully kind to this canvas; its fifteen years of toning have given it a singular softness and harmony, and it indicates an artistic promise which has scarcely been fulfilled. Both these subjects are life-size.

The "Landscape," by Rousseau, (30×18 inches,) is a brim-



A JAPANESE TOILET.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FIRMIN GIEARD, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. AUGUSTE BELMONT, NEW YORK.



ming cup of savory richness; it is not necessary for a picture by this artist to be of large dimensions to confer the satisfying fullness of his genius. There is nothing slender or attenuated in the more modest canvases of the Fontainebleau painter. In the present example the sky preponderates; it is a vaporous blue firmament, so charged with mist that the cumulus clouds can hardly define themselves; the afternoon sun darkens them at bottom and illuminates them at the top. Beneath this reeking sky is seen a grove of bourgeoning oaks, which admire themselves in a little oval pond. What is insisted on is the roundness and sappy richness of the oaks, the compression and

the water. It is a legitimate study of the solid, burnished, silvery effect which broad planes of value have in nature when seen from a close standing-point. "Cattle Drinking" shows black-and-white cows standing to drink in the silvery water, up which small sail-boats are passing. All of these are the work of the landscape-painter rather than the cattle-painter.

"Evening" by Dupré (9×7 inches) shows the Constable-like flash of showery clouds, a stream to cut the fat clay of the valley, a distant windmill, and groups of placid cattle. "A Swiss Lake" (3×2½ feet), by Alexandre Calame, the famous mountain-painter of Vevey, reveals a deep Alpine tarn,



THE OATH OF VARGAS.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LOUIS GALLAIT.

fertile nourishment of a sky charged with streams of beneficent life, and what might be called the firm specific gravity of the sunshine. Nature, when at her richest, looks this way; at other times she shows rather the thin flash of the water-color.

By Constant Troyon there are three examples, showing the compass of his range. One, "The Water-Cart," looks like a mere decorative pastel—an embroidery-pattern kind of work which he was not too proud to make and sell occasionally on demand. It is elegant and ornamental, showing a bouquet of light trees that are graceful to the verge of prettiness, and an idyllic purling stream, beside which the silkiness of the white horse and the flash of the white shirt of the water-carrier who dips his bucket are arranged with a cunning sense of their becomingness. This motive might be eligibly worked in silks, on a canvas, for a sampler. Another, "Cattle," (4×3½ feet) is nearly all stream and sky, with a herd of a dozen cattle fording

made genial by its flash of intense blue light, and surrounded by mighty rocks, broadly and cleverly studied, without trées or other vegetation; of the three kingdoms of Nature, the animal and vegetable are quite discarded, to do honor to the mineral alone. Clays, the exquisite Antwerp painter, is justified by a beautiful "Marine" (5×3½ feet,) bright, positive and flashing; the sea is cut into luminous facets, and upon this chess-board water are inlaid and studded the sails, seen in perspective, of a half-dozen of fishing-boats and barges, held firmly upon the table of flowing glass. Overhead, the flattish breadths of gray cloud nearly obscure the blue of the sky. In this example the Belgian artist once more proves that he knows how to give to oil painting nearly all the sweet breathable diaphanous air, and transpiration of thin pale light, which belong more especially to water-color, and confer on it when well managed such airy virtue as it has.

Clays works like a painter of aquarelles, willing to make use of oil—as if he were a man in armor, determined to carry the weight of his caparison through feats of grace and lightness proper to a running courier.

"The Dismal Swamp," by George H. Boughton (14 × 10 inches,) shows a phantom canoe of whitest birch-bark, sailing through a twilight scene of waters and vapors and shadowy evergreens, and guided by one who holds a light. The sentimental clairvoyance of Moore's Indian ballad is perfectly reflected in this picture. It is noteworthy to find Mr. Boughton, while still in this country, illustrating a British poet: when he leaves us for England he illustrates American writers—Longfellow and Irving and Hawthorne. By his whole career, by his transplantation of American art-style into British soil, by

his loyal celebration of American authorship in a whole series of illustrative pictures, by his fidelity to the early lucid manner of painting, which, beginning with works like "The Dismal Swamp," progresses without inherent change, this cultured painter constitutes himself a gracious and welcome mediator between two civilizations.

The sculpture of Mr. Belmont's gallery includes family subjects, among which is the bust of Commodore Perry, the father of Mrs. Belmont, in marble, by Erastus Dow Palmer, the Albany sculptor; with ideal subjects, such as a standing "Musidora," by Fantacchiotti, of Florence; an "Odalisque Surprised by a Lizard," a crouching, almost nude, female subject, by Cito Tadolini; and a "St. John the Baptist," from the original by Pantalon.

CATALOGUE OF MR. AUGUST BELMONT'S COLLECTION.

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| ACHENBACH, A.— <i>The Old Mill</i> . | DELESSARD, E.— <i>A Rainy Day</i> . | MEISSONIER, J. L. E.— <i>Chess-Players</i> . |
| " " <i>Twilight</i> . | DELESSARD, A.— <i>Wild Ducks</i> . | MERLE, H.— <i>The Good Sister</i> . |
| " " <i>The Coast of Sicily</i> . | DE MISERGFONY, F.— <i>On the Seine</i> . | MEYER, LOUIS.— <i>Storm on the Coast</i> . Water-color. |
| BECKER, Q.— <i>Old Woman of Wuerzburg</i> . | DETAILLE, E.— <i>Rifle Practice</i> . | " " <i>Christ in the Storm</i> . |
| BELLANGE, H.— <i>Wounded Voltigeur</i> . | " " <i>Souvenirs des grandes batailles</i> . | " " <i>Marine</i> . |
| BELMONT, PERRY.— <i>Cattle, after Troyon</i> . Water-color. | DE WINTER, L.— <i>Coast View</i> . | NIJEN, N. J.— <i>View in Holland</i> . |
| BERG, F.— <i>Landscape</i> . Sepia. | DIAZ, N.— <i>Landscape</i> . | OMMEHANC, B. P.— <i>Landscape and Sheep</i> . |
| BIERSTAIT, A.— <i>The Burning Ship</i> . | DILLENS, A.— <i>Paying Toll</i> . | OUVEIR, JUSTIN.— <i>Amsterdam</i> . |
| BILLET, PIERRE.— <i>Brittany Peasant Girl</i> . | DUPRE, JULES.— <i>Evening</i> . | PALIZZI, J.— <i>Landscape and Cattle</i> . |
| BLIS, DAVID.— <i>Domestic Scene</i> . | FAIVRE, TONY.— <i>Going to Promenade</i> . | PIESMANN, V.— <i>Death-Find of William of Orange</i> . |
| " " <i>A Window</i> . Water-color. | FAIVELET, JEAN.— <i>The Promenade</i> . | PLASSAN, A. E.— <i>The Album</i> . |
| BONHEUR, ROSA.— <i>Rondeau de Chasse</i> . | FRACQUELIN, J.— <i>The Conventual</i> . Water-color. | RIEDEL, A.— <i>An Italian Woman</i> . |
| " " <i>Shepherd and Flock</i> . Sepia. | FRÉRE, E.— <i>Industry</i> . | ROBBE, L.— <i>Landscape and Sheep</i> . |
| " " <i>Highland Cattle</i> . "Mine de plomb." | FROMENTIN, E.— <i>The Hall</i> . | ROBERT, LEOPOLD.— <i>The Gipsy</i> . |
| " " <i>Sheep</i> . "Mine de plomb." | GALLAIT, LOUIS.— <i>Portrait of the Queen of Holland</i> . | ROUSSEAU, T.— <i>Landscape</i> . |
| BONNAT, LEON.— <i>Italian Girl</i> . | " " <i>Jeanne la Folle</i> . Water-color. | SAINT-JEAN, S.— <i>Flowers and Fruit</i> . |
| BONBOM, J.— <i>Church Interior</i> . | " " <i>Duke of Alba and Vergas</i> . | SCHIEFFOUCI, A.— <i>Winter Scene in Holland</i> . |
| BOUGHTON, G. H.— <i>The Dismal Swamp</i> . | GEROME, J. L.— <i>A Slave Market</i> . | " " <i>Winter Landscape</i> . |
| BOUGUEREAU, W. A.— <i>Mother and Child</i> . | GYREY, J.— <i>Baron Munchausen</i> . | SCHMIDT, E. A.— <i>The Veteran</i> . |
| " " <i>The Tiber</i> . | GIERARD, FERDIN.— <i>The Toilet</i> . | SCHREYER, A.— <i>A Wallachian Team</i> . |
| BRIAS, C.— <i>The Sportsman</i> . | GUES, A.— <i>The Antechamber</i> . | " " <i>The Halting Place</i> . |
| CALAME, A.— <i>A Swiss Lake</i> . | GUILLAMIN, A. M.— <i>The Mirror</i> . | SCHWARTZ, L.— <i>Head of an Old Man</i> . |
| CAPONGANCHI, N.— <i>The Slipper-Shop</i> . | HAYS, W. J.— <i>Dogs and Game</i> . | STEVENS, A.— <i>The Student</i> . |
| CHAPLIN, CH.— <i>The Dove</i> . | HERBERT, E.— <i>The Savoyard</i> . | TAIT, A. F.— <i>Game</i> . |
| CHAVET, J. W.— <i>The Letter</i> . | HEERLIGERS, A.— <i>Dutch Interior</i> . | THOMAND, A.— <i>Grandfather's Story</i> . |
| " " <i>The Billiard-Room</i> . | IRVING, J. B.— <i>The Wine-Taster</i> . | THAYER, J. B.— <i>Morning Hours</i> . |
| CLAYS, P. J.— <i>Marine</i> . | " " <i>A Portrait</i> . | TRIVON, C.— <i>Cattle Drinking</i> . |
| COURANT, M.— <i>Coast View</i> . | JACQUE, CH.— <i>The Rock</i> . | " " <i>Cattle Grazing</i> . |
| DAUBIGNY, C. F.— <i>Morning—Landscape</i> . | JACQUET, G.— <i>The Return from Market</i> . | " " <i>The Water-Cart</i> . |
| DECAMPS, A. G.— <i>Italian Washer-women</i> . | JOHNSON, E.— <i>Young Sailor Boy</i> . Crayon. | VAN HOF, H.— <i>A Flemish Tavern</i> . |
| DE HAAS, P. F. H.— <i>The Shipwreck</i> . | " " <i>The Picture-Rack</i> . | VAN MARCKE, E.— <i>Landscape and Cattle</i> . |
| DE KEYSER, N.— <i>Marino Faliero and Angelina Receiving the Sentence of Sena</i> . | KNAUS, L.— <i>Going to the Dance</i> . | VAUTIER, B.— <i>Shoot-Examination</i> . |
| " " <i>Milton Dictating Paradise Lost</i> . Water-color. | KORCKOE, B. C.— <i>Landscape</i> . | VERNET, H.— <i>The Storming of Cairo</i> . |
| DELA ROCHE, P.— <i>Christ the Consul</i> . | KOELMANN, J. D.— <i>Landscape and Cattle</i> . | VILLEGAZ, JOSÉ.— <i>Spanish Scene</i> . |
| | LEYS, BARON H.— <i>Marguerite Loucheb Church</i> . | VOILLEMOT, C.— <i>Fiera</i> . |
| | MADOU, J. B.— <i>The Taper</i> . Water-color. | WILLEMS, F.— <i>The Artist</i> . |
| | " " <i>The Latest News</i> . | WYLLIS, W.— <i>Landscape</i> . |
| | " " <i>Old Friends</i> . | ZIEM, F.— <i>Grand Canal, Venice</i> . |



J. L. MEISWONER. FUG.

GRAYSON. SCULPTOR & CO.

THE TWO VAN DEVELDEES.

BY J. L. MEISWONER.





THE NIGHT-WATCH AT SAMYRA.
ENGRAVED BY FAUVET FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. G. DECAMPS.

THE COLLECTION OF MISS CATHARINE LORILLARD WOLFE.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY A. HAMEL.

UPON one of the prettiest and brightest and smallest of the New York city parks fronts a large double building, of the kind that would be called *hôtel* in Paris or *palazzo* in Florence; the interior of this mansion flows over with choice curios that have been harvested from all the World's Fairs of Europe. In the hall of entrance we are greeted by a pair of life-size bronze figures, bearing lamps, and presenting the similitude of patient Nubian slaves; one a severe and melancholy down-looking youth, the other a full-lipped maiden—both almost nude, and imposing from the unprotected dignity of their elegant forms: they were modeled by Toussaint, and but a single other pair of the size were ever made, these others being now in the old world. This sumptuous home shelters the collection we are now to ex-

amine. There is no gallery built expressly, but the suites of rooms are very brilliant, and in no degree affected by the stuffiness of modern British household decoration: light is at command for the full display of all the treasures of art within. Evidences of the most advanced "collectorship" are everywhere visible, expressed in ivories, enamels and faience; their usefulness is to give a home-character to the interior, and take away from the public-gallery or museum air which might otherwise be conferred by walls so completely covered with canvases. A little living curiosity soon makes his appearance as the visitor enters, and seems aware of his own high price as a specimen of bric-à-brac; this is a compressed black-and-tan terrier, no larger than many a yet-blind kitten; he gravely takes his place as cicerone or custode, by leaping from one costly bibelot to another until the chimney-shelf is attained; when safely mounted, he flashes his beady eyes upon the visitor making his tour of inspection, and with edifying seriousness over-looks the humbler expert on his rounds, from that giddy and disproportionate height.

A large and famous picture hangs on the principal wall of the drawing-room, forming a centre and facing the small and glossy dog, to which, or to whom, it forms a diametric

opposition. This is "The Shulamite," by Cabanel, a figure of life-size, all alone in the composition. She sits in modern Eastern fashion, cross-limbed on the ground, and leans her attentive face, with its upward-rolling eye, on one slender and flexible hand, which seems soft and movable enough to bend back at will and touch the wrist with the nails, like the trained hand of an Indian Nautch-girl. The type of beauty is quite oriental, and the dark eyes seem to be bordered with cosmetic. It is a figure of rapture, of longing, of listening ear and wide tear-drowned eyes: devoured with passion and the keen agonies of hope, the Shulamite crouches by the door, and listens like a watch-dog. She pines for the reassuring accents of her Beloved. The gauzes fall from her bosom,

sentimentality, from which all profound thought or spirited manipulation has vanished. "The Shulamite" was painted for the Paris Salon of 1876.

By Cabanel, also, is found a large and thorough piece of work, exhibiting this popular artist in one of his favorite specialties, as a painter of portraits. It is the likeness of his patroness, seen nearly full length and of the size of life. He has exulted in the expression of highly-bred refinement, of attenuated elegance, such as will be found in their highest manifestation in one of our select American types. The careful and accurate modeling of the hands, disposed in a posture of the most perfect grace, and comprehended in all their expressiveness of cultured gesture, makes these details more of



MORNING.

ENGRAVED BY THOMAS FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY C. F. MARCHAL.

and the rose-petal nudity of the feet, the supple exposure of the arms, tell of the warm ennuis of sun-baked lands. Rich accessories surround the sacred odalisque and show that it is a life of palaces and cedar chambers that she leads. Whatever *chefs-d'œuvre* of textile luxury have been invented by Hiram, king of Tyre, in his royal schools of art-needlework, "of divers colors of needlework on both sides," are imported into the Judean capital for the honor of the chosen spouse. There is oriental bareness and simplicity in the scene, but there is also luxury in the objects actually included, and we seem to be admitted to a corner showing the civilization of the Golden Age of Lebanon, under the wise rule of King Solomon. The charm of the theme, and the enlightenment of the painter in every device of pictorial delicacy, have not prevented this picture from sinking into that nerveless weakness characteristic of Cabanel's decline; here is a voluntary softness of touch that seems unsexed; a melting of human flesh into glutinous deliquescence, unbraced by bone, and, in the conception itself, a boudoir elegance, a Lallah Roolah

a picture in themselves than many a subject complete from head to foot. The attitude is a standing one, as of a hostess receiving guests. The pose is full of flexibility and pliant, willowy grace, entirely American in its distinction and sensitive responsiveness. The dress is a scarcely ornamented white satin, and reveals the throat in a deeply-pointed opening of heart-shape; this robe falls with the grace, and shines with the lustre of a Terburg gown or a Watteau mantle, and is softened around all its edges with rich dark-gray borderings of fur. Such a work of character-interpretation and technical ability is fit to go down to posterity, not only in the family portrait-gallery which illustrates a pedigree, but in the civic museum which records the national character of a period.

A novel ambition must have stung the skillful painter of genre, Ludwig Knaus, when he executed the large and ambitious "Holy Family" ($3 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ feet), which is included in this collection. The Madonna is a sitting figure, the Saint Joseph is removed to the background with the patient animal which has borne the destinies of Christendom; the theme, to



A. DUPONT - 1884

Copyright 1884 by A. Dupont

ALEX. CABINET 1884
GRAVURE 1884

THE SHULAMITE.

Painted by A. Dupont in the collection of the Baroness de Rothschild

BANK'S PHILADELPHIA



J. M. W. P. 1840

Copyright 1840 by J. M. W. P.

W. VERELSTEDE, D. 1840

THE HOLY FAMILY.

From the original painting in the collection of His Majesty the King, and now in the possession of the Earl of Pembroke.

BARRE, PHILADELPHIA.

be definite, is a "Repose in Egypt." It is a night-scene, with a crescent-moon and a special supernatural illumination around and above the group, where the dark background bursts out with a swarm of little cherubs resembling Cupids. One ambitious small angel, with the confident love that casts out fear, stands on the hem of the Virgin's robe and clasps his adoring hands on her knee, as she withdraws the veil from the serene and royally smiling infant. Rolling through the clouds, like the wreath of genii in Titian's "Assumption," are the descending festoons of cherubs, hesitating, capricious, approaching or receding, half-afraid of the mystical *aura* which plays around the miracle-babe. Behind, the faithful guardian, Joseph, retaining the ass's bridle in one hand with practical instinct, lays the other on his breast and looks

of its effect as a work of art to convert it into an article of furniture. The date of the painting is 1876.

There is a smaller specimen of Knaus in the collection which lets down the fancy briskly from the solemn heights of sacred history. It is a gem of purest orient, flashing with all that is most original and penetrating in the artist's peculiar line of observation. A beldame is sitting in a gloomy crypt, of dark and ponderous architecture, like the prison-scene of *Trovatore*. She is the captive of her affections; and her affections are centered, with an old witch's persistency, on the cats to which her social circle is now reduced. Perhaps, in some youthful love-tragedy, she has learned to renounce human passion, and has given up the current of her uncontaminated affections solely to feline favor. As she sits in her



EVENING.

ENGRAVED BY THOMAS FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY C. P. MARCHAL.

up with rapturous fixity of vision at the pretty dove-like swarm—one would think he saw the mighty archangels of the celestial cohorts, rather than a gambolling bevy of half-mischievous genii; but a devout soul can create its own food for contemplation, and we mere earthly critics looking at the picture ought to feel that where we see Cupids he sees Uriels and Michaels. As the artist has painted it, however, we must be content to discern mere repetitions of Knaus' usual studies of agreeable low-life in this willfully religious picture. Knaus, as we should expect him to do, insists in his conception of the Madonna upon her peasant derivation, and makes his originality in this reminder of the proletarian sources of Christianity. For the rest, his Mary is a simple, broad-faced, rustic German beauty, the Babe and any one of the angels are as like as twins, and the faces are the happy faces we have seen all along in his pleasant wedding scenes and *kermesses*. It has been deemed necessary to cover this elaborate picture with a pane of glass, thus converting it, in most lights, into a mirror, and depriving it

cellar, the animals concentrate upon her in a swarm. Sleeping despotically in her lap is a nearly white tabby, whose royal pleasure prevents her from stirring; on one shoulder perches a kitten; before her are other kittens, to the number of half a dozen or more, engaged at play around a dark seated grimal-kin. One small ball of fur and claws flies quite through the air, and is about to alight on another luxurious little Sybarite extended on its back with its legs stretching in every direction; another inexperienced and feeble-minded kitten, with its soul in imperfect equilibrium, leans up so much against the old tabby as to be out of all balance, so much, in fact, as to rear its top-heavy form sideways upon that maternal support like a toy-image of a kitten rearing against a wall to dry. Such minute and genial appreciation of the cat character, such philosophical penetration into its native Epicureanism, has hardly been shown by man before. Knaus in this picture treats the cat like a lover, like a student, like a translator.

One of the large and spiritually-elevated subjects of Jules Breton represents a "Grand Pardon" (7 x 4 feet) in Brittany.

Painted as it is in exquisite religious sympathy and full harmony of faith, this work of the Christian painter ranks with his exquisite "Benediction of the Harvests" in the Luxembourg. "Pardon," a term which is known to our luxurious city populations only as a picturesque title-word in the opera of *The Pardon of Ploërmel*, is of all others, in Brittany, the word of most eventful significance. Each little country church in the department, being dedicated to a particular saint, has its saint's day coming round once in the year, on which occasion a grand mass is performed, and pilgrims flock in from many miles around. On that day the Patron works his special miracles, the waters of the sacred well beside the chapel

The attendants of the church sell tapers of spurious wax to anxious penitents, and there are plenty of indigent old women who will offer for a consideration to go all around the church on their knees, holding a burning candle and reciting prayers in your favor. The picture shows the principal phenomena of this quaint and homely piety. The fine old men who precede the Host are truly those devout and simple-hearted Breton patriarchs, in the dress that was worn when Charles the Second escaped to the French coast, with the puffy *bragou-bras* or breeches, the violet jacket with a chalice or a crucifix embroidered on the back, the cloth gaiters on stockingless legs, the curled hair dancing on the shoulders, and the clean-



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE TOREROS.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES WORMS.

become healing, statues grow efficacious or bleed when pricked with a needle, parents bring bottles to secure holy water for the invalid child at home, praying beggars collect from all Brittany, and will recite endless prayers for a penny, and often the most prodigious crowd and the greatest ecclesiastical lustre are concentrated on the tiny church which, for the remainder of the year, is the obscurest. The limited edifice becomes absolutely annihilated in the teeming throng of its congregation. Its pavement disappears under the knees of the worshipers, and its holy precinct is ideally extended far up the neighboring hillside, as the participants kneel for mass all over its enclosure of ancient graves and feel that they are bending before its altar. The procession of the Host takes place around the exterior of the building, as is seen in the picture. All round the church, meanwhile, is seen a quadruple or five-fold line of flexible wax fuse, which slowly surrounds the edifice with a traveling spark of fire as it burns away its little flame during the progress of the ceremonies.

shaved faces that seem types of the primitive apostles. All the treasures of the sacristy are brought out for the grand anniversary, and the saint of the place produces his rarest banners, his most ancient crucifixes, and the showiest monstrosity to contain the sacred wafer; the latter is seen in the picture just emerging from the portal. Happy is the *Bretonne*, the fishing-girl from Concarneau, the poultry-wife from Quimper, the sailor's widow from Brest, in her yellow cap of mourning, who can kneel in the direct line of the procession, and see the flame of her taper wafted with the wind of it. Mothers teach their heavily-capped infants to hold the penitential wax, as we see at the left of the composition: near by, a little girl, whose light has been extinguished by the tottering motions of the oldest man who passes, is anxiously relighting her taper at the candle of the nearest girl; all the women drop on their knees as the pageant approaches them; and, at the proper moments of the chant, we might see the whole hillside appear to grow lower and to become a sinking bank of white caps, as the



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A GRAND PARDON IN BRITTANY.

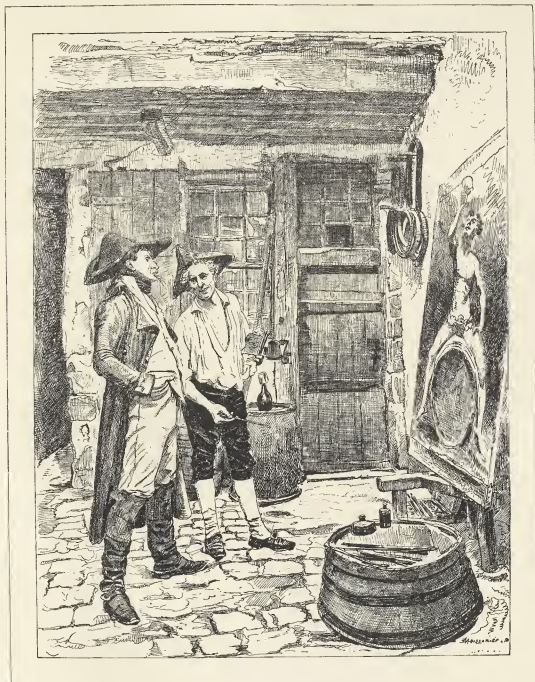
From the Original Sketches in the collection of the National Gallery, London.

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heads are bowed over the bending knees. These snowy or (in case of widowhood) saffron-colored *coifs* are the distinguishing geographical mark of origin, and, with minor differences of dress, suffice to draw the map of the whole crowd's geograph-

rather one of those successes which are demonstrable and susceptible of proof than of those which strike straight to the heart. The picture is beautiful, but it is less beautiful than the "Bénédiction des Blés." It is somewhat of a curiosity



THE SIGN-PAINTER.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR BY J. L. E. MEISSONIER.

ical distribution. A more crowded composition has hardly ever been painted than Breton's "Grand Pardon;" the difficulty of arranging such an immense multitude is for the painter very great, because on the one hand he feels an individual interest in all his figures and is tempted to dwell on them, and on the other hand he feels that they ought to melt into the distance and become generalized, even as the foliage and other objects in distant landscape, and it is much harder to generalize human figures than items of scenery. His success is great, but it is

and *tour de force* of vanquished difficulties, and the very admiration excited by so much variety and individuality distracts a little from the tranquil and thoughtful impression desired.

A smaller example of Jules Breton than the "Grand Pardon" is the beautiful single-figure picture of a little "Peasant Girl" (18 x 24 inches,) seated at the base of a leaning apple-tree trunk. The small creature has abundance of country simplicity and grace, while the treatment of flesh in shadow,



MAID AT THE FOUNTAIN.
ENGRAVED BY FAUST FROM THE MARBLE STATUE BY A. SCHIENKOWSKI.

as evidenced in the face, the bare crossed feet, and the little brown hands busily knitting away, is in perfect harmony. The figure-study is successfully planted within the landscape-study; one feels that the same tempered daylight plays over both.

That dramatic Munich painter, Gabriel Max, is represented by "The Last Token" (5 x 8 feet,) a specimen quite as important as the other large Max owned in this country—the "Anatomist" of Mr. Demas Barnes. The "token" is a rose, dropped by some lover at the feet of a girl-martyr as she marches to her fate in the Coliseum. Just as the doomed maiden staggers along through the groups of wild beasts that will presently pull her piecemeal, just as she stretches forth a bare brown arm for support against the rough wall of the arena, a dewy blossom falls before her footprints in the sand: this is the "farewell token," the final message of human love coming at this supreme instant to beguile her thoughts from their journey to an imminent heaven. At the right, the tiger prowling towards her from his cage is distracted for a moment by the new expression in her eye; he has kept his green glare steadily fixed upon her motions, and it is a piece of keen observation in the painter to make his faultless instinct recognize the divine climax figured in her glance, and pause before it. On the other side a wretched blood-licking hyena is intercepted for the instant by a jealous leopard, as he advances

to sup gore and laugh in his slavish way. On either side the tragedy of her life is thus kept in abeyance for a single fateful second, while the perfumed missive is delivered at her foot. "Ein Grus!" writes the painter at the bottom of his picture, near his artist sign-manual. Intensely dramatic is this impromptu battle of ideas, this wild conflict of prepossessions. Earthly love, jealous of heavenly love, puts in its enthralling claim at a moment when its history would seem to be over, and its page closed forever. "In vain doth Heaven, contending, with rival claims oppose me," sings the haughty Spanish



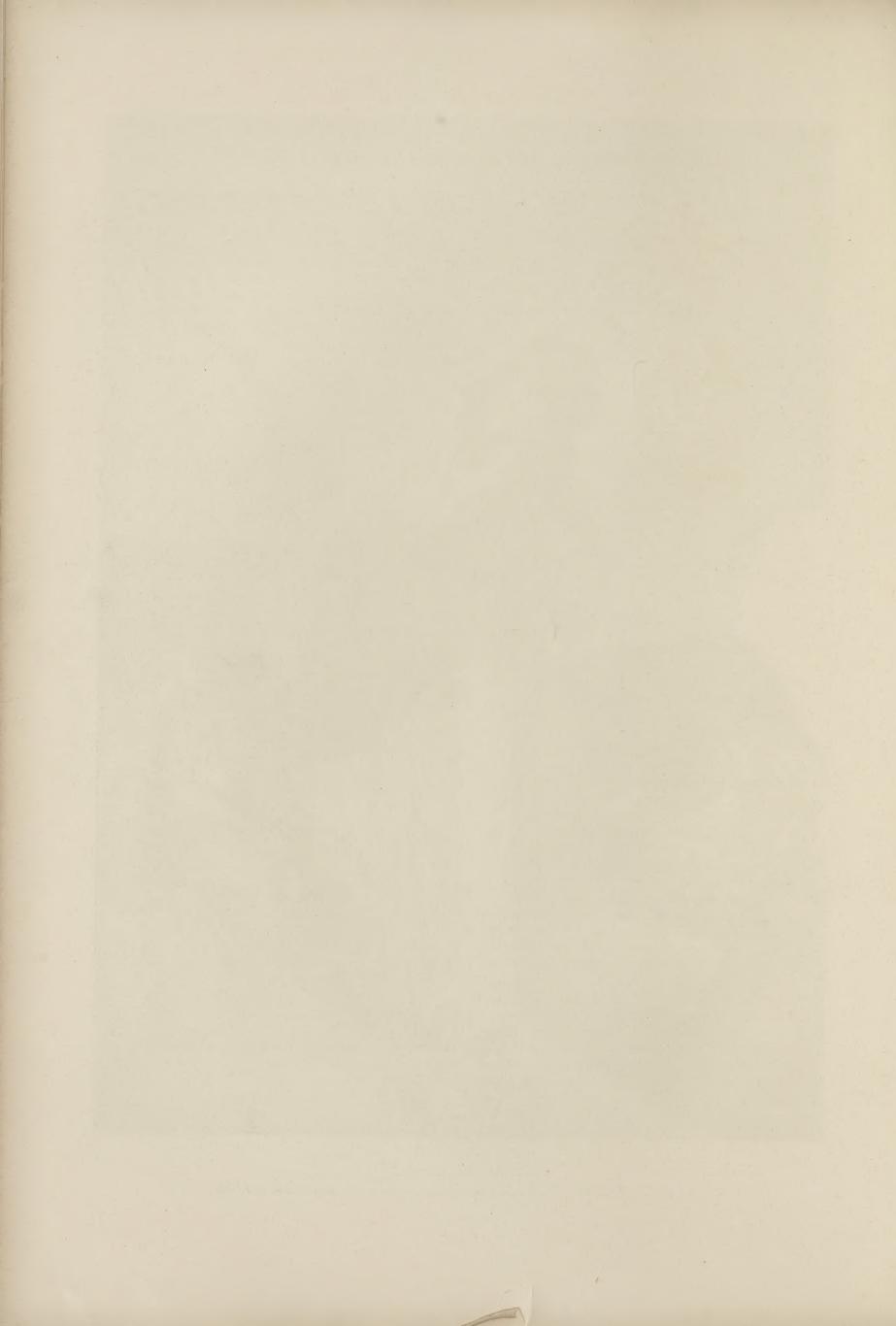
THE BOY OF ABRUZZI.
ENGRAVED BY SHEPSON & TILLY FROM THE MARBLE STATUE BY A. L. ALLAN.

lover at the convent door, in *Trovatore*. The sentiment here is the same, the Roman lover is equally importunate. The



THE LAST TOKEN.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GABRIEL MAX, IN THE COLLECTION OF MISS CATHERINE WOLFE, NEW YORK.





FIGURES FROM "THE STORM."
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY P. A. COT.

stroke has told, and the eager searching glance of the maiden seeks among the ranks of spectators the one face that sympathizes, forgetting for the instant her martyrdom. Directly this human look will be changed for the martyr's absorbed and collected ecstasy. The will of bloody Rome will be wrought out fully, and before the rose shall wither, its dewy leaves shall be washed with her blood. And then this simple unknown girl, till now nameless, obscure, plebeian, will rise to be one of the princesses of the Church,—her name will be sung in canticles for two thousand years, her relics will work miracles, her grave will be sought from the corners of the world, her sharp agony will purchase an immortality of Christian renown.

One of the admirable pictures by Meissonier in the collection represents "The Two Van de Veldes." The very spirit of Dutch art, in its most faultless culmination, seems to have animated the pencil that achieved this scene. The blonde complexions, the light hair shaken loose, the worthy and sincere characters of the two painters here laboring in a pleasant partnership of ideas, are completely Dutch; and the pure Holland types are interpreted in the pure Holland truthfulness of impression, with temperate and reasonable illumination and composition, and detail carried just far enough, in the admirable manner of Jan Steen. The chair, the plain carpentry of the easel, the panel cradled at the back, the carved cabinet supporting a *gris de Flandre* pitcher, a mandolin, and a simple helmet descended from the wars of Prince Moritz, are all in perfect keeping. The very paint-brush that has rolled into the foreground assists the composition and connects the grouping with its line. The father, coming in in hat and cloak as an interested and experienced adviser, and contemplating his son's performance from the near point of view demanded by the Dutch style of painting,

is a figure of pure nature, familiar, business-like; and the son's look of partial misgiving, as he narrows his eyelids and jerks back his tow-head for a comprehensive review, is full of Dutch phlegm and patience. We can understand the technical completeness of the school, when we thus see how a beautiful craft is nourished in the heart of the family, and experience transfused from parent to offspring. The scene in Meissonier's mind will have occurred prior to 1675, as in that year the elder Van de Velde removed to England; he had been a sailor in his youth, and the knowledge of the sea shines forth in his style and the style he taught his son. Both artists excelled in marine subjects.

M. Meissonier is also represented in Miss Wolfe's collection by a "Road near Antibes," a composition delineating a cavalry officer and his adjutant on gray horses. The scenery is characteristic of the country in the neighborhood of Nice, and the figures are discriminated with the master's well-known delicacy in power, refinement in the midst of breadth, a limited touch expressing itself in style naturally large.

By this artist is "The Sign-Painter," an amusing scene of art for the million. The costumes of the self-satisfied sign-painter and critical landlord indicate that it is under the Consulate. The old and old-fashioned artist has gone on painting his one idea, his Bacchus in the style of Boucher, on the signs of countless inns, while the face of Europe has been changing,—elaborating his festive commonplace again and again, while monarchs have been beheaded, and the streets



THE MUSICAL CARDINAL.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THE AUTHOR, T. ROBERT FLEURY.

of Paris have run with wine of human blood, and the First Consul has been packed off to Egypt to do a little conquering

there, and be got out of the way of his rivals—through these considerable chops and changes our smirking artist has gone on believing that the height of glory consists in painting Bacchuses in the attitude of a capital A, and setting his mighty conception swinging before the doors of country taverns. To the present patron he explains his picture for the hundredth time. The provincial Boniface criticises it, not too flatteringly lest the artificer should be elated overmuch, but thinking in his heart of the glorious effect his Bacchus

an unctuous scheme of harmonies. There is nothing thin, nothing cartoon-like, nothing of the water-color quality, in the painting. The artist gets, out of old Van Eyck's invention of oil-vehicle, the utmost savor and weighty richness of which it is capable, and flaunts his substantial impasto in the face of the shriller notes that are obtained by painters in distemper, in aquarelle, or in pastel. No method of painting but oil could give this ponderable tremulousness of potable gold in the atmosphere. In this air of evening sweetness the



DEPARTING FOR THE PROMENADE.

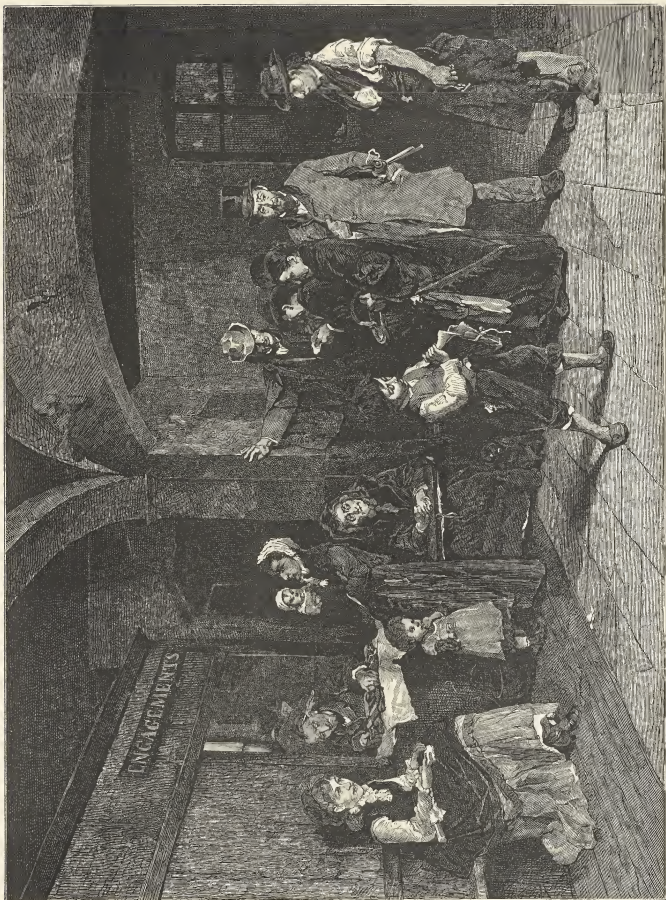
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY P. WILLEMS.

will have, swinging upon the road, when the heroes of the Pyramids come marching by from their Bacchus-like expedition to the East.

One of the glories of the gallery is the example of Decamps, unexcelled for quality among the specimens of Decamps in America. It is not large, being perhaps three feet across, and represents "The Night-Watch in Smyrna." The superb horsemanship with which the captain of Spahis sits his beautiful barb, the perfection with which his posture is made to partake of the animal's action, the emphatic advance with which the band breaks in upon the lounging figures of an Oriental city, passing across the view like embodied Motion, constitute this one of the most satisfactory and gratifying transcripts of Eastern life in the range of art. The color plays richly and suavely over the composition in

watch for the night, just marshaled for its relay, begins to go its rounds. An amber shadow, a twilight thickening of the air, commences to creep over the stucco-walls of the rich Eastern mart—and with what ease of style, what legerdemain, the painter attains his expression of light and heat! Among these walls painted with sunset, among the glittering latticed houses, the lazy crowd separates for the equestrian captain, as he shoots through the avenues on a spirited horse, this officer haughtily riding first in a dazzling Arnaut dress, and the suite running on in his train.

"In the Mosque of Amrou," by Gérôme, is a faithful and interesting traveler's record, rather than a beautiful painting. It would be hard to find a more painstaking, thorough-going specimen of his useful photographic talent. "In the Mosque" is a picture specially interesting as being a clear, accurate



WAITING THEIR TURN AT THE PAWNBROKERS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY MICHAEL MUNCEAST, IN THE COLLECTION OF MESS CATHERINE WOLFE, NEW YORK.

representation of the oldest religious edifice in Cairo. The Mosque of Amrou is a specimen of mediaevalism even for the architecture of Islam, and takes us back towards the epoch of Mohammed himself. It was built in the first century of the Hegira, and is both a monument without superior for intrinsic interest in the whole capital, and one of the first relics constructed by Mohammedanism as a trophy of its conquests. The interior presents an aspect of bareness

depends are traced from the feet up to the head with a perfect sense of weight and dependence of parts. It is a hard thing, in art, to make a figure stand well on its feet, and modern practitioners are often faulty in this respect, not only when painting pictures, but, what is still more inexcusable, when carving statues. There are multitudes of other personages standing in adoration, and collecting in a dense throng at the left. Relieved against this richly-draped crowd is a curious



HOMAGE TO BEAUTY.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. TOULMOUCHE.

and simplicity, and the architecture makes demonstration above all things of its constructive principles. An abundance of slender pillars form the multiplied aisles, with stiff, plain, wooden braces extending in level ranks from capital to capital at the springing of the arches. In this hoary mosque, with its evidence of antiquity and duration, Gérôme plants the modern crowd of the worshipping faithful. The ethnological study of faces and characters is of course exhaustive. The foreground is occupied by a great Turk with his suite of slaves, who occupy praying-carpet of finest Daghestan, especially spread for the accommodation of their abasements; the master prays in front, his slaves modestly in his rear. The artistic spectator notices with admiration how solidly this proud worshiper is planted on his legs; the structural lines on which the attitude

personage, a lean, stalking figure of a maniac penitent, naked where all are so sumptuously clothed, and crowned with a wild growth of crisped black hair, which he has permitted to grow at its own wild will, contrary to Moslem usage. Looking at this strange figure, we feel that we are in a country where madmen are accepted as oracles and privileged vehicles of the divine revelation. An armful of miniatures, this picture is the essence of a great many smaller Gérômes.

The great Munkácsy of 1874, the "Pawnbroker's Shop" (8 x 5 feet,) shows the early, unspoiled style of the Hungarian painter, with vigorous muscular modeling, with unctuous impasto, with solid bossy reliefs like repoussé iron-work. In this scheme of vigors we see admitted here and there certain passages of inky blackness, opaque and thick, in which all

search for atmospheric effect is locally discarded; and truly nothing could relieve such steely solidities, with their beetling shadows carried to the verge of blackness, but a field as ponderously sable as black velvet. It is a style of muscle and self-assertion, but not a perfect style nor one adapted to every subject. The withered and clerdy pawnbroker, with a quill behind his ear, carelessly hustles into his collection of curiosities the shawl of a poor young peasant mother, who carries her baby and brings her toddling little girl as escort. Nearest the margin of the picture, on that side, sits a young lady in mournful reverie, her right hand bare, her left wearing a glove which doubtless conceals the wedding-ring—invariably the last

May this be some reminiscence of the painter's own boyhood of hardship and indigence, when years of sickness and menaces of blindness forced him to throw upon the market his brain's most cherished fruitage? Whatever the group may mean, its lesson will come home to but too many an unfortunate Bohemian, and the sad and varied pageant of distresses, acutely imagined and accurately known by the artist, over which presides the business-like broker as a heartless idol gorged with sacrifice, is all variously conceived with the bitterness of truth, the sympathy of compassion. The technical vigor of Ribera, again, is used to incise this lesson from Hogarth. In this earlier manner of Munkácsy's the



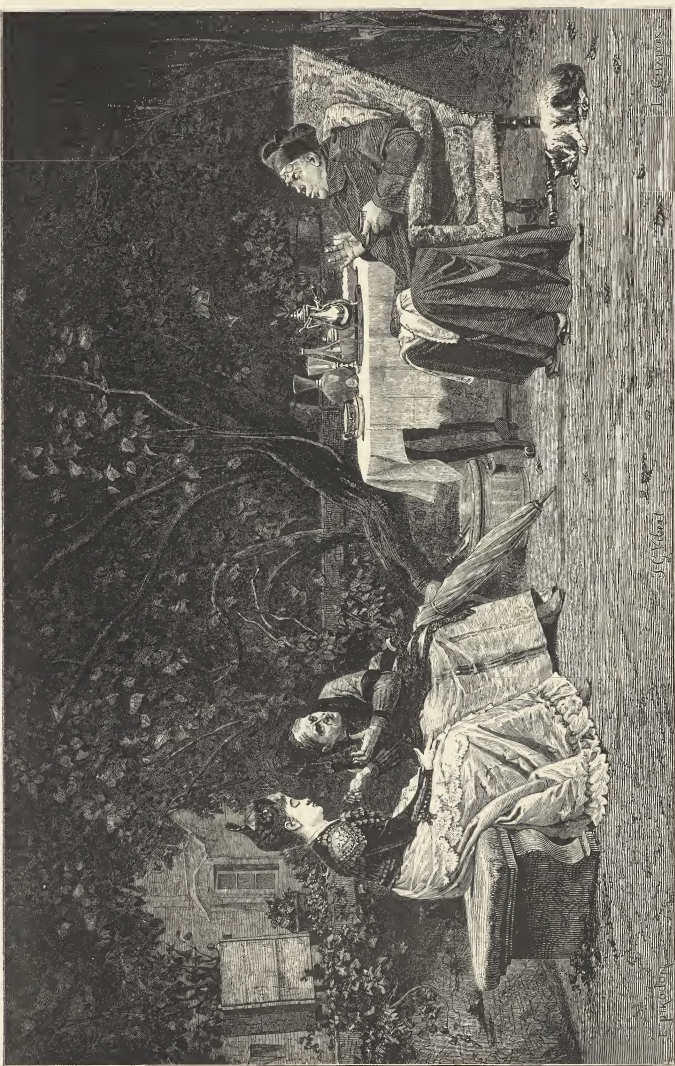
THE LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES WORMS.

object a woman consents to give up to necessity. Other figures crowd the dim, vaulted waiting-room. A youthful apprentice, bare-armed, leather-aproned, and half-undressed, with one hand carried in a sling, brings the watch and chain—the value of which is needed to enable him to defray the doctor, whose bill is one of the prosaic afterthoughts of his duel. A shabby-genteel musician stands ruefully beside him, in buttoned overcoat and glossy silk hat, carrying the violin he is obliged to pawn, and agony and remorse working in his dissipated features. But what is the solution of the incident in the middle of the scene,—the morose grandmother, with the family umbrella beside her, hugging on her knees the large portfolio bursting with some unhappy painter's studies, while the little grandson, in full foreground,—a youth of precocious and sagacious visage—makes off with another such portfolio, as if determined to rescue it from the conscription at any risk?

artist, hammering out his solids as the repoussé-worker hammers out a plate of metal, feels that he needs the starkest, most unmitigated black to serve in patches as the field on which his sombre modeling can play. Naught but opacity, naught but the very down of the night-bird, will serve as foil to his more vigorously modeled figures, his bronze shadows and undercuttings, his objects more solid than cameos carved in coal. In many an instance he has frankly plastered this inkiness as a local background quite around a figure; and this is a desperate measure, because nature's backgrounds are never sable, but always contain a certain Rembrandt vibration of golden notes even in their blackness. In the "Pawnbroker's" our painter adapts his old trick with astuteness; he still needs his patches of velvety black, because the modeling of his figures is conceived in such a key of vigorous profundity that he requires the opaque foil. Looking at the



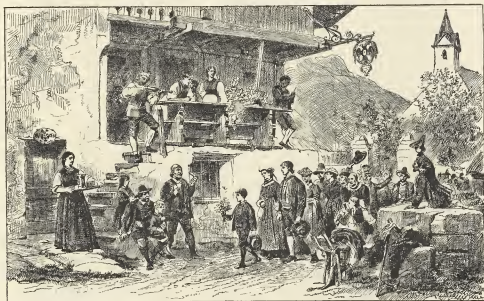


THE REPRIMAND.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. G. VERNET, IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. CALHOUN WOLFE, NEW YORK.

composition simply as a scheme of vigors, we can pick out three or four great patches of almost unmodified black, symmetrically spaced across the canvas; but they are the velveteens and dresses and stuffs of foreground figures. A painter may freely allow himself the relief of vigors too deep to be atmospheric if he will place them in the foreground, where the expression of atmosphere does not take effect. It is a dangerous luxury, because a patch of foreground blackness loses modeling; but it is a trick that does not necessarily deprive the scene of atmospheric quality, if the middle distance and background are attended to. Able to secure atmosphere in the general scope and breadth of his pawnbroker's shop, able to avoid flatness in his foreground blacks by extremely

its chiseled perfection of beauty descended from the Greeks, and exhibits her clear-cut profile. A kind of statuesque emphasis, in pale tones, belongs to this large pure figure by one of the most cultured modern draughtsmen of the female form. But its learned perfection, like Cicero's oratory, smells of the lamp of science rather than the aroma of feeling. The play of light and tint belongs to the atelier; it does not affect the landscape environment of the figure. Any one may perceive that the relief of the model against the whitish and milky sky has been obtained by the cheap studio device of suspending a sheet at the back of the original. Among the greatest and most inconsolable pains which an artistic promenade receives in a gallery is this too common one of seeing



WEDDING PROCESSION IN THE TYROL.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY W. HIEPZAHN.

broad and pronounced modeling, our athlete secures that luxury of stentorian emphasis which comports with his personal rhetoric without any violation of the possible. The picture is an interesting milestone in Munkácsy's style; it is a totally different scheme from the "Visit to the Baby," at Mrs. Stewart's, or the "Afternoon Tea," at Mr. Jessup's; where they are blonde, this has the vigor of iron. It is a feat of strength, the exhibition of an *Hercule de la foire* at his exercises. Whether he is gaining by his later efforts to be Parisian, and to imitate the "down on the plum" effects of water-color or pastel, may be a question; he has not yet pronounced the note of indubitable success in his newer style.

Jules Lefebvre's "Fisher-Girl" illustrates Lamartine's heroine "Gaziella." It is a large canvas, dedicated to showing in their natural proportions the wild charms of the beautiful Capri girl. The fair islander sits on a rock and looks out to sea. At her side, the net she has been weaving reposes on the crag, and she turns her full face away from the spectator, with

that the figure does not belong to the scenery; that the figure was studied in the concentrated and penciled light of the workroom, the landscape in the broad floating light of out-of-doors, and the two studies arbitrarily and unwholesomely joined together. Looked at simply as a design, however, and with a mental abstraction artfully made of the whole background, the statuesque perfection and high artistic taste of the "Gaziella" may be appreciated.

By poor Charles Marchal are the "Night" and "Morning"—unhappy Marchal, who, after serving bravely in the defence of Paris during the Prussian war, sank into a state of comparative neglect and discouragement, and finally took his own life. Among the last successful works of Marchal were the well-known "Phryne" and "Penelope"—modern women, respectively at the toilet and at needlework, in standing posture—of which pair the fanciful and intelligent merit did not save the painter from a cold world's oblivion. The couple included in Miss Wolfe's gallery are landscape works, but they show a

glimpse of the same ready allegorical inventiveness as the two female figures alluded to. In one, the young ploughman drives out at sunrise, the light of hope on his face—the indefinable glow that comes from looking forth upon the future; the day dawns brightly, the thin clouds are rippling with the mounting tide of sunrise, the early crows are busy with the

"The Reprimand," by Vibert, (30 x 20 inches,) is one of his Spanish reminiscences. The comfortable priest, while taking his comfortable meal in his garden, with coffee in silver pot, and wine laid in ice in a silver tub, receives a visit from two of his female parishioners. The duenna seats herself, with her beautiful young charge, on a stone bench in the



MASSACRE OF THE MAMELUKES.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR BY A. BIDA.

worms that the plough turns up in the sod. In the other, the man is older, the character of his face and attitude tells that his thoughts have settled on the past; the fainting glow of twilight is in the heavens, through which ascends the smoke of burning brushwood, like a ghostly column. It was in such a mood that the scenery of his life closed around Marchal—a horizon of poverty and poorly requited toil, a past of mere barren labor to think over as the twilight of middle-age deepened into the night of senility,—little saved, little earned, little care of him from the world around: from this freezing prospect he made his escape by the rash gate of wilful death.

foliage, and frantically explains how imprudent the girl has been, how many dozen love-knots she has dropped to how many dozen serenaders beneath her barred windows. While the beldame, with crooked claws, gesticulates over these horrors, and the damsel with the prettiest obstinacy looks down at her two thumbs clasped between her knees, the fat priest administers the "reprimand," by taking a tremendous pinch of snuff. Evidently he has one scale of expiation for pretty girls and another for grizzled and commonplace sinners. By Vibert, also, is "The Startling Confession" (2 x 3 feet,) a humorous composition, where the foreground seems pervaded





THE INTENDED HUSBAND.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY R. P. HENNEBELLOU, IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS C. LORILLARD WOLFE.

by the lifted hands, suddenly raised from the knees and seeming to stick fairly out into the air, of a sitting priest who receives the avowal of a coquettish fair one, unloading her frisky conscience with supreme nonchalance.

"Le Prétendu," or "The Suitor," by Berne-Bellecour, shows a young lover on his probation, attentively watched by the keen eyes of parents, attentively listened to by the pretty ears of the young lady. The scene is in a garden, at the period of Marie Antoinette, whose costume, the mother imitates. The suitor, in his regimentals, looks like the young La Fayette. With his sword between his legs, with an attitude of supreme yet conciliatory misery, and with his hands fettered in the silken skein his young mistress is winding from them,

russet foliage, a ripe beauty passes, "as one whose steps half linger, half stray before." She is of classical guise, and her striped chiton of dark gauze clings around her beautiful feet. Near by, disguised so much in shadow as to be almost invisible, little Love is running away; for this bereavement of affection is the plague of life's Autumn, as love's impotency is the plague of its Spring.

Willems selected the picture of "Departing for the Promenade," to represent him in the Vienna Exposition of 1873. It is in his best style, and contains real study of artistic effects: in addition, it is particularly happy in research of recondite costume. This lovely short cloak worn by the lady, all inlaid with a sort of *niello* of black, is an ancient Flemish oddity



CAMELS RESTING.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR BY M. PORTURY

this powdered and pigtailed dandy is certainly playing the rôle of "The Prisoner of Hope."

In his picture of "Haidee" Chaplin leaves the literature of his own country and reverts to that of England. His subject is the heroine of Byron's *Don Juan*. Haidee was a Greek maid of singular loveliness, who discovered Juan when he was cast ashore, and by her efforts brought him back to consciousness. Daughter of a mighty Greek pirate, Lambro, and of a Moorish woman from Fez, poor Haidee has a restricted field in which to exercise the spell of her beauty among the sea-bound Cyclades. "Her hair was auburn, and her eyes were black as death." During the absence of the wealthy pirate his poor young daughter and the Don pursue their little idyl of youthful love, until the wicked father comes back, sends the Spaniard adrift in a galliot, and forces the poor girl to expire in the manner of poetical heroines—in slow madness to slow music.

Merle's "Autumn," a life-size upright-shaped picture, was painted in 1872, and is very palpably the companion-piece to some corresponding treatment of "Spring." Here, under

which we might find without surprise in the archaic subjects of Baron Leys, but which truly piques us a little in the modish painter Willems. The lady, in antique Flemish hat of Metz's date, draws on her gloves and looks at the hang of her cape in front of a small antique mirror, while a page holds in leash a pair of dogs that attend her pleasure.

A large tinted drawing by Bida (24 x 40 inches) represents "The Massacre of the Mamelukes." It is perhaps the finest thing which this exquisite draughtsman—the illustrator of the Bible and delineator of so many thoughtful oriental scenes—has ever achieved. The eye wanders surprised and fascinated over this terrible scene, where the extremes of horror melt insensibly into the extremes of pity and pathos. Especially thrilling is the sentiment of the tall and noble figure in the foreground, the Last of the Mamelukes, who, from a heap of dead and mortally wounded, lifts himself with his fist full of dust, to scatter it in the air and invoke curses against the calm warrior on the top of the palace wall, who may be Mohammed Ali. Around him lie the massacred tribe in heaps, a beautiful Circassian youth in front as calm as in a night's repose, an

intelligent steed smelling at his master's dead body on the steps above,—beyond, the maddened horses (with their emptied saddles) grouping on the staircase or savagely endeavoring to press down the closed portcullis. The Mamelukes, it will be remembered, a tribe of mixed origin from the steppes of the Caucasus and the borders of Tartary, had for centuries usurped an insolent power in Egypt, had raised many of their chieftains to places of undisputed sway upon the Nile, and had combated Napoleon with fierce valor at the Pyramids, when Mohammed Ali determined to crush out his treasonous Egyptian suzerains. Inviting them to a parley at his palace in Cairo, whither they came in state, mounted on their desert chargers, Ali caused the gates of the palace to be closed upon them, and massacred them by the hands of his troops. Bida has needed nothing but the bare facts of history to compose a drama as fierce and picturesque as any of the romances of the old knights-errant.

Fortuny's "Camel-Driver's Repose" is a souvenir of this artist's visit to Tangiers, at the time he undertook to paint the Battle of Tetuan, and before he had a career in Europe. Dated in 1865, its timid and tentative style is singularly uncharacteristic. It is a small water-color, very pale and simple in tone. Four camels are resting in the court of a caravanserai, laying out their long worm-like necks on the hot ground; one of them spills his languid cervical vertebrae along the sand like an inert rope, and on this laziest of his companions the driver leans to rest, removing the fez from his hot, shaved head to let the scalp evaporate. A meditative donkey turns his back discriminatingly upon all this hump-backed company, with a sense of social distinction and exclusiveness. Fortuny's drawing is yet school-boy-like; he inscribes himself with random and uncertain stroke upon this interesting milestone of his career.

"Homage," by Toulmouche, represents with his usual glassy and iced precision a small scene of gallantry. A pretty girl has left her piano and peeps at the open door, wondering who has thrown a handsome bouquet at her feet. There must be a card, with a name, attached to these roses, which have been flung quite over the narrow balcony and upon the Persian rug which graces the waxed *parquet*. Perhaps the name belongs to a race which old Capulet will never let her encourage; but if so, Juliet may explore her roses, and declare that by any other name they smell as sweet.

Jules Worms is represented in vignettes of Spanish life, such as "The Letter of Recommendation," and "Fountain of the Toreros at Granada." In the open-air scene, the scarce Spanish water flows in dribbles from the big marble bull's-head which characterizes the fountain; multeers, bull-fighters, dark-eyed girls who chat with the mule-borne cavaliers, gather round the precious gift of the storm-cloud. The little comedy of introducing a new governess takes us from the out-of-doors liberty of the first-mentioned theme to the jealous seclusion of a Spanish home. In "The Letter of Recommendation," a duenna, wrapped in gloomy mantilla, stands nervously awaiting her sentence, while the father, closely assisted by a meddling family parasite—the universal priest—studies the letter of introduction. Will the new *gouvernante* be suitable, will she act as a perpetual check-rein on the daughter, that

pretty girl who draws water at the great stone well of the *patio*? The daughter looks apprehensive; her lover, in his smart multeer's dress, studies the new duenna with distrustful eye. In a country where this terrible official holds the fate of anxious lovers in her hand, and where the inamorata's warmest prayer to the saints is that the governess may prove corruptible with a handful of silver, the fate of true love hangs on her decision, and marriage, happiness, home, and all the future depend and dangle from the beads of her inseparable rosary.

Riefstahl, the admirable German artist, lets us watch a "Marriage Procession," between the chalet and the church. The hardy mountaineers have taken a brief holiday,—not an extravagant recompense for their daily toil of harvesting the scant grass of the precipices, and snatching the chamois from the giddy nest of the eagle. Dressed in the picturesque holiday costume of the Tyrol, preceded by an urchin with a nosegay and greeted by an energetic fiddler and a girl with a wine-pitcher, they troop home from the rustic mountain chapel. Two honest, ignorant, unworldly hearts have been made one. Their lot is lowly, their happiness is unexchanged by cares of state. They need not look up at the eagle tavern-sign that swings above them, and exclaim, with the emperor in *Hernani*, "I am like that eagle—in place of a heart they have given me an escutcheon." In this picture Riefstahl repeats once more his customary success of indicating the bright blue air, rarefied among the scenery of the hills.

By Tony Robert-Fleury, celebrated for a large picture of the Polish Revolution called "Varsovie," and son of Joseph-Nicolas Robert-Fleury, is seen the small picture called "The Musical Cardinal;" it represents a 'cello-player, sitting in front of a music-stand, clothed all in red, and embracing the 'cello or bass-viol between his knees as an ardent horseman embraces the saddle. Cardinals once have been found who liked to unbend over some toy. Even the great Richelieu was enamored of a troop of cats; why may not this noble Italian take refuge from the ceremony of a Prince of the Church in composing some felicitous melody—equally important for him, whether it be a new *Miserere* for the celebration of Holy-Week at St. Peter's, or a love-song to be dedicated to the Bella Imperia in her convenient house by the Florian Bridge!

By the Belgian master, Gallait, is seen a carefully arranged little tragedy, in his usual lachrymose style: the painter is a survival of the old school that believed so heartily in the gift of tears, and seldom composed a situation without a destructive intention towards the public's peace of mind. Lamartine and Chateaubriand carried on this business in literature, and were elated in proportion to their reader's misery. Delacroix and Gallait carried the same vocation into art. "The Dying Minstrel" is a small picture representing a youthful wandering musician supported on the knees of an old man. The little pale boy leans helplessly on the elder figure, his head swathed in bandages; a dog licks the depending and nerveless hand; a violin rests on the knee, never more to be stimulated into song by the efforts of the young troubadour.

The Couture is in the quality at the artist's high-water mark. It is usual in Europe, where his "Idle Scholar" is not



STUDIO CITY, CALIF.

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RAYOGE.

First Original Performance at the Theatre of the City, New York

1908



M. MERLE. PINX.

Engraved by J. B.

GRAYNE, GOUIN, & CO.

AUTUMN.

From the Original Painting in the collection of Mrs. Catherine Tilton, New York.

HARRIS, PHILADELPHIA

known, to award the palm to a certain picture of a "Falconer," believed abroad to be the most workmanlike and masterly in execution of all the artist's achievements. The critics who have arranged this verdict, if they were familiar with American collections, would change their award. Upon the appearance of the "Falconer," and while its praises were ringing in the art-circles of Europe, Mr. John Wolfe, the connoisseur and a relative of the present collector, gave the painter a commission to produce a work of similar scale and effect, likewise representing a young lad, and to be commensurate in merit and importance with that canvas. In 1853 the fulfillment of the order appeared in the shape of this picture; it was created at the same culminating period of the artist's career as the "Falconer," it floated into being on the same tide of feeling, was equally a result of new and felicitous methods, discoveries, and impressions; there is not a trace in it of the cut-and-dried recipe, the violent breadth of light-and-shade, the largeness of style without erudition, into which Couture subsequently fell. The picture represents a lad of twelve, blowing bubbles at his desk, on which his school-books are strewn and cast aside: the bubbles float into the air around him, each a little world which the dreamer conquers like an Alexander, peoples with armies and navies of his ideal subjects, and covers with air-castles of vaporous architecture. The technical merit of this work is beyond challenge. The flesh is treated with masterly breadth, included in which every detail of construction is accounted for and understood: the rich falling fringe of the hair, painted as a mass of color within which the direction of the locks is simply sketched, the shadow on an olive cheek, the anatomy of a delicate and aristocratic hand, the glamour of dreamy gold in a deepening twilight, the aerial presence of floating balloons in the twilight, inside of which the palpable exhalation of his sighs is yet warm and causes their buoyancy,—the whole poetry and possibility of a day-dream theme, at the age when "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts,"



JULES BRETON.

are vitalized and perpetuated in this royal signet of an artist's meditation. If Couture could have always kept to the level of this picture his place among the technical masters of the century would have been no secondary one.

Kaulbach is represented by a large theme that would alone make the fortune of a collection less broad and representative. "Godfrey de Bouillon and the

Crusaders before Jerusalem," a repetition of his fresco in the Berlin Museum, is a splendid allegorical pageant, in which the cross is elevated for the centre-piece of a prodigious decorative group or succession of groups, and the knights of the crusades alternate with the baffled infidels, scattering in dismay before the triumph of Christianity.

Vollon, the most distinguished of the "impressionist" painters, shows his hand in a delicious scene of "The French

Farm-Yard," painted in 1873. The tone of the thatched roofs, the shadow creeping along the wall, the sweet bath of air and mystery clustering in the corners—so palpably so that we feel the scent of the hay and the breath of the trees and the freshness of exhaling dew—make poetry among these hump-backed and sordid roofs. M. Vollon has within a few years made a quick and brilliant success; especially does he produce "art for artists." He was an unknown young aspirant, thirsting for fame but badly supplied with patronage, when one day he threw off, in half an hour, a study of dead fish from the fish-market; the work of those lucky moments exposed in the Salon, procured him a medal and immediate renown. We have already examined his surprising heap of living gems in the fruit-subject owned by Mr. John Wolfe. Desirous that the reader should form a personal acquaintance with an artist too little known outside the closest circle of the *élite*, we insert the portrait of Antoine Vollon, as well as that of Jules Breton, one of whose most important works we have just been considering in the "Grand Pardon of Brittany."



A. VOLLON.

Bonnat is represented by a life-size figure of a "Young Girl of Albano at the Fountain;" he has been better inspired in other studies of similar scale and importance.

Hébert is seen in a delicate and proud embodiment of a young girl's head and hand, tranquil, austere, undraped, the face turned in profile against a background of forest leaves, the hand upholding a flower; the primitive creature seems like one of Diana's nymphs, modeled in terra-cotta on a panel set with emeralds. Alfred Stevens contributes a study of a "Japanese Robe," a *grande dame* of Paris, wrapped in an oriental dressing-gown, represented on a large scale, and placed near a wall-mirror. Joseph Stevens, the brother of Alfred, not inferior to the painter of *la femme* in his own specialty as an animalist, yet less known in America, is shown in a fine example, a study of a terrier; the animal had been well known in Paris, as the property of a celebrated actor, when this likeness consigned him to immortality. He is seen lying on the floor, in front of a looking-glass which repeats his features, and which has doubtless given the intelligent brute the idea of going to get his portrait painted. The master's buckskin driving-gloves and heavy cane are thrown beside him on the bare floor, which objects of personal property he guards like a sentinel. By Hans Makart there is a life-size subject of a maiden with two little *amoretti* at her feet,—*"The Love-Dream."* Doré is seen in a very large monochrome drawing,—crowded with figures showing his peculiar calculated and sham energy,—representing "The Retreat from Moscow."

In this house, which seems as if it had been filled by committees of painters, the art almost insensibly melts and merges into the bric-à-brac and furniture. Statues like *Toussaint's* "Egyptian" and "Fellah Woman," fine and thoroughly artistic works as efforts of plastic study, are utilized as lamp-bearers. Allar's dark "Boy of the Abruzzi" and Schenewerk's innocent, white, idyllic "Maid at the Fountain" are placed so as to occur in the scheme of furnishing the rooms as if they were exquisite decorations of the highest order. There are many curious works in faience, each of which was the masterpiece of the artist who embellished it, or else chronicled a new discovery in the art and mystery of manufacture: the pair of Deck plaques were both—they stamped the decorator with glory and they heralded an invention. The invention was the gilding under glaze, a process perfected by Deck,

guaranteeing the permanence of the applied gold, and resembling the viscous glazed gilding seen on old Cordova stamped leather. The painting on one of them, especially, a very fine head on gold ground of a mediæval Swiss girl, by the Paris painter Collin, stamps upon the pottery a seal of excellence which was never approached really by the old majolica—the only question being whether it is quite right to put such elaborate paintings on ceramics as to compete with art not called decorative. This pair of plaques cost ten thousand francs at the Paris Exposition of 1878. The exhibition of modern Limoges enamel, of historic porcelains, the gigantic vase of oriental cloisonné, the carved ivories, small bronzes, and lacquers, make this interior one of the most exquisite private museums to be seen in any capital of the world.

CATALOGUE OF MISS CATHARINE LORILLARD WOLFE'S COLLECTION.

ACHENBACH, A.—*Wreckers in a Storm off the Coast of Sicily.*

ACHENBACH, O.—*Moonlight—Envoies of Naples.*

BARQUE, C.—*A Baski-Basouk.*

BERNE-BELLECOURE, E. P.—*The Intended Husband.*

BIDA, A.—*Massacre of the Mamelukes. Water-color.*

BOLDING, G.—*The Gossip.*

BONITEUX, ROSA.—*Study of a Hound.*

" *Wombling the Cubes.*

BONNAT, LEON.—*Girl of Albano at the Fountain.*

BOUGUERRAU, W. A.—*The Mother's Treasure.*

BRETTON, J.—*Peasant Girl Knitting.*

" *A Grand Pardon in Brittany.*

BRION, G.—*Allegation Chanting; Loving Church.*

CABANEL, A.—*The Sultamite.*

" *Portrait of a Lady.*

CHAPLIN, C.—*Helios.*

COT, F. A.—*The Storm.*

COUTURE, T.—*The Idle Scholar.*

DABRYN, C. A.—*Morning.*

DECAINS, A. G.—*The Night-Watch at Smyrna.*

DE COCK, C.—*Break in the Wood.*

DE CONINCK, P.—*At the Fountain.*

DE MESCHERY, P.—*The River Side.*

DESGOUTS, B.—*Objects of Art from the Louvre.*

DETAILLE, E.—*Cavalries Attached by the Royal Guard.*

" *Cavalries. Water-color.*

DEVEDEUX, L.—*The Favorite of the Serraglio.*

DIAZ, N.—*Landscape.*

" *The Holy Family.*

DORÉ, G.—*The Retreat from Moscow. Sepia-drawing.*

DUPRÉ, J.—*The Hay-Wagon.*

" *The Old Oak.*

ESCALIER, MME. E.—*Flowers.*

FICHEL, E.—*Court Reception—Time of Louis XVIII.*

FORTUNY, M.—*Camels at Rest. Water-color.*

FRERE, E.—*The Sick Child.*

FRERE, T.—*Sunset—Cairo.*

" *Jerusalem, from Mount of Olives.*

FROMENTIN, E.—*Arabs Grazing a Ford.*

GALLAIT, L.—*The Dying Minaret.*

GÉRÔME, J. L.—*Athysian Chief.*

" *Sheik at Devotions, Ancient Mosque in Cairo.*

GLAIZE, A. B.—*Lady looking at Satin Cloak.*

GRAEB, KARL.—*Interior of Freiberg Cathedral, Germany.*

HAGHE, LOUIS.—*The Cavaliers' Song.*

HAMON, J. L.—*The Etruscan Vase-Dealer.*

HÉBERT, A. A. E.—*Study—Female Head.*

HENNING, J. F.—*Heidelberg by Moonlight.*

ISABEY, E.—*The Banquet-Hall.*

JACQUET, G.—*A Récure.*

JORIS, P.—*Winnowing. Drawing.*

KADLBACH, W. VON.—*Gedfrey de Bouillon and Crusaders before Jerusalem.*

KNAUS, L.—*The Holy Family.*

" *She has none but the Cats now.*

KOEKOEK, B. C.—*Winter in Holland.*

" *Sunset on the Upper Rhine.*

LAMBERT, L. E.—*Feline Family.*

LEFEVRE, J.—*Gastella, the Nit-Maker.*

LELOIR, L.—*The Cook's Bargain.*

" *Counting his Gains. Water-color.*

" *The Much Burgundy. Water-color.*

LEMOUX, E.—*The Orphan.*

MAKART, HANS.—*The Love-Dream.*

MARHAL, C. F.—*Morning in Abate.*

" *Evening in Abate.*

MAX, G.—*The Last Token.*

MEISSONIER, J. L. E.—*Antilles.*

" *The Two Van de Velde.*

" *The Sign-Painter. Water-color.*

MERLE, H.—*Autumn of Womanhood.*

MEYER VON BISMEN.—*The Letter.*

MUNKÁCSY, M.—*The Pawnbroker's Shop.*

PASINI, A.—*Entrance to a Mosque.*

PREYER, EMILIE.—*Fruit and Wine.*

PREYER, J. W.—*Fruit, with Bird and Landscape.*

RICO, M.—*Canal in Venice.*

RIEFTAHL, W.—*Wedding Procession in the Tyrol.*

ROBERT-FLEURY, TONY.—*The Musical Cardinal.*

ROUSSEAU, T.—*Landscape.*

SCHENCK, A. F. A.—*Lot: Souvenir of Amorgos.*

SCHREYER, A.—*Arabs on the March.*

" *Desolation. Water-color.*

SEITZ, A.—*The Argument.*

STEVENS, A.—*The Japanese Robe.*

STEVENS, J.—*Dog and Mirror.*

TERRY, D.—*Pilgrim in Sight of Rome.*

TOULMOUCHE, A.—*Homage to Beauty.*

TRAYER, H.—*Ribbon Pedlar in Brittany.*

TROYON, C.—*Holland Landscape and Cattle.*

" *Cow.*

VAN MARCKE, E.—*Old Water-Mill and Cattle.*

VERHOEKHOVEN, E.—*Sheep and Poultry.*

VERNET, H.—*Preparing Horses for the Carnival Races.*

VIBERT, J. G.—*The Reprimand.*

" *The Startling Confession.*

" *The First-Born. Water-color.*

" *Sitting Concocted Palm. Water-color.*

VILLEGAS, J.—*Armorer's Shop.*

VOLLON, A.—*A French Farm-Yard.*

VON RAMBERG, A.—*With the Tide.*

WAHLBERG, A.—*Near Stockholm—Moonlight.*

" *An Autumn Sunset, Wezholm.*

WAPPERS, BARON G.—*The Confidant.*

WILLIAMS, F.—*Departing for the Promenade.*

WORMS, J.—*The Letter of Recommendation.*

" *The Fountain of the Terezo, Granada.*

ZIEM, F.—*Foundation of Piazza St. Mark, Venice.*

SCULPTURE.

ALLAR, A.—*Boy of the Abruzzi. Bronze.*

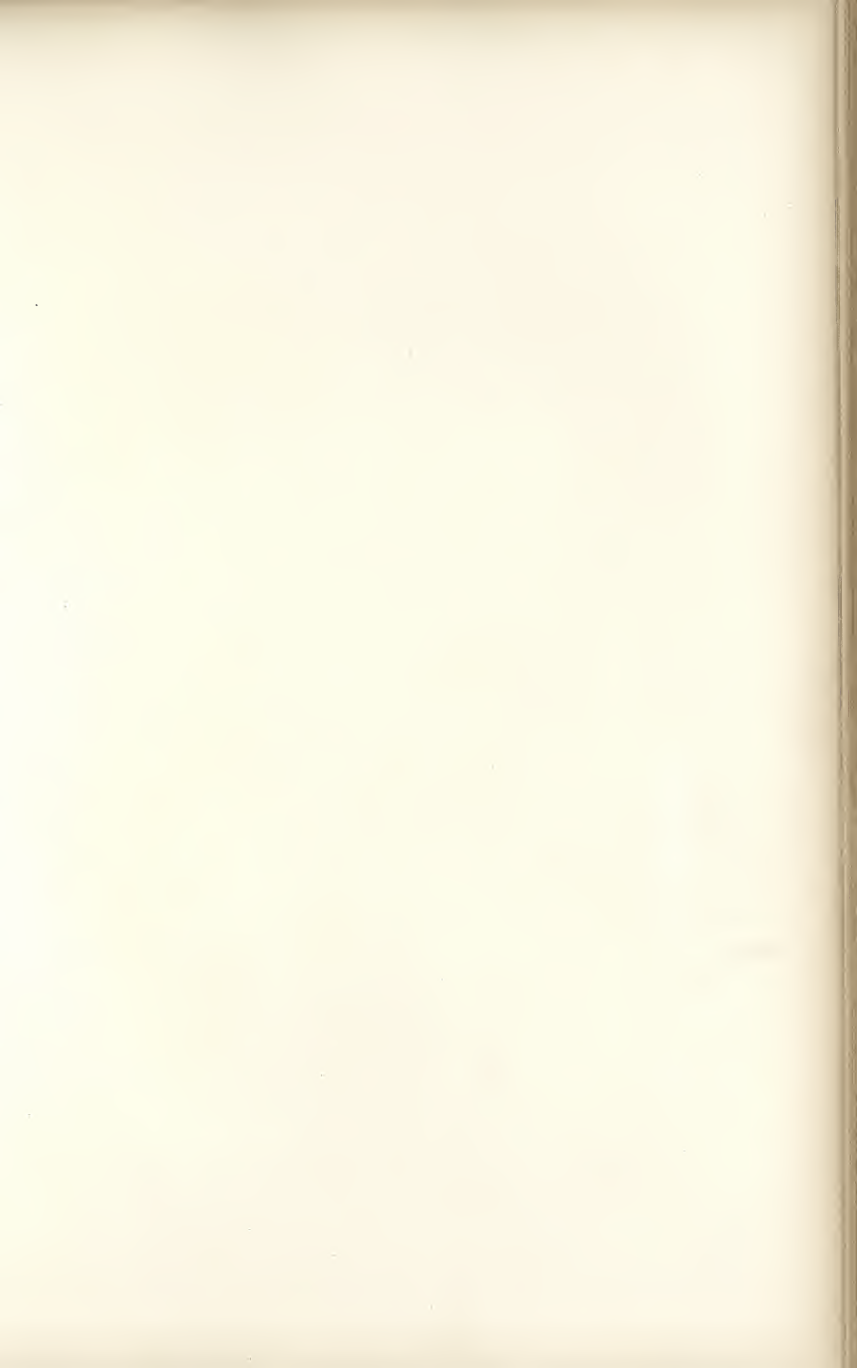
BELZON, L.—*Girl and Dog.*

FRAGHIEL, K.—*Infant Buckle.*

SCHENEWERK, A.—*Maid at a Fountain.*

TOUSSAINT, A.—*Egyptian. Life-size bronze.*

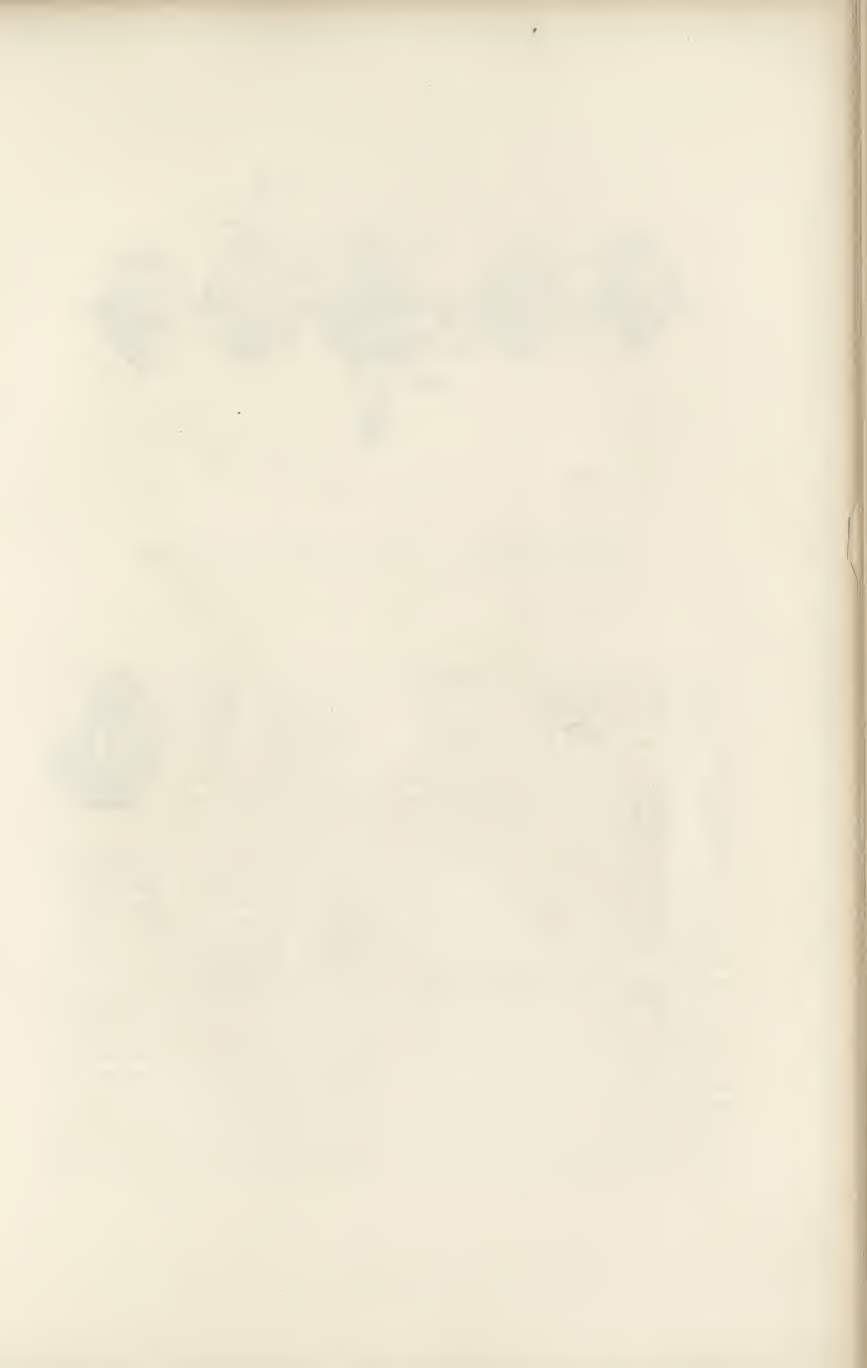
" *Fellah Woman. Life-size bronze.*





EPISODE OF THE MASSACRE IN SYRIA.

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN





SCENE AT THE MANSION OF ELIA.

Elia, his wife, and the children of the house, and the

servants.



THE COLLECTION OF MR. T. A. HAVEMEYER.



JAPANESE INITIAL. BY W. SCOTT.

F the numerous interesting canvases in Mr. Havemeyer's collection, which we are about to consider, perhaps the palm should be awarded to the fine "Episode in the Massacre of Syria," by Jaroslav Cermak, that admirable painter who seemed to unite the keen objective perceptions of the Gipsy with the refinements of western culture.

Poor Cermak did not live to carry out completely the great promise of his youth and the riper beginnings of achievement which filled his mature years. Cut off in the full impetus of a career already successful, he was buried in the Olsany Cemetery at Prague, the city of his birth, July 7, 1878. His present picture is a noble and, as it were, monumental pyramidal composition, composed of a woman struggling in the arms of the soldiery. Her towering white form rises in a superb attitude of stormy grace, as she strives, with the strength of a grand and richly-developed nature, to free herself from the grasp of the warlike captors. Her husband, slain at her feet, still grasps convulsively the hem of her garment. A lusty babe, also dead, lies near by. Alone now on earth, with nothing to live for but honor, she concentrates her thoughts on the single idea of liberty, and struggles with hands and feet to free herself from the powerful foes who are carrying her away captive. Her posture, in this great passion of energy, is full of native grace, the rich beauty of the animal nature asserting instinctively its wild sense of justice. While an old soldier guards the door with his sword against intruders, a powerful shaven-headed infidel clasps her

with fell purpose in the rigid vise of his wiry arms, and another begins to tie her wrists. One beautiful arm—alas, that so soft a limb should feel the outrage of a rope!—is already encircled with its hempen manacle, though she brandishes it aloft with all her strength. The other hand and arm, white as the swan's wing, are resolutely battling with the Moslem monster who imprisons her in his grasp; the convulsive movements of the beautiful feet add to the dramatic expression of the figure, which equals, in artistic technical beauty, in rich *morbidesza*, in sinuous and flexible grace combined with robustness, the most daring sculpture of John of Bologna or any of the complicated designers of the Renaissance. All round the white Rubensesque grandeur of her torso, and forming a rich foil, are relieved the dark skins and braided garments of her captors, who themselves yield us glimpses of savage tawny faces, in the highest degree spirited and expressive. At the foot of the unhappy captive lies her carved crucifix, whose string has been torn from her neck in the struggle; so that she rises, and aspires, and battles, and achieves, like a living allegory of Christianity,—assailed, insulted, borne hither and thither, but not yet conquered. Cermak's qualities, as seen in this picture, are a noble and commanding breadth of style, a serenity of purpose and sagacious subordination of details in the midst of the hot energy of his conception. Some of Titian's stormier scenes have this velocity of *brio*, combined with this serenity of perception. There is hardly a living painter of the world who might not have been proud to sign the picture. The author of this excellent work, Jaroslav Cermak, was born at Prague, August 1, 1831. He received a careful education, and manifesting early a marked talent for

design, was sent in 1847 to the Art Academy of Prague, where he studied under the direction of Ruben. Determined to follow a broader line of teaching, he engaged later in a three year's term of travel, passing through Germany and Belgium, and entering the Academy at Antwerp under the direction of Baron Wappers. The artistic merit of his studies soon attracted the notice of Gallait, who invited him to work



JAROSLAV CERMAK.

in his own atelier. Soon after, for a mere drawing, "The Hussites Invading the Council of Bale with Prakop," he gained a prize at Prague. This Protestant theme was unwelcome to certain ardent Catholics of Prague, and the cartoon was found one fine day torn and disfigured. The mortifying incident caused Cermak to renounce historical art, and he commenced a series of familiar subjects, in which he showed a high order of excellence. The picturesque costumes and manners of the Slavonic populations of Hungary, Moravia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and Montenegro, especially attracted his attention. Armed with a multitude of sketches of travel, he went to Paris in 1868, and began to exhibit in the Salons his Danubian subjects, earning fame and wealth, and going to pass his summers in the little Brittany town of Roskoff, Department of Finistère. His studio in the capital was filled with the trophies of an enlightened collectorship, carved coffers, enamels, brazen salvers, repoussé-work, water-colors, majolicas, drawings, and bibelots of every kind. At the Universal Exposition, Cermak was represented by a "Dalmatian Chieftain Mortally Wounded," and by the "Herzegovinian Village Sacked by Bashi-Bazouks." His care for the details of his art amounted to a profound piety: he did not hesitate to make a fire of carved wood-work and furniture, living for days in the half-extinguished fume and smoke of the embers, in order to represent such a subject in his Herzegovina picture: wishing to make a careful study of a cannon, he had the heavy gun hauled bodily into his studio. He adopted the habit of modeling in wax the horses that were to be painted in his canvases. The early death of the brilliant Hungarian

artist was deeply felt, not only in his native country, but in the land of his adoption, and that in the most practical way: the philanthropic and liberal ideas of the intelligent painter were manifested at his death, in generous bequests left in his will for the furtherance of popular education, and for the endowment of a life-saving company on the coasts of his favorite Brittany.

"The Queen of Sheba" is a conjectural study of the far-away past, so far that it mingles with fable. In this single frail figure M. Badin has concentrated a considerable amount of erudition and archaeological precision, along with the indecision and trouble proper to the heroine who came up from Africa for a conflict of wits with the wisest of men, and acknowledged herself vanquished. The mystical sign blazes in jewels on her forehead—the sign composed of interlaced triangles, used in magic lore from remote antiquity, and composed of an upright apex and a downward apex, the positive and negative principles, the male and female, the conferring and the receptive. In her hand she carries the lotus-leaf fan, African in style, and resembling those seen in Egyptian paintings. Sheba, bathed in its "Sabæan odors," is a no-man's-land for us, as its dynasties have vanished and its locality is conjectural, but we may remember that King Theodoros of Abyssinia claimed to be the last reigning descendant of this historic queen. In the fables of the schoolmen she is a magician, and the rabbis have many stories of her wit and sagacity. The picture is at once stately and melancholy; we see an arrested intelligence, dazzled with the conviction of a superior wisdom. The Queen of Sheba is named Balkis in the Koran. M. Badin is a painter of Paris, a pupil of Cabanel and of Baudry, the decorator of the New Opera House foyer.

M. Cormon, a modern French painter, fond of oriental subjects, is the author of "Sitâ's" being. She is an odalisque, contented in the imprisonment of her restricted existence. Sitâ's pretty ripe-lipped profile is agitated by no desires for education, no aspirations after woman's rights: to be a good judge of the coffee she pours out is the boundary of her desire for knowledge. She hears her lord's step in the corridors of the palace, and she lifts herself from the Persian carpet to fill the gilded cups, whose number shows that she is not to partake alone or neglected. The reception of a welcome unseen presence, the languid stir of the whole being from torpor to expectation, is the theme of the picture. M. Cormon throws his Arabian Nights' beauty into a posture of grace and youthful suppleness. She leans upon one slender arm, and easily manages the metal coffee-pitcher at the full extension of the other hand, as she reclines almost at full length on the floor. The bare foot is thrust into the small pointed slipper, the jewel is tied around the wrist with its wire of gold, the stuffs and the coffee-service and the twelve-sided pearl-inlaid table are accessories that speak of the Orient. Often as the tale is told, the charm remains, and the ignorant, soulless persuasion of this simple creature, whose one moment of life in the week or the month is when she hears her master's foot in the hall and prepares the mutual coffee, is a persuasion that we can feel for an instant, away in the West—



J. B. W. 1878

Painted by J. B. W.

Painted by J. B. W.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

From the original painting in the collection of Mr. J. B. W.

DARTMOUTH, PHILADELPHIA





RINEMBRANZA.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY D. U. N. MAILLANT, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. T. A. HAVEMeyer, NEW YORK.



to be rejected soon for nobler views of matrimony and the communion of souls.

"Rimembranza," by Maillart, a modern Paris painter, shows a pensive Italian violin-girl, seated on the stone bench of some stately French portico, and remembering, as she touches the strings, guitar-fashion, the blue sky of Italy and the dances

have such refined and thoughtful faces that we can easily imagine them filled with the most exalted ideas of patriotism and purest love of fatherland.

Lossow's "At the Mirror" shows the coquettish Watteau costume and powdered hair of the old-fashioned marquise. With this sort of dress the all-important mirror comes in as



HIS PORTRAIT.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HERMICH LOSSOW.

of the peasants in the court-yard of the *podere*. Her dress is that of the Roman campagna. She seems like a mournful Mignon, "*regrettant sa patrie*," and dreaming of the song,—

Know'st thou the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?

The figure gives a good idea of the better and prettier class of Italian girls who haunt Paris, dressed theatrically in the old typical peasant costumes, whose use in Italy itself is now mostly abandoned; they make a slender living with their tame marmots, or bouquets, or musical instruments. Some

an accessory, almost as an adjunct of the costume, so essential is it. Only before the glass can be placed, in their correct positions and bearings for feminine havoc, the artillery of the toilet and the battery of artificial smiles. This charming, berouged, high-heeled coquette is adjusting at the same moment, in front of the glass, a hat and a society-smirk. The scene is all in keeping, with its chimney-glass framed in *rocaille*, its mantel-jar filled with rose-leaves, its *fauteuil Louis-Quinze*, its waxed floor. The trim waist is encircled in steel stays, and its heart-throbs are restricted in their expression like the face of the man in the iron mask; from the shoulders

down, draping the back, depends the pretty Watteau fold which so tantalizingly conceals the shape. So unconscious of a soul, so frivolous, so lost to any sense of responsibility are these Pompadour beauties, we hardly feel that we ought to hold them to any account as reasonable beings; let them live, among the butterflies they resemble, a brief day of pleasure; and when they die, let them change into Dresden shepherdesses!

Another subject of Lossow's, "His Portrait," shows the morning or home costume of the period of *Louis le bien-aimé*. This time there is no *bergère's* hat, no trailing Watteau train of ceremony. In the ruffled morning-gown of the day, the beauty accepts a message, sent in the form of a nosegay, and consults the cherished miniature of the absent one. One of the tapestries of the Aubusson factory, on which is delineated a gallant subject designed by Le Brun, forms a background for her powdered head, and her white arm—doubtless powdered also. The modes and ceremonies of the period just before the Revolution have formed the themes of a whole school of art—the "gallant painters" of the Louis XV era. Eisen and St. Aubin come into the memory as names to remember for that epoch, with their illustrations to *La Fontaine* or *Restif de la Bretonne*; a Swedish artist, named Lawreince, also lavished pictures on the subjects of the morning *levée* or bed-toilet of the contemporary beauty in the presence of her male friends, or her sittings under the barber's hands while entertained by that omnipresent visitor, the convenient abbé. Meantime, the home affections and the pure habits of the village were not quite overlooked, and a chronicler arose in the person of Greuze to depict rustic joys and interests with a sincere domestic appreciation of virtue.

Rümpler's picture of "Good Friends" represents a buxom peasant-girl heartily laughing as her cat perches on her



GOOD FRIENDS.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY F. RÜMPLE.



THE BATHER.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ARTIST'S DESIGN FOR THE STATUE BY MM. LÉON DESTAUX.

shoulder. It is a kitchen-scene, and the floor and bench are strewn with beets, carrots and parsnips, while the short-skirted

rustic belle rises from her task of dressing the vegetables to tease the cat with a tempting morsel, held just too far off to be reached from the perch on her shoulder. Let not ambition mock her homely joys and destiny obscure: from these sturdy, simple peasant women spring the Hofers, the William Tells, the Arnold von Winkelrieds, and the obscurer heroes who are the true salvation of a country.

"Meagre Receipts," by the capital French painter, Eugène Feytaud, represents an Italian organ-grinder seated on the curb, telling into his palm the slender tale of coins received during the day. His monkey, apparently in full sympathy with its master's disappointment, looks down like a stoic philosopher from its perch on the *orgue de Barbarie*. The tambourine-girl, who throws herself so desolately on the poor fellow's shoulder, and feels for how small a salary she has danced her feet sore, forms the more graceful and pitiable figure in the composition. In the pretty comic opera of the *Perichole*, the street-singer heroine is made to write a love-letter, the words of which the librettist has literally borrowed from an epistle in that sweet



CHARLES GUSTAVE

copy right

J. THOMSON, 1872

SITA.

From the Original, painted in the collection of Mr. J. H. Thompson, New York.

Painted by J. H. THOMPSON, New York.





AT THE MIRROR.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY H. LOSSOW, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. T. A. HAYMEYER, NEW YORK.

old-fashioned love-story, *Manon Lescaut*; our wandering tambourine-player might quote them:—"How can the heart be very tender when the stomach is suffering for want of food? I am afraid of emitting my last sigh in trying to heave a love-sigh!" Such is the sadly practical and realistic conflict of affection and nutrition, which might be described by this poor Italian girl as she leans on her faithful companion's shoulder.

A French lady sculptor, Mme. Léon Bertaux, contributed an ambitious and charming marble to the Paris Salon of the

should sprout; perhaps she envies it its little vans of gauze; perhaps she fancies that it would like to lend her its pretty sails that can voyage so lightly through the air; perhaps she dreams of their growing fast, in their filmy transparency, and transforming her into the full-fledged emblem of the Soul. Then the careless damsel would truly fulfill the aim of a loftier existence, and Cupid, the beloved and desired, would not be far distant when *Psyche* stood confessed. Meantime, her first impression is one of simple maidenly surprise at the light



MEAGRE RECEIPTS.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EUGÈNE FEYTAUD.

year 1876. This has become the property of Mr. Havemeyer, and represents, at full length and in the scale of life, "A Young Girl at the Bathing-Place." With her hair negligently tied in an encircling ribbon, a graceful nymph is cast at full length among the reeds and water-plants at the brink of a retired streamlet, the edge of whose current is seen represented in the stone. The girl is thrown softly along upon her bed of flags and flower-de-luce; but she rises, supporting herself on one arm, in a posture similar to that of Cormon's "Sità," just noticed. The object that has aroused her attention, and delayed the intended plunge, is a pretty insect which has settled on her shoulder. Herself as light-hearted and thoughtless as the winged flutterer, she does not at once chase away the comrade that invites her to play. The creature has alighted just on the spot where *Psyche*' wing

touch on her bare shoulder. A stanza of Victor Hugo's, from *Les Orientales*, was the inspiration of the statue:—

"Elle est là, sous la feuillée,
Eveillée
Au moindre bruit de malheur;
Et rouge, pour une mouche
Qui la touche,
Comme une grenade en fleur!"

Thus translated:—

White her cheek, 'neath shadowy branches,
Quickly blanches
At each noise that frights her bower;
Or it flushes, when a fly
Brushes by,
Red as the pomegranate flower!

Also important, among the statuary which distinguishes Mr. Havemeyer's collection, is a figure of chromatic sculpture representing an oriental woman at full length, the several colors being afforded by bronze and marble, ably managed with the white marble for the drapery and bronze for the flesh-portion. This beautiful woman of the Orient is called "Sira," a deep cut is seen on her shoulder, and she stands like a monument of the sad wars that have desolated those enchanting lands where she was born; "the fatal gift of beauty," with all of its fascination and some of its penalty, is perpetuated in this striking figure. The sculptor is C. Rondoni, and the composition was executed at Rome in 1873. Benzon's "Fisher-Boy," a picturesque figure in marble, carved at Rome in the year 1865, is also among the treasures of sculpture.

By Alfred Stevens, whose abundant pictures are so surprisingly even in merit, is seen "The Pawnbroker's Shop," including the figures of a maid and an older woman, the latter seen in back view. Without space to accommodate in

this instance, any critical description of the remaining pictures, we touch with a note or two, as a reminder to the art-collector, the salient points of canvases which he may like to have recalled to his recollection. Meissonier is seen in a small picture, "The Guard-Room." Hans Makart is represented by a "Surprise of Bathers," where the landscape has more importance in comparison with the figures than is customary with the painter. An artist who has traveled along the Danube, and brought back interesting reminiscences of the region, painted somewhat in the style of Makart, Herr Berres, contributes four paintings; one, "Hungarian Robbers," in a ravine; one, a "Landscape in Hungary;" a third, "Children," and the fourth, "A Dalmatian," a study of a characteristic head of Tsigane type. Pasini has a charming view of "Venice," Léon Canron, an interesting and spirited scene of "Flamingo Hunters," Pettenkoffen, the Hungarian artist who has so early won celebrity, a "Sunrise;" Dargelas, "The Challenge," a child's duel, where one urchin before he has lost his milk-teeth, valiantly defies another to mortal combat.

CATALOGUE OF MR. T. A. HAVEMEYER'S COLLECTION.

ACHENBACH, ANDREAS.—*Landscape.*

" ONWALD.—*Marine.*

ALT, RUDOLPH.—*Palermo.*

" " *Church Interior.*

AMBERG, W.—*The Bather.*

BADIN, JULES.—*Queen of Sheba.*

BELAMORT.—*Muse Telen Arvot.*

BERRÉS, J. VON.—*Landscape.*

" " *Dalmatian Head.*

" " *Hungarian Landscape.*

" " *Children.*

" " *Hungarian Robbers.*

BESSOT DE WARVILLE, F. S.—*Landscape.*

CANON, J. L.—*Flamingo Hunters.*

CEMAK, J.—*Massacre in Syria.*

CHARLEBONT, ED.—*Cavalier.*

COXMAN, FREDERICK.—*Slit: Odallique.*

DELABOCHÉ, HENRI.—*Le défilé.*

DARGELAS, P.—*Study of a Head.*

DITSCHAUER.—*Landscape.*

ETZOFFER, THUD.—*Cahler.*

" " *Market-Place—Naples.*

FAUVELT, J.—*Smoker.*

FREYER, E.—*Meagre Receipts*

FLÜGGEN, J.—*Lovers' Quarrel.*

FRANTZ, ADAM.—*Landscape and Horae.*

GEROME, J. L.—*Female Figure.*

GIERZYMSKI, MAX.—*Departure for the Chase.*

GOUFFI, J.—*Female Figure.*

" " "

HAULLANT, A.—*Washerwomen.*

" " *Offering to Venus.*

HUBER, J. D.—*Cattle.*

" " *Dogs.*

" " *Deer.*

IRTTAL, E.—*Landscape.*

JACQUE, C.—*Fowls.*

JETTEI, E.—*Water and Cattle.*

JUTZ, KARL.—*Barnyard Fowls.*

[VII.]

LAURENS, N. A.—*Bonvenuto Cellini visiting Charles*

LESSING, C. F.—*Landscape.*

LEYGUE, E.—*Egyptian Woman.*

LICHTENFELS, COUNT E. F.—*Landscape.*

LOSSON, A. H.—*At the Mirror.*

" " *His Picture.*

LYON, F.—*The Wine-Tasters: Monk.*

MAILLART, D. U. N.—*Rimembranza.*

MAKART, HANS.—*Bathers Surprised.*

MEISSONIER, J. L. E.—*Guard-Room.*

PASINI, A.—*Venice.*

" " *Market-Scene—Constantinople.*

PETERS, ANNA.—*Flowers.*

PETTENKOFFEN, A.—*Sunrise.*

PROBST, KARL.—*The Reader.*

RIBAZZ, R.—*Landscape—Forest.*

RICHET, LÉON.—*Landscape.*

RÜMPLER, F.—*Good Friends.*

SCHÖDL.—*Sheep.*

" " *Doukey.*

STEVENS, ALFRED.—*Pawnbroker's Shop.*

TROYON, C.—*Sheep.*

VAN SCHENDEL, P.—*Market—Moonlight.*

VAN THOREN, O.—*Landscape.*

" " *Landscape and Sheep—Dawn.*

" " *Farm-Houses.*

WILLIAMS, F.—*Female Figure.*

SCULPTURE.

BENZONI, G.—*Fisher-Boy and Hunter.*

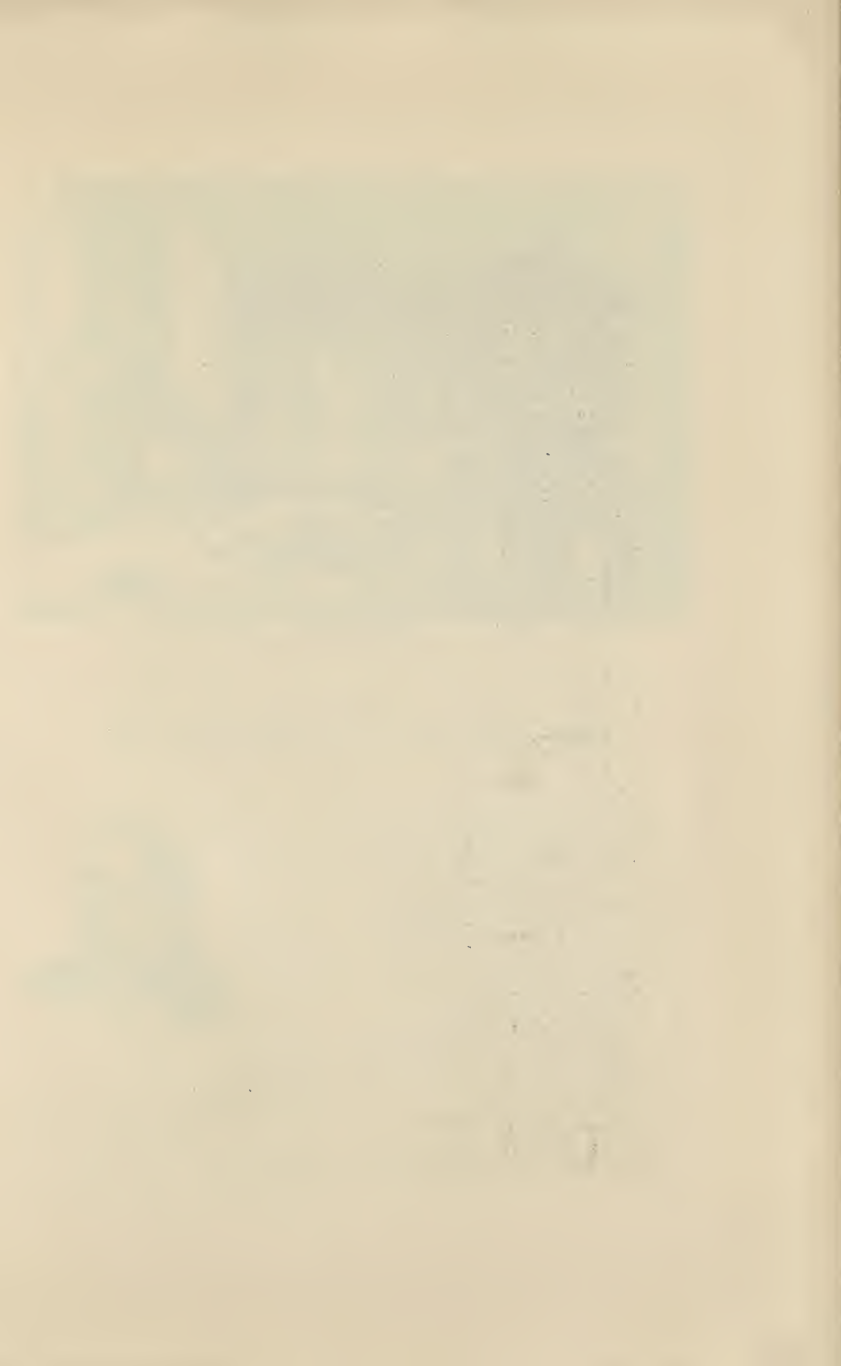
BERTAUX, MME. LÉON.—*Bather.*

RONDONI, C.—*Sira.*



SCHOOL OF THE VESTALS.

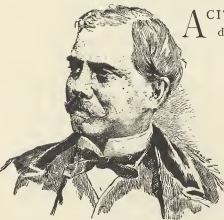
From the Original Painting in the Collection of His Highness the Duke of Devonshire.





EXAMINING THE LEGACY.
ENGRAVED BY BALLARINI FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. FAGLIANO.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.



C. LOUIS MÜLLER.

AUTHOR OF "CALLING THE ROLL OF THE CONDEMNED,"
FROM A SKETCH BY E. LEPPART.

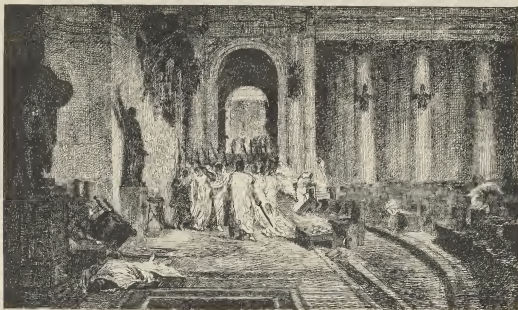
aristocratic *noti me tangere* of Holland furniture-covers, such is the shrine of a collection which includes a few of the gem-pictures of the nineteenth century.

"The Death of Cæsar" (5 x 3 feet) might be selected, with his picture of gladiators saluting the emperor, as the highest limit of M. Gérôme's style. A truly surprising power of

composition makes even the empty places and unfilled lines of the architecture conduce to the effect,—so that no part of the canvas is more interesting than the rows of seats emptied of their spectators, and pointing horribly by their curved lines to the dead thing in the centre; or than the bared mosaic floor, lately peopled with kneeling suppliants, now littered with their petitions, tracked with blood, and chilling with its coldness a fast-stiffening corpse. Of such extreme beauty are the arrangements of lines in this picture, so intelligent and skillful is the imaginary restoration of the old *curia*, where Cæsar's murder was committed, that the mere architecture and lighting of the scene would constitute an admirable picture. Similarly, in the painting of the gladiators, the selection of a point of view, the regular and noble lines of circus seats and swaying awning, with the placing of the masses of figures, makes a supremely fine effect without considering the group of fighters. Both pictures, in the revelation of large and solemn planes of architecture, have much of the charm of a well-balanced landscape: the spaces seem broad, like landscape spaces, and the concentric and focusing lines remind us of similar ones we often see in hill forms. When this astonishing ability in composing the background or field of his incident is

comprehended, we turn to Gérôme's "Caesar" with renewed interest in the figures; and we find that while the scenic setting itself is full of distinction and what is called style, an equal sense of selection and dramatic nobility marks the personages. The conspirators collect in a snowy group, in their white togas, the mass of their forms being as well understood in its rounded completeness as the individual figures are understood in their statuesque and separable aspect. In front lies the dead Caesar. We see in the disposition of the arm and toga a reminder of the historic incident of muffling up the face to die. The success of foreshortening, by which he is made to lie flat on the ground, is perhaps superior to any previous solution of such a problem in art; most accurately

nearest the dictator's seat, are affixed the prows of vessels captured in Caesar's naval conflicts; the room is filled with the legend of his prowess, and from every column hang the wolf-skin coats of the German warriors, the spears of the Britons, or the round shields of the Gauls. Thus in the midst of the tale of his triumphs is great Julius defeated. Every picture so complicated as this has many aspects in which to be studied, among which is the decorative aspect; this in the present picture is singularly fine: the shading from the darkened corners to the burst of light in the middle of the scene, and then the placing, against this illuminated focus of the composition, of the still brighter group of conspirators in white, is managed in a perfect inspiration of felicity. The massing



THE DEATH OF CAESAR.
FACE-SEMBLE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. L. GÉRÔME.

does the plane of this figure coincide with the plane of the pavement. The conspirators pause, before retiring in the wake of the frightened senate, to repeat the oath that binds them together and from which they will only be released in death at Philippi. Brutus goes out last; Cassius turns to him to brandish his sword and vow the destruction of imperialism. Casca is recognized by his short tunic and bare leg. In the background, stunned and dazed, sits a spell-bound senator, a gross Roman magnate, who, like Antony, sees only grief and misfortune in the undoing of Caesar. The slain dictator falls from his overturned curule chair, placed between the effigies of Pompey and Roma-Minerva. The Pompey is not a copy of the statue in the Spada palace, so called correctly or not. It seems to me improbable that the Spada Pompey is the statue by which Caesar fell, it being at least doubtful whether Pompey could have been carved in Caesar's lifetime in Rome as holding the globe of empire. In front of the chair of state is the seat of the clerk; beside it, the *asta* of petitions, whose reading has been interrupted by the murder. On the wall,

of the two crowds—the alarmed senators and the pausing conspirators—is so done as to give that sense of groups moving by a wave of impulse, which, when it can be managed in a picture, adds such nobility and sense of art. So should the populace of a great drama be managed on the stage; so should a great picture be conceived. The science, the concealed skill, of this composition is so powerful that we can wander through all the recesses of those columns, through all the ranks of those seats, without finding a line, an object, an arrangement, that does not assist the general effect. The device of placing the dead body in the immediate foreground, separated by a space of vacant ground from the populace of the picture, so as to be all alone with the spectator, has a most ghastly and thrilling result on the nerves. Gérôme has repeated the stratagem in his "Execution of Ney." Then there is the selection of a particular part of the perspective of the building, so that the curved lines included are led conspicuously to the focus of the event; the balancing of the overthrown seat of magistracy with the overthrown senatorial

seat opposite; the swaying mass of fugitives in shadow under the portico, relieving the white nearer figures still more brilliantly than the architecture alone would do. The placing of the blood-stained Pompey almost out of the picture, and in deepest shadow, gives the avenged rival of Cæsar a most fatal and oracular aspect. Many other remarks are suggested by this picture, surely one of the most conspicuously successful yet designed in the way of a restoration of history, at once poetical and probable, but it is unnecessary to say more. Science, archæology, the dictates of a sound, cool taste, and, what is most necessary here, a sense of how to be impressive

The apparatus of the never-dying fire is seen in the foreground—the bronze tripod forming the inextinguishable hearth, the pan of coals, the tongs, the fan of *sparterie* or mat-work to stimulate the flames. The chief priestess, veiled and wreathed, pours libations into the fire with a *simpulum*; at her side an officiating vestal reads the liturgy of the goddess from a scroll of parchment. Two priestesses of superior dignity sit in front, furnished with rich chairs and footstools; probably it will be their task to watch the eternal flame through the hours of the night now closing, with the penalty of death if their slumbering should allow the embers to expire. The novices stand



SACRED CONCERT.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. G. VERREY.

with an original tragic invention, unite to make it a nineteenth century master-work. The painter's care of it, his nursing of it, his deliberation over the great dramatic idea which had occurred to him, were most conscientious. He took the pains to design and paint the Cæsar life size, and the large study is also in this country, having been already described and illustrated in the first article of this work—that on the Corcoran Gallery.

Hector Le Roux, whose scene of a "Funeral in the Columbarium" was selected to grace the national collection of the Luxembourg Gallery, is represented in the gallery of Mr. J. J. Astor by "The School of Vestals" (10 x 5 feet.) This large canvas was exhibited in the Salon of 1880. We are introduced into the temple of Vesta, already the great patroness of the future site of Rome, before the impiety of the mother of Romulus, herself a princess-priestess of the deity.

around, with their mantles worn veil-fashion over their heads. One of the circular niches peculiar to Roman architecture as distinguished from Grecian, occupies the background, inscribed with the great names of the Alban land. The usual statuette and somewhat mannered elegance peculiar to Le Roux's classical women accentuates the various figures of this composition. A serene ideal dignity characterizes them. How different from the aspect of real life seen in Gérôme's furious vestals of the "Pollice Verso!"

The Commendatore E. Pagliano is author of the vivacious picture "Examining the Legacy." The subject is that of the first plate of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress." The funeral is over, and the heirs, without the slightest pretence of affliction, are excavating the walls, the corners, the chests. High ladders are introduced to lower the family portraits. A connoisseur and his wife, now examining one of these canvases,

have entered by the door in the background, and, as well as the bookworm by the screen, who has found a trophy of a lot of old Venice editions, are dressed in the style of 1820. Meanwhile the belles in the front of the picture have taken some Watteau costumes of the previous century, and are trying them on and laughing at each other, holding up the brocades from the dusty floor. A pretty girl in the middle has assumed a hat and robe of her grandmother, and practices the step of the *minuet de la cour*. Another, in laced morning-dress of her own period, sprawls on the sofa, full of interest in the exhibition, and points out to a mincing beauty in skirt and sleeves too long for her, the strange effect of the antique flowered jupes, so ready to expand into "cheeses," and

Prussian war, is "The Rival Confessors" (24x18 inches,) a canvas of 1869. A church is being lighted up, as to its altar, by the Benedictine monk, in his white frock, who acts as sacristan; and two confessors of the same order sit in readiness to receive the avowals of the faithful. One is austere, grim, brutal, and his bust as it is niched in his confessional resembles that of one of the more ferocious Roman emperors, with the same capacity for indefinite resources of ill-temper. The other is a simple rotundity of benevolence, a rotundity "with good capon lined" which almost bursts out of the confessional; his sleek chops shine with good-nature, and his bald head seems to wear a beneficent halo. He is thronged with penitents, of a rough-and-ready order, who have probably



THE OLD AGE OF A PRINCE.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY L. ROUX

needing the rotundity of the hoop to do themselves justice. Near the front is an antique, magnificently-sculptured chest. When we open it, shall we find the skeleton of Ginevra? No, the lifting of the lid simply reveals the coronet and escutcheon painted on the inside, and a plethora of mixed objects quickly overflowing upon the boards. Silver salvers, tambour-laces, swords, buckled shoes, and embroidered court-suits pour from it, and fill the foreground. It hardly enters the heads of these gay damsels that some day they themselves will be represented only in the family portraits, and their dresses seem old and absurd to triflers yet to come. Meanwhile the garments of the dead beauties—themselves the corpses of vanished modes—come out into the sunshine once more and try to glitter with their dull bullion broideries, as the pretty triflers whirl them over the floor, the mouldering robes in the clasp of the living coquettes, in a sort of "dance of death."

One of the later pictures of the regretted young Spanish painter, Eduardo Zamacois, who died during the Franco-

brought enough sins into the church to justify his relief-giving powers; if they were sinless, they might go without fear to the sterner confessor. It is a Roman church, as is evident from the Raphael ornaments with which the pilasters are carved, from the footmen of cardinals lounging at the altar, and from the campagna dresses of these unscrupulous penitents. The men's sandals and thong-bound legs, their brigand hats and Roman cloaks, make effective figures of them, fit for the banditti of Fra Diavolo: beside them the girls, in charming contadina costume, or with the veil of the *bourgeoise* drawn over the head, kneel also on the floor, very little troubled about the sins of which they mean to relieve their conscience. A peasant-girl bends at the usual place aside of the confessional, a gray grandfather has dragged his withered old marrowbones directly in front, and over the whole heterogeny the good father waves his rod like a staff of blessing, as if he would like to include *urbe et orbe* in his easy benediction. To set the seal on his acceptability, a gushing ray of sunshine





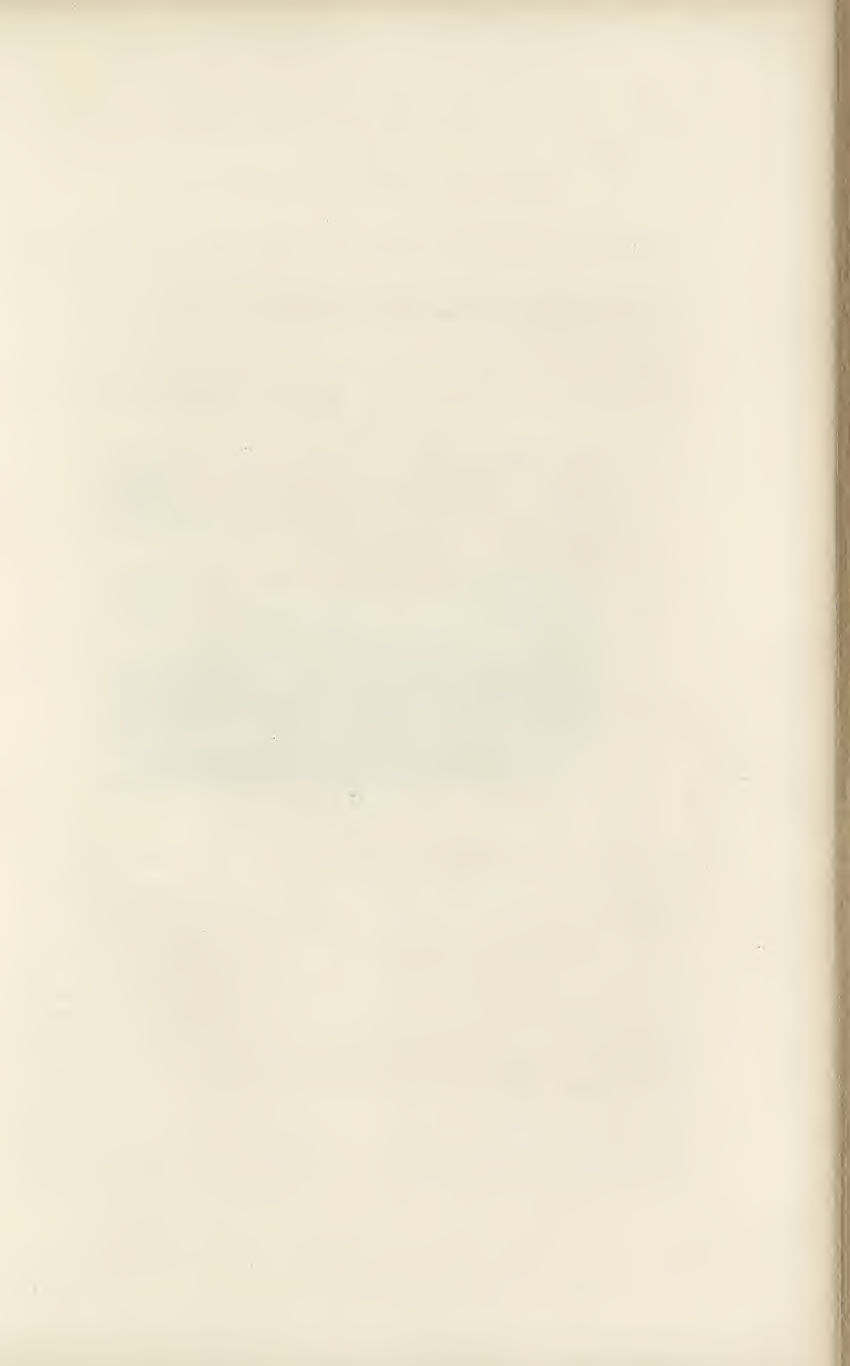
THE RIVAL CONFESSORS.

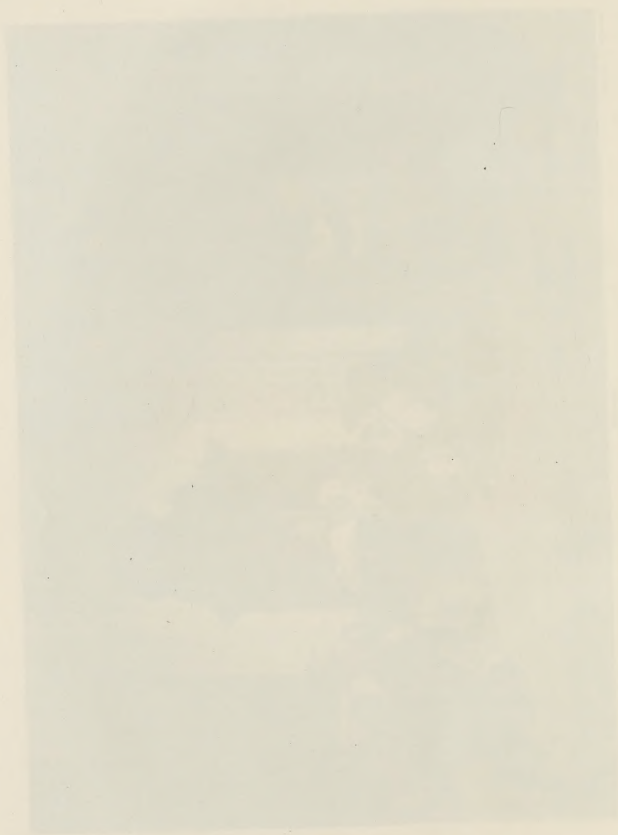
From the Original Painting in the collection of Mr. John Jacob Astor, New York.

Translated by MISS SARAH P. M. M. M.

QUANTRE GUTTEN & CO.

NEW YORK: 1852.





comes down through the panes in white refulgency (stained glass is not characteristic of Rome) and wraps the whole bundle of priest and kneelers in one huge glory. Meanwhile the cruel head and strong claws of the neglected confessor appear at his aperture, like those of a vicious earth-spider in his den. Zamacois, as is his habit, has given the full force of his technic to this anecdote. It is for painters of the Spanish race to select some sardonic jest, some conceit hardly more important than the jokes of the comic journal, and lavish upon their delineation the full resources of the marvelous palettes they inherit from Ribera and Velasquez. The slight incongruity which strikes us in Spanish subject-matter and Spanish

two figures in red contrast with some violence with the general scheme of the white robes. The youthful piano-player, with refined and effeminate boyish visage under his skull cap—the very face found often in Italian choirs—and with modern fashionable trowsers and boots escaping from the ecclesiastical robes to press the pedal—is a type that must have been studied in the very arcana and Holy of Holies of sacred *virtuosité*. The place represented is a most luxurious modern sacristy, hung with tapestries and Venice glasses, and adorned with elegant columns of variegated marble. This picture, it must be repeated, is remarkably well painted; yet it may be confessed it rides into fame on the shoulders of Vibert's



SELLING SHELL-FISH AT ST. WAAST.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. VERBIER.

depth of treatment is the very sign-manual of the national school.

Vibert's "Sacred Concert" represents the musical exercises of monks in a monastery. In this picture there is no trace of the artist's occasional levity. It is a serious, yet genial, sympathetic study of the realities of monastic life. In his most finished and precise style Vibert represents a young musical lay-brother sitting at an upright piano, whose modern form compares strangely with the habits of all the company, unchanged for centuries; a choir-leader with violin, a patriarchal old gray-beard, who shows fine earnestness as he sits beating with his bow and looking warningly at the bass voices immediately in front of him; a row of singers in white Benedictine or Cistercian frocks, ranging from tall, weedy tenors to square-built basses. The tallest tenor and the bass hold sheets of music, and the rest look over their shoulders amicably. A stout bass-viol player in the foreground, who like the adolescent accompanist on the piano is dressed in the red of some one of the many educational orders in Rome, bends to look at the music set up over the key-board. These

facetious subjects. It is good, but it is without the golden glamour of magical technic that in some pictures partakes of legerdemain and astonishes the critic into being an engine of an artist's fame; it is a fine picture, among the Steinheils and Heilbuths and others who paint somewhat similarly; but if Vibert always labored with such praiseworthy lack of the sensational, few would have heard of Vibert.

Rossi, a young Italian living at Paris, and known among the Bohemian summer excursionists to Barbizon or the seaside as one of the gayest and handsomest of summer companions, follows the rococo side of Fortuny's style. Among his bright and flashing works one of the most elaborate is the "Old Age of a Prince" ($3\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ feet). It is the frivolous princelet of the Italian principalities of the eighteenth century, such as we find portrayed in the confessions of Rousseau and the memoirs of Casanova, and of whom the surviving representative is the petty prince of Monaco, satirized in *Rabagas*. To amuse this dignified and worthy sovereign in his contemplative seventieth year, and elevate his thoughts to the near proximity of death, a pair of ballet-dancers have

been brought into court. One is dressed as a Watteau shepherd, one as a shepherdess, but both are girls. With the thoughtful business-like expression of their trade they begin to execute pirouettes slowly on their high heels. The pretty painted ladies, the cavaliers, the aged complaisant husbands, the attentive *cicisbeos*, gather to admire on each side of the

school of painting comport well with the expression of the scene.

J. É. Saintin's "Distraction" shows a young lady in the voluminous white flounces of a muslin morning-robe, in which she quite buries her feet as she "cuddles" up on a lounge, in front of her *Psyche*-glass. The mirror gives back



FIGURES FROM "THE BAPTISM,"
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY F. H. KAEMMERER.

royal dais, on whose lower step sits the childish inheritor of the throne, a frail boy of twelve, already dead to every excitement and become a mere passive recipient of sensations. This healthy and pure incident is carried on in the glittering silk coats and flowered brocades of the Figaro period, and the background is one of the rainbow palace-interiors of degenerate Italy. With a light, tolerant touch the painter emphasizes his lesson—the close of life and the business of life, here understood to be the extraction of the last drop of pleasure and sensuality which jaded nerves and debilitated sense can be made to yield. The butterfly colors of the Spanish-Roman

a repetition of her face, almost as distinct as the original, but viewed in another aspect. Her countenance is beautiful and deeply thoughtful, and the onlooker may speculate on a little paradox often noticed in real life, the seeming difference in expression between a real face and its reflection in the glass. The trifles of a rich boudoir are prettily scattered around the artist's delicate vision of a nineteenth century day-dream.

Kaemmerer, even in other pictures besides the "Baptism" ($2 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ feet,) has got a peculiar and delicious effect out of subjects dressed off in the frivolous *Directoire* fashions, by no longer depicting, as other painters of the picturesque have

done, merely vapid or affected or fashion-plate emotions in these dresses consecrated to all extravagance, but by taking, on the contrary, the tenderest and holiest feelings known to the heart and with the contrast of this flighty costume giving additional piquancy to their purity. Both in the "Wedding" and in the present "Baptism" picture he has displayed subjects

railings cling the lively throngs of street-Arabs, whom a pretty girl with a bag in her hand is gratifying with the traditional sugar-plums, always going with the baptismal ceremony. M. Kaemmerer certainly has the peculiar incommunicable instinct of dramatic expression. In this group of a proud and tender mother, a father full of curiosity



DISTRACTION.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. E. SAINTIN.

of ineffable tenderness, with the mad caparison that only seems suitable for opéra-bouffe. In our baptismal scene, there is the inimitable mother-look in the eyes of the girlish matron, as she turns them upon the small embodiment of humanity in the arms of the proud Norman-capped nurse. The scale of feeling is skillfully toned off to indifference and worldliness in the other figures descending from the portal. The church-entrance, whose steps are covered with tapestry, may be that of St. Roch, which the First Consul has recently stained with the blood of his own fellow-citizens. At the

and spirit of investigation about the wonderful fact he has unknowingly introduced into the world, a gay and sturdy professional nurse, conscious of having supplied the hydraulic power by which the new mechanism is kept going, a pretty sister ardently scattering comfits like a Greek Ceres, a pinched sharp-nosed grandmother, a grandfather proud of his *tenue* and of being a true old dandy of the *Directoire*, all the people are doing just what they would naturally do, and a tide of life resuscitated from a by-gone past—a powerful anachronism by which the century's beginning is actually made to live again

at the century's close—impress the spectator of the picture with astonishment and conviction.



THE KNITTER.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY W. ROUGGEEAU.

Emile Vernier contributes to Mr. Astor's collection his large picture from the Salon of 1880, "The Sale of Shell-Fish at St. Waast, La Hogue, Manche," (9 x 5 feet.) A cloudy firmament, speckled with the forms of circling sea-birds, hangs low over the "vase" or mud of a flat salt shore. Little shallow rills and channels of the sea vein the whole perspective of the beach, and among the ooze and brine, literally tinted with washes of water-color to match the scene, stray the figures of stooping wooden-shod women, collecting the mussels and oysters, like our American clam-gatherers in every appearance but that of sex. A peasant has driven a slimy horse attached to a slimy two-wheeled wagon down to the edge of the ocean, and into this the women load their damp treasure. This broad landscape is distinguished by a very forcible and very gloomy truth to nature, and the easy definitive manner in which the planes of flat distance are distinguished all the way out to a prodigiously distant horizon bespeaks the master-hand.

"Drilling," or "L'Exercice" (3 x 2 feet,) appears on page 12 of this article in M. Frère's preparatory sketch. The painting was contributed to the Salon of 1880. A school of thirty or forty boys, from six to twelve years of age, is being drilled in musket-exercise by a stout military officer, whose adult gun contrasts with the juvenile-looking toy-guns of the children. In this daylight scene, which repeats as nearly as I can remember it the village square of Ecouen, M. Frère forsakes for the time those beautiful cottage interiors, which he knows how to deepen with such lovely shadows. Here all is gay with sunshine and crisp with definition. In classical

fable, the three sisters passed to each other the infallible eye, for successive use: M. Frère has chosen to borrow, for the purposes of this composition, not the eye of the Graia, but that sharp discerning lens which M. Detaille wears beneath his eyebrow. It must be said that he makes capital use of his seldom-employed utensil. The daylight impression is vivid and frank and bold.

Bonnat's "Non Plangere" or "Don't Cry" (3 1/4 x 5 feet) is one of those groups of little models from the Spanish Stairs which occurred rather abundantly to his fancy while he directed the French art-college at Rome. An artist of M. Bonnat's aims and views of technic has no need to go far for his topic; the invention of scenes, the investigation of history, the taste and tact of composition, he always puts aside as if they were no part of painting. To pose a model before him, to deliver with athletic force every fact of light-and-shade and every modification of color, to model his forms so really that sculpture itself shall have no advantage over him in point of solidity and saliency, such are the tasks he sets himself, and such the limitations within which he obtains a sufficing degree of success; when his task is turned out and delivered, a new tangible fact, an abiding solidity, has been added to the world's riches. The "Non Plangere" is a group painted in his better manner. The relief, the degree of hardness, of



NON PLANGERE.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY L. BONNAT.

every texture, is accounted for with unspeakable accuracy and force of delivery. The eye with ease passes quite around





GRAVED BY J. J. J. J.

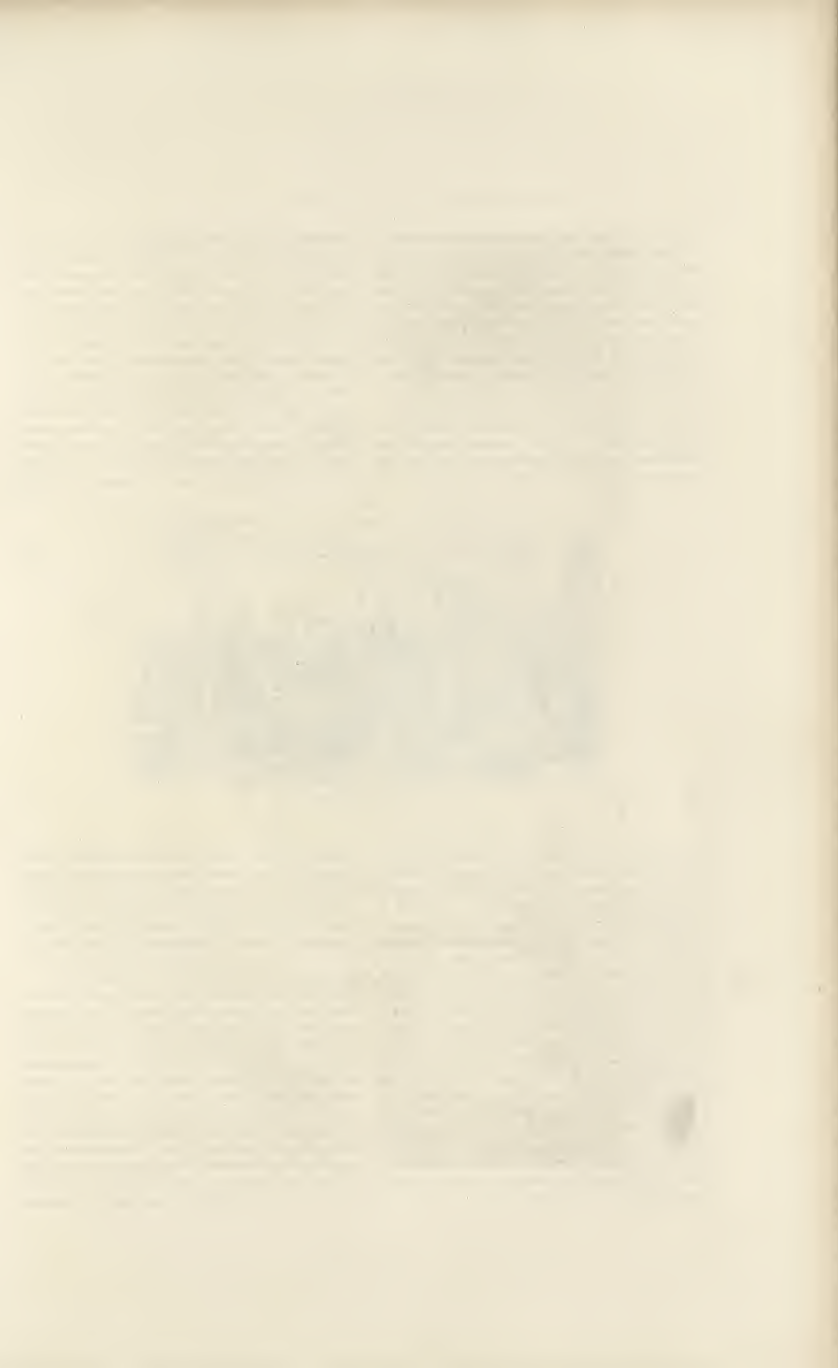
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C. J. J. J. J. J.

THE LAST ROLL CALL OF THE CONDEMNED.

[REIGN OF DEATH.]

How the Prisoners of the Gallies of the World have been seen



these figures, tender and pulpy in texture, mighty in realization and permanence. The subject is, as usual, unimportant: we simply surprise a common studio dilemma. One of the vagabond families who live by sitting as models, and infest the Piazza di Spagna with their picturesque laziness and tawdry theatrical costumes, have sent into the atelier a delegation of two; the youngest, a pretty girl-infant, has not yet learned to sit; bashful, timid, betraying in every limb the pretty awkwardness of childhood when taken at disadvantage, she stands like an image, while the task of her education for business is assumed by a little brother, hardly older, but already drilled in his avocation: this callow professor arranges her limbs, kneels at her side to establish her equilibrium, and neatly administers the advice and encouragement proper to develop her into an accomplished model. Directly they will both be

a posture, no work of art ever created could well exceed her simple grace, the balance of curves in the two sides of her figure, the firmness of the plant on the feet, the delicate drawing of her little bunch of flying fingers. The inherent character of Bouguereau's style, as if the canvas had been scraped all over with a piece of glass, and then waxed like a bit of Queen Anne furniture, alone detracts from the impression of charm which the picture ought to convey. This painting—a worthy member of the family of Bouguereau's life-size figures—was executed in 1874.

Charles-Louis Müller's "Last Roll-Call of the Reign of Terror" (94×51 inches) is a conception executed in 1850. In that year the exposure in the Salon of the artist's original delineation of the scene, soon bought by the Government for the Luxembourg collection, (whence it has been but lately



THE SCHOOL OF THE VESTALS.
PAC-SHILL OF THE PRELIMINARY SKETCH BY HECTOR LENOIR

ready to pose, but the artist has conceived the idea of making capital out of their very unpreparedness, and has snatched a masterpiece out of their period of unfitness. In his picture, which might be called "The Uneducated Model," he has made a success out of the awkward uncouthness of his sitters, and while they think they are keeping him waiting, he is achieving a study which adds to his renown.

"The Knitting-Girl" or "La Tricoteuse" (3×4½ feet) is a life-size study of one of Bouguereau's favorite classic-faced children; this little rustic has no shoes, but with peasant inconsistency she is furnished with a warm and needless head-wrap. Her past stretches behind her, in the form of a winding hillside path which she has traversed: sent with a message to some toiling father or brother in the fields, she pauses a moment in the shade of some foliage, and stands with a blossom at her right hand and a thistle-thorn on her left, contemplating her little narrow future with pain and pleasure on either side. Her small mechanical fingers continue their soft and downy manufacture, but she is thinking of anything else, and looks up into the spectator's eyes with an expression of gentle, appealing perplexity. Taken simply as

removed,) excited the most ardent admiration. The American replica was bought, in 1862, for \$1800, by Mr. John Taylor Johnston, at one of Goupil's auction-sales, and sold by him to Mr. Astor, in 1876, for \$8200. Long displayed in the Luxembourg collection, opposite Couture's "Decadence," this picture is as well known to traveling Americans as anything in Europe. The present composition is the grand effort of Müller's life; since its production he has confined himself to simpler themes, such as the "Charlotte Corday," in the Corcoran, already illustrated in this work, or the "Mother and Daughter" (2½×3½ feet) in the present collection. The highest criticism can never be quite satisfied with such a picture,—the hasty head sketched by Velasquez or by Rembrandt is worth almost infinitely more than this tableau of a tragedy fifth-act, where the poet Chenier is arranged in an attitude exactly in the middle, and various disrupting family groups roll their eyes to heaven in each corner. There are nobler ways of grouping and distributing a composition, as Van der Helst proves in the "Drapers," and Hals in the "Peace of Munster;" there are lovelier schemes for distributing color over a crowd, as Veronese shows in his "Cana" and Velasquez

in his "Spinners." There are more real transcripts of human emotion up and down in art, as witness Rembrandt's crowds of misery, or Tintoretto's various scenes of passion. But though the modern artist may have gone along through the traditions of his trade, merely picking up with frugal patience the attitudes, the effects, the colors, the emotions, which the greater masters have rejected as unworthy, yet we are constrained to admit that in his picture M. Müller has arranged a great crowd without confusion and in natural groupings of extreme variety; that he has told with power the tale of horror and suspense; that his scheme of color is frank, natural and restrained, without gaudiness on the one hand and without more than a slight tendency to opacity on the other. The tendency to attitudinize—that besetting vice of the French in art—does not here reach the dismal stalking and posturing



THE EXERCISE.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. FRÉRE.

known in their more classical school; the emotions represented are very human, very real, and if there is not in the picture a single female head that the world will select for a Muse of Grief, a single hero who might stand for the Leonidas of feudal faithfulness, there is an impressive play of emotion over the whole gamut from distress to despair which excites warm and lively sympathy.

The scene represents the close, warm, crowded prison of the Conciergerie, on the 8th Thermidor, 1794. On that awful July day, while Robespierre is delivering at the Convention the last great speech of his life in the endeavor to retain his lease of power, the engine of his cruelty is still toiling on in the Revolutionary Tribunal. His creature, the public accuser, Fouquier, is still designating new victims with the industry of a machine; and the guillotine will deliver its tale of heads until evening, unconscious that Robespierre's hour is really over, and that a day or two will see him executed and the Terror at an end. On this final afternoon some of the more famous victims of the Revolution perished in its own death-throes. It was on the 8th that André Chenier, a young man whose eloquent writings pointed him out as the analyst to have compiled the best history of the Revolution, met his fate. On mounting the scaffold, "To die so young," he exclaimed, striking his forehead; "there was something, there!" He is seen in the middle of the picture, thrown sidewise on his chair, clasping his thoughtful forehead, and

holding a pencil upon the sheet laid on his knee. At the right of the picture is found Rouchet, the poet, author of *Les Mers*; a few hours before leaving this doomed through he penned some last touching couplets for his children, and dispatched the poem for them with his miniature. As the two authors proceeded to the guillotine, they cheered and stimulated each other by reciting the stateliest verses from Racine; for such was the taste of the day,—classicality imbibed into the daily habit of life, and apposite citation taking the place of utterance warm from the heart. The difference between the men of '93 and the men of Plutarch was this, that the old Romans uttered things that were worth saying, and the Parisians—quoted the Romans. These poor men of letters found nothing more authentic to animate each other with than the pseudo-Greek hexameters of Racine. The '93 patriots, including the manliest of them, Mme. Roland, would like, themselves, to be simple quotations from Plutarch's men. Other victims, not destined to immortality in the annals of literature, but with names included in the lists of French nobility, are represented in the scene; the literary men who took their part mingling with the grand legendary families whose ancestors had made the history of France. These nobles are indistinguishably mixed in the squalor of the common dungeon; for the milder captivity of the Temple, or of the earlier times of imprisonment in the Conciergerie, is over, and it is no longer permitted for the Temple prisoners to be served on plate and to employ domestics, nor for banquets to be held in the Conciergerie, as was done for the Girondists. The painter takes the moment when one of these aristocratic victims—a representative of the lofty feudalism which the Revolution destroyed—is summoned to death. The messenger of the Tribunal has reached one of the most splendid names on his list. The *ci-devant* Princess of Monaco is called. The informers and spies imprisoned with the captives have done their work, and evidence suborned or purchased has condemned the Princess at the Tribunal. When the doomed name is pronounced, knives gleam among the crowd here and there; they are used to point out the victim and anticipate the blade of the guillotine: quickly as name after name is read, the pointing weapons, the accusing fore-fingers, wheel round and concentrate in the direction of the doomed person. As the Princess rises, pressing her hand to her bosom in irrepressible horror, pointing knife-thrusts and designating fingers gleam out in every part of the large room; the gendarmes around the officer thrust forth their weapons, and another gendarme mounted on a chair near the Princess, grasps a beam and stretches towards her a bare arm, on which the light falls vividly as it reaches towards her head. The identity is quickly established, and in another moment she will be thrust into the fatal cart at the doorway, where the preceding victim, the Princess of Chimay, is seen like a statue of Despair in full sunlight, taking her final leave of human society and the converse of her kind. Other fated unfortunates cling round the officer for a little respite, and well they may, for the executions of this date are in a manner unnecessary and unintentional; the sense of the Convention has already repudiated the butcheries of Robespierre, and if

the present victims can by any means obtain grace for a day or two they will be saved, as Josephine is saved. A woman beside herself with terror, the unfortunate actress Mme. Leroy, clings to the arm of the unheeding messenger of the Tribunal; a gendarme drags her away, while his fellow gendarme, close by, coolly sits and stuffs tobacco into his filthy pipe. Near her sits, brooding and calm, the Marquise de Colbert-Maulvriers, an image of the stateliest aristocracy, in her sacred white hairs. Captain Aucanne, of the king's cavalry, already

well to remove from the Luxembourg Gallery a historical sheet that will only see helpless women and refined poets among the royalists executed by the earlier Republic.

J. Aubert, who has partly inherited the graceful fable-telling talent of Hamon, contributes "The Broken Thread" (24 x 36 inches.) A Greek maiden sits on flowers in a tranquil landscape, where light trees and dandelion-balloons decorate a soft bank of turf. She has been spinning flax from her distaff, but a moment of inattention has surprised her, and while her eyes rove distracted, a sly enemy—ever ready to take advantage of a lapse of care—has quickly stolen up and snapped the thread of duty. The poor girl may try to piece the broken line, but Cupid has touched it with his entangling fingers, and it never will run smooth again. As she will try to pursue her task she will be surprised at the obstinate knots and snarls that will get into her weaving; and then she will remember the tantalizing day when Love laid upon the cord of her existence his confusing and delicious hand.

There are other pictures of considerable distinction in the collection of Mr. Astor. Lefebvre shows a most delicate conception of "Virginia" (3 x 8 feet); the heroine of the saddest and simplest of love-stories sits musing on the bulwarks of the vessel, between the long spider-web lines of the shrouds that print themselves in black against the sky. She seems entangled in the mesh of fate. Soon indeed will this bright firmament change to black; the vessel that bears her will be cast away, and as it wrecks itself against the Island of Mauritius this gentle girl will be washed lifeless upon the beach. The refinement of M. Lefebvre's figure, in its dress of simple striped tropical stuff, is very sweet and pure; it is a rustic idyllic form of most uncontaminated simplicity. A momentary forgetfulness of good taste has led this usually fastidious painter to mark "J. J. A." in large letters, on a bale of goods represented on deck in the foreground of Mr. Astor's picture.

Meissonier is represented by a painting containing a female figure, a *rarissimus* circumstance with him. It represents a picturesque château staircase of the sixteenth century, on which to group the personages, and is called "Sur l'Escalier" or "On the Stair," (10 x 18 inches.) Over the carved wooden baluster a beautiful châtelaine and a gallant, in costumes of Henri II, look down as if into a court below, where guests may be arriving. The lady holds a square fan, with the handle attached as to a little flag, a form familiar to us from some of the Japanese fans. The picture was painted in 1879. Its almost unprecedented choice of subject makes it interesting among the works of the magician who executed it. Roybet shows a well-painted group of men-at-arms in Franz Hals dresses, "Breaking up the Party" (3 x 4 feet.) One of the four convivial companions rises from the table and holds up his "Nuremberg Turnip," as if to prove that the hour of parting really has arrived, and it is impossible to stay a moment longer. Roybet is also represented by a less important painting, "The Standard-Bearer." Louis Leloir is shown in a picture, "Return from Hunting" (2 x 3 feet.) of unsocial and grim comicality. A huntsman of the old buffcoat and jerkin days having come home to his hall, places



THE BROKEN THREAD.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JEAN AUBERT.

called, takes leave of his wife and daughter close by. In the opposite corner another gallant figure, the Marquis de Roquelaure, sits leaning his arms on his knees, and muses, perhaps on the untimely close of a life enriched with every promise, perhaps on the timely close of a dynasty condemned by the general human conscience. The whole tableau is a specious argument. These victims appeal warmly to the heart, their crimes and fearful egotism forgotten, and nothing remembered but the condemnation that erred because it was too unscrupulous and too bloody; but there is another side from which to view the characters of those who were condemned by the Revolution, a side less favorable and less pathetic; the canvas is a partial bit of advocacy, and the present Republic has done

a square-toed shoe on top of either andiron, and bids them enjoy the fire, while he warms himself in his drawers and spreads forth his hands to the flames in lonely bliss and ineffable luxury. Meyer von Bremen contributes a "Welcome to Papa" (18x25 inches), a bevy of little laughing rustics perched on a gate, and grinning at a supposed figure advancing towards them. It is quite painful to think of the toil that must have been expended in polishing up such a numerous and elaborate group to its present pitch of finish.

The *bric-à-brac* is hardly a fit subject for the present notice. Rather too large to be classed simply as a parlor

bronze, the "Fighting Bulls" of Clésinger is a group showing spirited action and broad modeling. The dinner-room of the mansion is a work of art, full of carved wood-work, and with panels of hunting or game painted by a French artist of considerable capacity, one Delasard, the whole under the superintendence of Marcotte. Of the statuary, a marble figure by Rosetti represents a Vestal tempted by Cupid; it is inscribed "Vestal: Sacrum; *ÆI: ΠΑΡΟ*." Another statue, by W. W. Astor, is a "Wounded Amazon," an attempt to vary by modern lights the treatment of a very favorite antique subject.



KEY TO "CALLING THE ROLL OF THE CONDEMNED."

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|--|---|--|
| 1.—André Chénier, author. | 8.—Ex-Couverts de Perleuil, site Vieuxville. | 14.—Mme. A. Leroy, actress of the Comédie française. |
| 2.—Wife of Pey de Vésine, site Barcos. | 9.—P. Dorval Pey de Vésine, ex-maire des comtes. | 15.—Ex-Marchandises C. J. F. Manteville de Collet de Montreuil. |
| 3.—J. J. B. Simon, ex-Bishop of Agde. | 10.—C. F. Rempert de Montreuil, garde du corps. | 16.—J. L. M. Jacquin, ex-maire des comtes, ex-Capitaine de Cavalry. |
| 4.—Ex-Princes de Gramont-Montau, site St. Jeanville. | 11.—Ex-Marchandises C. J. F. Manteville de Collet de Montreuil. | 17.—A. Legay, Comte of the Twenty-third Regiment of Mounted Chasseurs. |
| 5.—Ex-Couverts de Perleuil-Mont, site Barcos. | 12.—Mme. C. Le Pélissier, ex-Princes de Chiny. | |
| 6.—Ex-Marchandises C. J. F. Manteville de Collet de Montreuil. | 13.—Mme. C. Le Pélissier, ex-Princes de Chiny. | |
| 7.—J. A. Koster, poet. | 14.—Mme. A. Leroy, actress of the Comédie française. | |

CATALOGUE OF MR. JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S COLLECTION.

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| AUBERT, J.— <i>Calling the Throat.</i> | KÖBEL, G.— <i>Cattle.</i> | SCHENCK, A. F. A.— <i>Cattle.</i> |
| BONNAT, L.— <i>"Don't Cry!"</i> | LAFAYETTE, J.— <i>Virginia.</i> | SCHLESINGER, KARL.— <i>The Listener.</i> |
| BOUCHERVILLE, A. DE.— <i>Liberty.</i> | LELOIR, LOUIS.— <i>Return from Hunting.</i> | SCHMIDT, E. A.— <i>Quarrel at Cards.</i> |
| " " <i>Captivity.</i> | LEFOITTEIN, E.— <i>Landscapes.</i> | SCHREYER, A.— <i>Horses at the Fountain.</i> |
| BOUCHEREAU, W. A.— <i>La tricolore.</i> | " " " | " " <i>Abel-Kinder Leaving Constantinople.</i> |
| COLEMAN, SAMUEL.— <i>View in Tunis.</i> Water-color. | LEROUX, H.— <i>School of Vets.</i> | ST. JEAN, SIMON.— <i>Flowers.</i> |
| DE NEUVILLE, A.— <i>The Adieu.</i> | MADRANO, R.— <i>Girl Reading.</i> | TOMMOUCHE, A.— <i>The Secret.</i> |
| DETAILLE, E.— <i>Cavalry Officer.</i> | MEISSONIER, J. L. E.— <i>On the Stair.</i> | VERBOEKHOVEN, E.— <i>Frightened Bull.</i> |
| " " <i>An Incident in the Franco-Prussian War.</i> | MEYER VON BREMEN.— <i>Welcome to Papa.</i> | VERHAS, J.— <i>Hide-and-Seek.</i> |
| DOMINGO, J.— <i>Cavalier and Dog.</i> | MILLET, F. D.— <i>Bashi-Basouh.</i> | VERNIER, E.— <i>Sale of Shell-fish at St. Waast, Helgue.</i> |
| FERGUSON.— <i>View on the Hudson.</i> | MONFALET, A. F.— <i>Card Players.</i> | British Channel. |
| FREKE, ED.— <i>School Drill.</i> | MOREAU, A.— <i>The Wedding Party.</i> | VIBERT, J. G.— <i>Sacred Concert.</i> |
| GÉRÔME, J. L.— <i>Death of Caesar.</i> | MÜLLER, C. L.— <i>Mother and Child.</i> | WÄHLBERG, A.— <i>Coast of Norway.</i> |
| GIFFORD, S. R.— <i>Venetian Sails.</i> | " " <i>Calling the Roll of the Condemned.</i> | ZAMACOS, E.— <i>The Rival Confessors.</i> |
| GRISWOLD, C. C.— <i>View on the Hudson.</i> | PAULIANO, E.— <i>Examining the Legacy.</i> | ZIEM, F.— <i>Constantinople.</i> |
| GRÖS, L. A.— <i>The Stirrup Cap.</i> | RICHARDS, W. T.— <i>Portsmouth Light, New Hampshire.</i> | |
| HALL, G. H.— <i>Two Studies of Grapes.</i> | RILDER, A.— <i>Love among the Rhies.</i> | SCULPTURE. |
| IRVING, J. R.— <i>After the Stage.</i> | ROSSI, L.— <i>Old Age of a Prince.</i> | ASTOR, W. W.— <i>Amazonia Perita.</i> |
| " " <i>Banquet at Hampton Court.</i> | ROYNET, F.— <i>Standard-Bearer.</i> | CLÉSINGER, A.— <i>Bull Fighting.</i> Bronze. |
| JACOVACCI, F.— <i>The Gondola.</i> | " " <i>Time to Go.</i> | ROSETTI, ANTONIO.— <i>Temptation of a Vestal.</i> |
| KÄRMERER, F.— <i>Baptism under the Directory.</i> | SANTIN, J. E.— <i>Distraction.</i> | |





DESIGNED BY LUCAS HANON, PINK

Engraved by G. S. S.

GRAVURE DOUTIL & C.

TWILIGHT

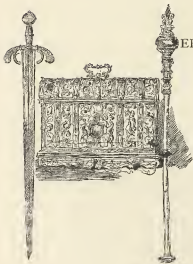
From the "American Beauties" in the collection of the late Mr. H. E. Carter, Philadelphia

PRINTED BY PHILADELPHIA



THE ODALISQUE.
ENGRAVED BY FAUST FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. DE BEAUMONT.

THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE MR. A. E. BORIE.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY FORTUNY.

HERALDING the Borie gallery of pictures, and approximately symbolizing its luxury and tropic feast of color, "The Odalisque" of Edouard Beaumont is introduced. It is a tender and delicate study of flesh-tint and of the rich contrasts of Turkish life. A blonde Circassian beauty, fresh from the bath, clasps her knees on a divan and

looks lovingly at the parrot held by a crouching negress; probably the bird is the only companion in all the gilded palace whom she has been able to teach the language of her home.

The collection of ex-Secretary of the Navy Borie, now in the possession of his widow, is framed on French traditions. Various artists who are very, very sparsely represented in America assemble there and seem at home. Three autographs that you seldom see written on canvases hung in saloons of the United States are those of Delacroix, of

Decamps, of Millet. In the case of either of these artists, each the inventor of a style, one should have seen a great number of examples before forming a judgment. My own impressions of Decamps and Delacroix are derived not so much from the six specimens in the Borie gallery, as from the two ceilings by Delacroix in the Louvre and Luxembourg, and from his "Dante" in the museum of the latter; and from an assemblage of some scores of the works of Decamps, I once saw collected for auction at Drouot, besides his various Bible and Shakespeare lithographs. As for Millet's pictures, never in this country seen together, but always cornered like shy eccentrics in solitary confinement, a single one in a gallery,—hard to find together in sufficient numbers to make preponderant the shy aroma of his soul—they were never collected so numerous and representatively as at the Exposition of 1867. It seems idle to hale one's friends by the button and direct them to fall into sympathy with talents of such singular bent, here represented in a half dozen of their accidental ramifications.

As for Eugène Delacroix, his Luxembourg "Bark of Dante," painted in 1822, and judged "worthy to float in the river which rolls from the base of Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,'" had the effect of making the public receive eagerly any subsequent effort of his pencil. In 1831 occurred his journey to Morocco, and it is to this epoch that the

examples secured by Mr. Borie seem to appertain. One is "The Lion Hunt," a picture of considerable size (4×3 feet). It exhibits a hollow place among African hills, into whose shadows have penetrated a party of Moorish cavalry; the lion, as from a catapult, has shot into the foreground; and there, denuding its teeth for work, with fierce feline wrinkling of its cheeks, it tears the arm of a dismounted soldier, who, courageous and intriguing with death, scrambles over the ground as alert and catlike as his foe, accommodating his motions to those of the force that drags him, and trying to make fight with his scimitar; three or four horsemen on barbs of different colors are rushing upon the beast, while the lioness turns growling upon an assailant who aims from a distance. This is no beautiful picture: its forms are scattered about in the dark with slight obedience to composition, and its deep knotted colors, unrelieved by high-lights, are as sombre in their harmony as are the darkly-beautiful honeycombs on a vase of cloisonné enamel. But it betrays on examination one considerable peculiarity; it yields no evidence of calculation, of experiment, of errata, but seems wafted on the canvas with the ease of a fierce dream. Each figure's energy or agony—somewhat less solid than life—appears like the soul or *eidolon* of an action, and you would no more think of imagining anything otherwise or improved than of correcting the direct expressions of some one in the transport of rage. So it seemed always in the true work of Delacroix: his pictures were hurled up in orgasms; they sacrificed all rules to the eloquence of feeling. Advised once that an eye he was painting was an inch too low in the face, he admitted its defect, but refused to make a change "lest he should ruin the inspiration." Such a spirit, in the epoch of 1820, set the old gods rocking on their pedestals. Delacroix took a place in art—like Victor Hugo in literature—as the prophet of romanticism against the calculated culture of academies and the antique: he sowed thorns in the dying pillow of David, and he almost made martyrs of such rigid young saints as Ingres and Flandrin. Fusing together colors, contours and proportions in the furnace of his enthusiasm, awaiting in every subject the spasm of its action, celebrating revolution and anarchy and the Greeks, illustrating the barbarian Shakespeare, borrowing color of the East and legend of the Past, he divided a national school into friends and heretics, and became the Mohammed of Romance. How he would project the essence of man and woman, instead of their anatomy and outline, is shown again in another example of this collection, "The Meeting of Ruth's Kinsman and Boaz" (21×18 inches.) Two stately men sitting down to confer outside the gates of Bethlehem, whose walls glisten at their backs, are regarded by a woman from Moab, who turns to consider them as she walks: she is simply an attitude, and an attitude worth preserving—free, unsandaled, richly dressed, expressing the stately curiosity of an untamed animal. So might Morgiana regard the captain of the robbers and his lieutenant. Even so slight a Biblical study as this exhibits the protestantism and individuality of the new school—the cry of Nature, the impulse to worship reality in its caprice, to enshrine the hard-caught mobility of life as something sacred, to exalt worship of passions over worship

of conscience—all this as opposed to the tedious determination shown in centuries of French art and literature, of achieving inspiration by means of science. Real inspiration of color and fire of energy are shown, too, in "The Capture of Berlichingen" (22×30 inches,) an incident of warfare in the old time, where Goetz is intercepted by a couple of soldiers, who gallop up on either side of him, and throw themselves upon him to tear him from his horse, which is led away from under his very body by a third, while a detachment of the Suabians overcome his body-guard in the valley below. The subject is taken up in the general way of romantic treatment, with plumes, caps and picturesque dresses rather savoring of the stage than of a definite epoch. The smallest sketch by Delacroix represents "A Groom and Mare," showing an Arab or Persian groom who stands and holds his master's white mare—a study of grace and beauty.

These shreds of Delacroix are but banner-fringes torn from the fray of the classicists and romanticists, but they are all that America need have; Delacroix achieved a sunrise, and we lie in the light. As for the herald, even in France he is less glorious for his deeds than for his impulse—the impulse of the regenerator, the angry soldier, the pioneer of the new way. We shall never find it worth while to collect, in America, the relics of a crusade that was full of carmine and fury in its day. The battle-ground was elsewhere, and the leader was made up of shortcoming and imperfection; but he was a rallying-name; he caught a new side of Truth; he tried to revive the colors of Venice, the sappy vigor of Rubens, the courageous images left by old prophets and poets; he laid about him hotly among the cold Greek gods, whom he came to hate like a Byzantine. For those who have some initiation in the significance of the struggle, the few disheveled pages of Delacroix that smoulder unappreciated in the garish atmosphere of the New World have an interest partly artistic, partly documentary, and either way far from contemptible.

Turning now to the "Oriental Cavalcade" (20×20 inches) of Decamps, we are struck with the satisfying, positive saliency of his color and impasto after the poesies of Delacroix; we feel that we have taken leave of a soul agitated with inspiration and ideality, and come upon a rich, daylight talent, occupied with the business of universal delineation, and finding all the world too small. Decamps, with the authority of a master, has depicted almost everything—sunsets and wildernesses, the jungle and the divan, the combats of tigers and elephants, the muscles of Samson, the ophthalmia of Saint Paul: whatever has been real has been the fuel of his insatiable pencil,—only at the portals of metaphor has he drawn bridle. It is a peculiar trait that the sole allegories of Decamps are the celebrated "Monkey-Pictures," in which the foibles of men are lashed through the antics of crowds of apes; where another painter plunges beyond humanity into figurative liberties, Decamps, when he has moments of imagination, keeps this side the human limit, and gives rein, among his anthropomorphic abortions, to a vivacity that is so much the more an exercise of realism. For all the many-chambered edifice of Decamps, a single stone may be taken as a pattern,—Mr. Borie's principal specimen. It represents an oriental troop of horse.



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George Romney painted this picture for the Earl of Sandwich, who presented it to the British Museum.

NO. 100. BRITISH MUSEUM.

A gloomy enclosure of walls and mountains gives poignancy to the flashing sunset which bursts above. In the foreground



THE LION HUNT.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX.

all is inscrutable twilight; a line of Persian horsemen wind around a rocky defile, their figures relieved against a lofty plaster wall and dome, whose surface, in the dusk, veils and makes mystery of its own original color, deceiving the lost and straying rays of light; beyond rise walls of purple mountains, set up one above another like screens of slate, and over their crowded tops breaks and beats one of Decamps' sunsets—a sunset without mystery, but solid with splendor; breadth of gold-leaf cloud, as in his Luxembourg "St. Paul," cut into angles and lozenges and puzzles, and brought up into positive demonstration with all the captivation of their color. A smaller and sketchier Decamps, "The Arab Cemetery" (12 × 10 inches,) shows low, square Eastern buildings,—the Algerian *koubbas* or tombs, of which the central one, imaged in a fish-pool, makes, with its reflection, a perfect white square. It is a shady, dark scene of late afternoon, but the magical gift of color is all there, and the romantic richness we love in Oriental scenery is heaped upon the sketch, whether borrowed from the original or conferred by the determination of the painter.

Jean François Millet, *en revanche*, is neither romantic nor opulent, he is even passionately simple. He quietly offers a pale cup of country milk, in which the milkmaid has somehow dissolved her soul. Millet, an intractable pupil of Delaroche, began to exhibit in 1845, but received his medal of the first class only in the year 1867, which was for him the tardy coronation of a talent beyond dispute. In the Exposition of that year, for the first time, a considerable number of Millet's canvases were gathered together; his subjects, arranged in a sombre-colored group, made all around them seem mannered and poor. Their intensity of truth, their humility, their affection for what they portrayed, the chord of low, melancholy music which they struck amid the meagreness of their rustic themes, surprised every one. I have spoken in these pages, with an enthusiasm I am very far from disowning or withdrawing, of the pastoral pictures of Jules Breton. I do not say

now that they are inferior to those of Millet, but I expose the fact that they are more sophisticated: they approach rural themes from the outside, they carry to them the comments of a mind cultured, idyllic and contemplative; the determination to make a poem of the situation is necessarily apparent. But Millet seems to be the rustic himself, painting. He portrays the sober, barren, and melancholy life of French farmyards from within. In literature we have a corresponding expression from the lips of several clod-born men of genius, Bloomfield, David Gray, William Barnes; through them the earth-spirit, the sad, shadowy Terra, takes tongue and speaks. But in the fine arts, until Millet exiled himself to Fontainebleau, made himself a peasant, and ate at proletarian tables, I know not what competent interpreter there has been. By the exercise of a tender, tireless sympathy he has made himself to be at one with the earth-tiller; and if Breton has become the contemplative Wordsworth of the field, Millet speaks up for it with the bitter personal love of Burns. To express the vulgarest truth without vulgarity, to paint turfs that are humid and airs that swim with hay-scents, to lead the stealthy line of easily-frightened gleaners across the stubble, to make the sheepfold look like a moving field of soft woolly backs, that altogether exhale a halo of greasy dust, such are the successes with which this simple Pan contents himself; if he reaches farther, and whispers to the bowed-down rustic a prophecy of the future, he becomes, in his austere psalm, more startlingly sombre than before; for he paints "Death and the Wood-



THE CAPTURE OF GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX.

Chopper," where the toiler of the forest meets, as his best friend, waiting at the end of the branching vista, the skeleton of Albert Dürer, the rattling hand of Death.

One example of Millet in this collection, the "Woman Raking" (12 x 14 inches,) is severely plain, and so unpretend-



ORIENTAL CAVALCADE.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. DECAMPS.

ing that the mystical *aura* surrounding his work might escape a frivolous or careless eye. A peasant-woman stands out bronze-like against the gray noon-light, the rake in her hands seeming to describe monotonous semicircles around her figure as she collects the scanty crops of hay. Do not try to make out her face, for it is shadowed in the dark close cap she wears, even as the visage of the famous "Penseroso" is darkened in his impending bonnet. One sweep after another of the grimy rake—these are the accents of her sunless day; the few folds in her long, straight gown repeat themselves in the same creases every time the clock-work action recurs; she is one of the wheels in the vast machine of Labor, and of all she might have learned and developed upon the life-giving earth, the one lesson of her life is Endurance,—a lesson to which she points with her whole action and posture, lifted alone against the clouds—a melancholy gnomon. I fear to force the interpretation somewhat, even with so slight an effort at lesson-reading—the artist's intention is not distinctly to vindicate a moral or evoke pity for a misfortune, but simply to present, in earthy color cool and true, a "hard-tasked sun-burnt wife;" the least attempt to idealize on the description seems to wrong him a little. Dark, speechless figures of women, moving about over the fields in the twilight, about some odds-and-ends of tasks forgotten or despised by the

men, and forming movable blots upon the horizon, you may see any day among the farms of Picardy and the Touraine; to attach one of these shadows upon his canvas, with the gloom and the earth upon it, and surrounded by its proper atmosphere of breathable gray, was the artist's ambition. Teniers and Ostade, too, comprehended the heavy life of the poor; but in their work, with much that is magically fine, there is the predetermined effort to be boorish, dissolute and shallow. This Frenchman has the poet's art to elude every taint of oafishness, and before his slightest work to make the spectator stand in a company of strange thoughts. In the "Woman Raking," the tough, brown integument of the hands and neck is rendered with firm power, the leathery stuffs fall over her form with a broad, defining ease of treatment, and the ray of light that basks on her blue sun-bonnet, in the close, sultry afternoon, is so accurate that you could almost gauge the thermometer by it.

Millet's "Return by Moonlight" (12 x 14 inches) shows a peasant leading a horse and sitting on another, the second horse stretching the leading-rope in its dull fatigue as far as it can, too tired even to hurry home to the manger. They travel over an infinite plain, tufted with broom, and the sky shows a watery, suffocated sense of radiation from the moon throughout the misty-edged and ill-defined clouds.

A third Millet, "A Girl Going to the Fountain" (22 x 40 inches,) represents a weary peasant-maiden in an attitude familiar to the French rustic, which is wonderfully available



CHASING THE BUTTERFLY.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY H. MEILLE.

for purposes of painting, or even of sculpture. The pottery is placed on her left shoulder, and supported by that arm held

a-kimbo, while a double cord is passed around its neck, and held out at the utmost stretch of the other arm. The jar is shaded with leaves, and she bears it through the absolutely lonely Landes, as twilight is closing in, and the clouds in the sky have glimmering haloes of color around them.

The fourth picture of Millet in the collection, "The Naiad" (7 x 10 inches,) is covered with shadow, out of which appears a nude nymph who bathes her feet in a sedgy rivulet. This is one of Millet's earlier classical subjects, treated as usual with a modern realistic rather than an antique feeling. A dark relief gives saliency and value to the figure.

clouds that, although so massively treated, float and separate in an ethereal distance. His smaller example, "The Poultry-Yard" (18 x 14 inches,) strikes me as more original, and is my preference. It shows a fluffy multitude of poultry disputing the grains which a woman has just thrown down to them. The singularity of the picture is this: it aims, instead of presenting a series of thoroughly-drawn ornithologic forms, to convey the *movement*, the disputatious stir and bustle of a poultry-yard in a state of concentrated activity. So does an able landscape-painter, when he would represent a mass of trees in a storm, contrive to make you feel the confusion and



BREAKFAST PARTY IN THE GARDEN OF THE ALHAMBRA.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY M. POULTRY.

By Troyon the gallery has two excellent pieces; the larger and costlier, "Cattle and Fisherman" (41 x 36 inches,) represents a group of cattle near a stream, a fisherman and his dog. A brown cow snuffs at the fisherman's basket, which he and his dog defend. The composition is what might be called architectural—I use the term to define a peculiarity in which Troyon often indulged himself. A liking for low, level lines was one of his specialties, (differing from Calame and Lessing and the lovers of Alpine perpendiculars,) and he voluntarily peopled his fields with the profiled figures of cows, because those animals are animated parallelograms. This picture is built up of them, like the courses of a Florentine palace wall, and the sky, too, is squared with a diaper-work of cloud-forms as broadly designed as if they had been printed over it with the palm of the hand. With all this, an imposing mastery of art-method, animals of grand relief and broad modeling, and

agitation, instead of the separate shapes of leaves and stems; the busy boughs will seem to rock and flutter before the eye. Similarly, in this turmoil of the hen-yard, does Troyon, with the audacity only conceded to a great artist, venture to fill his canvas with a soft tempest of darting feathers, the speckled necks and thighs of partlets half made out, and, for centre-piece, the back view of a turkey-cock in full expansion, veering with the breeze, and cooling against the air the impromptu rosette of his tail.

Daubigny, in one of his twilight reveries, "River and City" (24 x 12 inches,) here dreams of a city on a placid river, dipping its silvery reflections into the belts of quiet water, and losing them again in the belts where there is some disturbance from the tidal eddy, all its roofs chilled with the dew of coming eve, and spread beneath a hovering sky that broods over them with clouds that are like the breast of the gray cygnet.

But Theodore Rousseau, the friend of Millet and the hermit of Fontainebleau, shows a "Landscape" (21 x 13 inches,) with clouds that, though gray as those of Daubigny, seem to be charged from within with white flame; they fill his sky, and concentrate into a hot, vaporous glare above his sultry scene, where a round hawthorn-tree balances over the weedy pool, shadowing the herdsman, whose cattle bend their heads to the tepid water. The tree is hardly more than a sprig; and the open, sunny landscape is dotted with very small objects, and diademed with a distant village that wedges its spire into the sky. White cumulus clouds are rolling everywhere, leaving only small patches of blue; and the plain is dark in front, so as to give full value to these burning white

vital qualities of an impression, rejecting the trivialities. The little panels of Rousseau remind one of some preparation which is partly evaporated away, leaving the valuable part of the effect in a tangible and seizable form; the light which burns through them would seem to be the lights of broader scenes swept together; the shadow that forms the light's relief seems somewhat concentrated and thickened; all the *aquarelle* qualities of a natural landscape are rejected, all those which are rightly amenable to the unctuousness and impasto of oil-painting are gathered together in a palpitating mass. Heavier than Nature the miniature mirrorings of Rousseau, of Hobbima, may be; but they magnify the interpretative quality and office of the vehicle chosen, and seize you with a con-



COMMUNISTS.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY H. T. LOUICHON.

flames of cloud, and to the basking sunshine on the meadow. When Rousseau thus adopts a canvas of chosen exiguity, he makes it his business to practise a certain condensation, within which the positiveness of shadow and the velvety fullness of light shall be made a little more emphatic than in Nature. This is not a crowding of details, of pin-prickings and specklings and minutiae, as in the image of the *camera lucida* or the Claude-Lorrain glass, but, on the contrary, a sweeping of small matters into planes of value, which are themselves made emphatic—the breadths of vigor and color which are worthy to be preserved, and whose washes of tone it is a pleasure to have compressed and made over-positive. It is trivial to crowd up a multitude of glittering points in the diminishing-glass, and it belittles the weighty solidity of Nature; but the crowding-up of planes of tone is legitimate and true, and underlines the emphasis of Nature in an impressive way, like the condensation of our memory, which insists on certain

centrated power of impression that is the privilege of oil-color alone. Every aspect of out-door scenery, as the changes of the weather played over Fontainebleau woods, was familiar to Rousseau; but he loved best to catch Nature in her moments of fecundity, her life-giving, fertilizing, nourishing hour: there is meat and drink for the senses in his pictures. He was a singular character, living in the forest like a Robinson Crusoe, attended by the proper Egeria of a Crusoe, a fine pet parrot. His only communion was with Millet. He died among the scenes he loved, in the prime of life, in 1867.

Another small specimen of Rousseau, "In the Woods" (20 x 30 inches,) shows a forest scene, completely darkened with the shade of the trees, only relieved by the pallid upright beech-stems, and by the figure of a peasant, of whom all that you can make out are the brown arms emerging from the white shirt-sleeves, as he kneels to chop his fire-wood. Another little Rousseau, "The Road" (8 x 6 inches,) exhibits a

sunny winding French *route*, with dark trees to the left, and thatched cottages seen winding as it winds, following each other along its green bank like a procession.

Hugues Merle sends off two beautiful naked infants to chase the butterflies. "Babies and Butterflies" is a picture of 3 by 4 feet; they are perfect cupids, for sweetness and light-footed elegance, but one notices that, in the strong decorative effort which possessed the painter, their forms are shaded in a softened *studio* glow, instead of the open-air precision of light which should belong to the landscape in which they are

stone vase of a garden terrace; in his richly-embroidered coat, and with the compressible, half-moon *claque* on his head, he seems the image of one of Daugereau's captains retired on his half-pay.

There are four good specimens of Fortuny in the Borie collection, three of them being water-colors and the other a celebrated oil-painting, executed in 1872, "A Breakfast in the Alhambra" (30×22 inches.) Nine human figures, poultry, a large dog, are mingled in a rather wild and accidental composition, hard to realize outside of eccentric Spain. Ladies in



GAULISH WARRIORS WITH PRISONERS.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. V. LEMINAIS.

represented. But the expression of *morbidezza* in the flesh is singularly profound for Merle, and the beauty of the two children, one blonde and the other dark, makes this picture, in a decorative sense, one of the most enjoyable works of the artist.

Jules Dupré, in his "Shepherd by the Road-side" (36×24 inches,) shows a bank of crabbed oak-trees, swept by a meandering road, whose tracery of glistening, sandy ruts reminds one of wave-forms on a curved beach—a road seemingly half solid and half in motion, half firm ground and half seething quicksand. Besides the technical interest in treating his road, however, Dupré here gives the spectator a few sheep, a sitting shepherd, a sky marbled with blue and white, showing a Constable-like depth of effect in a scene brightened with flashes of sunshine.

Zamacois is found represented in a picture of "The Old Hunter;" it is inscribed with a sentiment written upon it since the artist's death, by his widow,—"*Pour mon mari, veuve Zamacois.*" An elderly sportsman makes a leg in the style of the old court, as he grasps his cane and gloves, in front of the

the full etiquette of modern costume mingle with gallants in the most furious energy of independent ease-taking. From a wall that overhangs the table the pretty heads of Fortuny's little boy and girl lean over to watch the diversions of their elders. In the foreground a young Spanish student in a blouse, with long black ear-locks, lies on his back on the grass, and touches a mandolin held on his chest; a dark girl, fashionably dressed, with a rose in her bonnet, sits flat on the turf beside him to listen. Alongside, a little rude table has been drawn up to the stone garden-bench, where two men, very native, very Spanish, very unceremonious, are playing a game of cards in their shirt-sleeves: the foreground player is seen in back view, and tips his chair sidewise till it is on the verge of oversetting, while he shows his hand to a sympathizing damsel seated on the bench, with mantilla and fan. The opposite player, who seems to be in difficulties, is watched by a sitting gentleman who points with his cigarette to a particular card, and by a standing servant dressed almost like a scarecrow. Alongside are a napkin table, with pitcher and

glass, and an overthrown chair. The hens of the court-yard are frugally pecking about, and the attentive dog, wise in combats after cards, looks as if he recognized that particular point in the game which is apt to lead to sword-practice. This marvelous picture is a perfect translation of daylight effect; the shadows of the potted plants and herbage hang in gray curtains down the plastered wall; the garden-plants in front—a little out of focus—are touched in with the impartiality of the photograph, as if the artist did not choose to know the nature and botany

"The Library" (12×18 inches,) by Ignace Léon y Escosura, a young Spaniard who has lived much in Paris, with occasional excursions to England and America, shows us a group of eighteenth-century *savans* around a heavily-carved table, in a study lined with book-shelves, a globe in the centre supported by statues of the four elements, and plenty of allegory glimpsed on the painted ceiling. One is reminded of Rousseau's account of his reception into the literary society of the day, on first coming to Paris, and tempted to recognize in the



OLD AND YOUNG LOVE.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY F. HEILBUTH.

of what he represented, but aimed only for the blot of color made by each object; the careless figures, in their wild accidental groupings, are designed with a happy confusion touched here and there with precision. It is impossible to catch more happily the honest impression of the human eye looking at an accident without any prepossessions, and simply recording the accident's momentary vivacity. The other specimens by the young master—water-colors as full of character and racy as sketch-book studies—are: "La Manola" (7×12 inches,) a Spanish girl, in the white mantilla of maidenhood, sitting full-face to the spectator, on a tessellated floor, touching the strings of a guitar with her silk-mittened fingers, and looking aside with a tender and remembering expression; "The Frog-Gatherers," dated 1869, three Moors stooping over a river, among the bulrushes, to hunt for their green-coated prey; and "The Sentinel" (7×12 inches,) a front view of a Moorish guard, standing in a white dress, relieved against a dark rich hanging of Eastern tapestry, as he holds a long gun level across his shoulders.

four figures around the table, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert and D'Holbach, in the splendid mansion of the last-named.

Luminais' specialty of illustrating the manners of the ancient Franks is seen to advantage in his "Gaulish Warriors," a crowded scene. In a lonely defile, in that antique Gaul where all was lonely, a party of robber-warriors have halted to distribute their booty, a group of sad, stern women. Two of these kneel to the pair of mounted soldiers in the middle of the scene; another rude helmeted officer, his legs bound with thongs, his coat tied loose about his neck, points from the elevation of his horse to the female captive he has selected, whom a foot-soldier is binding; a group of despairing and haughty nymphs occupies the left of the composition. Luminais' palette of gorgeous colors, spread over figures of monumental solidity, is well exemplified in this specimen.

Heilbuth, best known for his groups of comic, complimentering Roman cardinals, is here represented in a graver mood. "Old and Young Love" (3×2 feet) shows a glade in an open landscape, embowered with graceful trees. A beautiful woman

in mediæval costume sits on a bank, her head relieved against the sky in an opening of the foliage; she looks as impartial as the nymph in Giorgione's "Music-Party," as an old man in gorgeous velvets presses into her ear his tale of love, and into her lap his heavy purse; but Cupid is running away from them as fast as possible, and pointing to a youthful page, who in the distance carves her name upon a tree. The landscape setting of this picture is particularly delicate and sensitive, seeming to melt into the dreamy temperament of the hesitating beauty.

man in Franz Hals costume, with broad-flapped hat, parting a curtain in the vestibule to leave the house, his gun on his shoulder.

Lobrichon, in "The Communists," a picture of 1865, shows a wide-awake, equality-loving doll, who has invited three little girls and a clever dog to a feast, with real little cups and saucers. Enconced in the arms of the prettiest child, she affects to absorb a spoonful of nourishment, haughtily ignoring the real appetite of the dog, sitting and



THE FAVORITE OF THE HAREM.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY F. ROYBET.

Roybet's "Favorite of the Harem" (25 x 18 inches) is a dark Circassian girl, beautiful in her sullenness and disdain. Her servants are tempting her with caskets of pearls, and her ankles, knees, waist, throat and wrists are encircled with as much gold as they can well carry, as she lies on cushions, one round arm stretched over her head, in a sultry mood of ennui and brooding. One female slave rattles a tambourine, another pulls up rope after rope of pearls, a negress advances anxiously with a splendid robe, and it is evident the master has called and the slave must be waked; but she dreams on, beautiful and contemptuous, as if all her thoughts were due to some distant Circassian lover sighing for her in snowy mountains. Another Roybet, "Going Out to the Hunt," shows a young

begging with all its might across the table. Lobrichon has also a small subject of a mother washing her babe.

Bonvin, an exquisite painter, too seldom shown in America, is indicated by two small pictures, each as sober and true as anything left by the Dutch magicians. One is "The Convent School" (12 x 9 inches). A nun, sitting placidly at her desk under the wooden crucifix, reads to a dozen little female pupils, all alike in their dark uniform, one of whom stands ready to recite. The other little Bonvin, "The Housewife" (8 x 10 inches), likewise excessively fine, shows a peasant-woman sitting in white cap and apron, with a crock in her lap, in which she stirs the chocolate, as she watches a cat lapping milk on the table. Noble as some of the Borie pictures are,

there are none more soberly right and true than these exquisite gems, painted in the purest traditions of the Flemish and Dutch schools.

Géricault is shown in a sketch for the "Races on the Corso" (30×20 inches.) A youth, clothed in the Campagna breeches and red stocking-cap, frantically waves a flag as he leads a horse to the famous Carnival race.

By General Ulysses Simpson Grant, when a student at West Point, there is a water-color painting, presented to his intimate friend, the late Secretary of the Navy. It is signed "U. S. Grant, Cadet U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., 1841." Its size is about 10×14 inches. By a wigwam, a trader in cap and gray coat kneels beside his chest, unrolling a striped blanket before a sitting Indian with pipe and spear, while a squaw with pappoose stands behind. This

study is in full colors, and worse pictures are salable commodities in the market.

Finally, to take leave, we bow an instant before Hamon's "Crépuscule," a small chef-d'œuvre, one of his song-like fantasies, a tender figure we find hanging as if in the act of taking flight through the saloons. She represents the "Opium Dream," seemingly. Beneath stretches a field of poppies, lifting up their stems and their shapely seed-pods, chiseled like Indian capitals; from among them, her feet disentangling themselves from their cold stems, floats up the Vision, a dim figure in human shape, her filmed eyes lifted, her arms crossed in Oriental adoration, and all her faint, smoky figure ready to blend with the clouds and fumes that overweave the unsubstantial heaven. It is a choice example of Hamon, filled with that feminine and whispering poetry which he has made his own.

CATALOGUE OF THE LATE MR. A. E. BORIE'S COLLECTION.

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|--|---|---|
| BAKALOWIEZ, L.— <i>The Visit.</i> | DIAZ DE LA PENA, N.— <i>Witches.</i> | MADRAZO, R.— <i>Spanish Recreation.</i> |
| BÉRANGER, E.— <i>Interesting Reading.</i> | " " " <i>Landscape with Dogs.</i> | " " <i>The Coquette.</i> |
| " " <i>Little.</i> | DOMINGO, F.— <i>Scene in a Cabaret.</i> | " " <i>Head of a Gypsy.</i> |
| BOLDINI, G.— <i>Spring Flowers.</i> | DUFREY, H. L.— <i>Cavalry Charge.</i> | MAIGNAN, A.— <i>Trooper and Court-Jester.</i> |
| " " <i>After the Orgie.</i> | DUPRÉ, J.— <i>Shepherd by the Roadside.</i> | MAY, W.— <i>La filleuse.</i> |
| BONVIN, F.— <i>The Concert-School.</i> | " " <i>Landscape.</i> | MÉRLE, H.— <i>Ying-a-Ring.</i> |
| " " <i>The Hauswofy.</i> | " " <i>Marine.</i> | " " <i>Chasing the Butterfly.</i> |
| BONVIN, J.— <i>Party of Etchers in Studio.</i> | ESQUÉRA, R.— <i>Reading Girl.</i> | MICCHETTI, P.— <i>Returning from the Fountain.</i> |
| BOUDIN, E.— <i>Sea-Shore.</i> | FANTIN-LATOUR, I. H. J. T.— <i>Roses.</i> | " " <i>Little Piti.</i> |
| BOCCUTREAU, W. A.— <i>The Departure.</i> | FORTUNY, M.— <i>Arabs Hunting for Fraqs. Water-color.</i> | MILLET, J. F.— <i>The Raker.</i> |
| BRILLIQUIN, L. G.— <i>Cavalier.</i> | " " <i>La manola. Water-color.</i> | " " <i>Return of the Laborers.</i> |
| BRISSEOT, F.— <i>Landscape.</i> | " " <i>Seraglio Sentinel. Water-color.</i> | " " <i>Going to the Fountain.</i> |
| " " <i>Landscape.</i> | " " <i>Breakfast in the Garden of the Al-hamira.</i> | " " <i>The Naiad.</i> |
| CAILLE, LÉON.— <i>At Home.</i> | FROMENTIN, E.— <i>The Halt.</i> | RICO, D. M.— <i>Landscape—Sunset.</i> |
| CHAPLIN, CH.— <i>The Letter.</i> | GERICAULT, J. L. T. A.— <i>Races on the Corso.</i> | " " <i>Canal in Venice.</i> |
| COESLIN DE LA FOSSE, C. A.— <i>Friends.</i> | GIRARD, F.— <i>Penitent.</i> | ROUSSEAU, TH.— <i>Landscape.</i> |
| CULMON, F.— <i>Surprised.</i> | " " <i>Tête-à-tête.</i> | " " <i>In the Woods.</i> |
| COROT, J. B. C.— <i>Landscape.</i> | GIBERT, A.— <i>Landing of the Pilgrims.</i> | " " <i>The Road.</i> |
| " " <i>Bailing the Boat.</i> | GOUTIE, J. R.— <i>The Aide-de-Camp's Orderly.</i> | ROYBET, F.— <i>Cavalier.</i> |
| CORTAZZO, O.— <i>A Geographical Student.</i> | GRANT, U. S.— <i>Trader and Indians. Water-color.</i> | " " <i>The Favorite of the Harem.</i> |
| DARCIÉLAS, H.— <i>The Apple-Stealers.</i> | HAMON, J. L.— <i>Twilight.</i> | SAINT-PIERRE, G. C.— <i>Two Flowers.</i> |
| DAUBIGNY, C.— <i>River and City.</i> | HEILBUTH, F.— <i>Old and Young Love.</i> | SALESION, H.— <i>Swedish Peasant-Girl.</i> |
| DE BEAUMONT, C. E.— <i>Plucking Berries.</i> | ISABEY, E.— <i>The Launch.</i> | STEVENS, A.— <i>L'accouchée.</i> |
| " " <i>The Odalisque.</i> | " " <i>Wedding Party in a Cathedral.</i> | TOULMOUCHE, A.— <i>Study of a Head.</i> |
| DECAMPS, A.— <i>Detachment of Cavalry.</i> | JACQUE, C. E.— <i>Horses in Stable.</i> | TROYES, C.— <i>Cattle.</i> |
| " " <i>Landscape.</i> | " " <i>Sheep and Chickens.</i> | " " <i>Feeding Chickens.</i> |
| " " <i>Prayer in the Desert.</i> | " " <i>Ducks.</i> | TURNER, J. M. W.— <i>Landscape.</i> |
| " " <i>The Prodigal.</i> | JONGKIND, J. B.— <i>Landscape.</i> | WASHINGTON, G.— <i>Arabs at Ford. Water-color.</i> |
| " " <i>Old Mill at Waterloo.</i> | " " <i>Marine.</i> | " " <i>The Skirk's Halt. Water-color.</i> |
| DE COCK, C.— <i>Landscape.</i> | KNIGHT, D. R.— <i>An Admirer of the Antique.</i> | ZAMACOIS, E.— <i>The Old Hunter.</i> |
| DE DREUX, A.— <i>Dogs unearthing a Fox. [Boas.]</i> | LANDELLE, C.— <i>Persian Female.</i> | " " <i>Reader at the Window.</i> |
| DELAECROIX, E.— <i>The Meeting of Ruth's Kinsman and</i> | LANFANT DE METZ.— <i>Leaving Sunday-School.</i> | " " <i>The Rendezvous.</i> |
| " " <i>The Lion Hunt.</i> | LÉMAIRE, C.— <i>Court-Jester Playing Cards.</i> | ZASSO, G.— <i>Reading the Death-Warrant of Mary Queen of Scots.</i> |
| " " <i>The Capture of Goetz von Berlichingen.</i> | LÉON Y ESCOBERA, L.— <i>In the Library.</i> | ZIEM, F.— <i>Venice.</i> |
| " " <i>Groom and Mare.</i> | LEPINE, J.— <i>On the Edge of the Seine.</i> | |
| DE NITTS, J.— <i>Snow in the Bois de Boulogne.</i> | LOBRICHON, M. T.— <i>Communists.</i> | |
| DETAILLE, E.— <i>Prussian Sentinel.</i> | " " <i>Washing Baby.</i> | |
| DIAZ DE LA PENA, N.— <i>Waiting the Return.</i> | LUMINAIS, E. V.— <i>Gaulish Warriors with Prisoners.</i> | |
| " " " <i>Nymphs at Fountain.</i> | MADRAZO, R.— <i>Gipsy of Grenada.</i> | |
| " " " <i>Fountainbleau.</i> | | |

SCULPTURE.

- LOMBARDI, G.—*The Love Messengers.*
 SPENCE, B. E.—*Highland Mary.*



A. GABRIEL, PINX.

Engraving

GRAYSON, GOUPEL & Co.

LUCRECE AND SEXTUS TARQUINIUS.

From the Original Painting in the collection of His Majesty, King Louis.



CLEMENT VII AND CHARLES V VISITING TITIAN.
ENGRAVED BY FAUST FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY D. HUNTINGTON.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. SAMUEL HAWK.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY
G. ROCHEGROSSE.

UDGED by a high standard, our modern rage for house decoration is not often expressed with greater splendor and grace than in the principal rooms of the house enshrining the treasures now to be considered. The principal drawing-room has a ceiling colored and gilded with Alhambra motives, the interlacing star-like patterns being picked out with the precious metal, and tinted in the spaces with various light and tender hues, with that oriental intricacy that so fascinatingly teases and leads on the eye,—the whole effect being rich as a jewel, yet happily confused and unobtrusive. The ornamentation was designed by Mr. A. A. Anderson, an artist who only interrupted his usual profession of figure-painting for this one exceptional case; and the pattern and motive of color seem to have been imparted, if not directly suggested, by Mr. Tiffany, who was the first to introduce into this country a rich series of forms and patterns

directly cast in plaster from architectural specimens found in Cairo. In the adjoining room the ceiling and frieze, while still Eastern, contrive to admit without any shock a surrounding vine-motive of grape-leaves, realistically treated; and both of the communicating rooms form a gallery where the discreet opulence of the fresco-work only adds to the charm of color in the various canvases included.

Detaille's celebrated "*Salut aux blessés*," painted to Mr. Hawk's order from a sketch submitted to him, is a conspicuous picture in the collection. It is of large size for this artist of finesse and fastidiousness, and shows a convoy of Franco-Prussian prisoners passing a French general and his staff, who salute the captives with martial politeness. The Germans have their arms in slings, or their heads in bandages, but are able to walk. One of Detaille's strange photographic landscapes, devoid of charm and mystery, but impressive in its unlovely truth, encloses the human groups. The miry road, glancing with broken gleams from the passing figures or overhanging sky, is rendered with graphic dexterity. The frank, blonde heads of the Germans, as they march by with simplicity and pride, are treated with none of Detaille's occasional caricature. The mounted French officers, sitting their horses at once with ease and *tenue*, show different grades of the same civility, from

the simple curiosity of the fresh young captains, to the considerable gravity of the commanding marshal, who bares his keen gray-haired head with many thoughts of the futility of the present victory. The respectful lifting of his *képi* conveys more reverence than he would show by simply lifting his hand to his temple. The minor officers of his staff, in the blue jackets of the chasseur, imitate his example and uncover; but no such liberty can be taken by the brazen-mailed cuirassiers who form his escort; being in rank, they may only salute the wounded captives with the ordinary gesture, as they would some higher officer. The Turco standard-bearer only stares at the incomprehensible scene. The marshal and his staff have left the road free to the train of prisoners by withdrawing into the adjacent field, on whose damp sod their horses contentedly rest their road-grimed feet. The conception of the picture was doubtless inspired in the mind of Detaille by Baron Gros' subject of Napoleon doing a similar act of homage to some of his vanquished foes, with the exclamation that has become historic and proverbial, "Hail to unsuccessful courage!" The present canvas has made as great an impression in the line of anecdote as from its artistic merit. Everybody has heard how often it was painted over and changed, to satisfy French pride and scruple. Detaille's own experiences in the war were much more of French defeat than French conquest, and his first sketch, also in the possession of Mr. Hawk, is of French prisoners escorted by white-coated and helmeted Germans, and a Prussian general taking off his bell-crowned cap to them as they are marched past a burning village. The picture was at first painted from this sketch, but the artist's hot-blooded coterie of youthful friends protested against his sending to America a painting of French prisoners. The remonstrances increased, the matter got into the Paris newspapers, and the artist was compelled to change the respective uniforms, and to substitute for the supposed success of German arms a success of French amenity. It was then sent to America, but after a winter had passed, Detaille solicited its return for exhibition in the Salon of 1877. Another agitation was raised on the picture's reëntering France, and it became a question whether it would not be indiscreet and rather ridiculous to exhibit in the public and national collection a scene in which a brag was made of having taken German prisoners. The matter was actually referred to President Macmahon. "How many Prussian prisoners has he represented?" asked the President-Marshal. He was answered, about a score. His dry answer contained a world of meaning. "The picture may pass," he said; "we did take almost as many as that." Notwithstanding this *mot*, the in expediency of offending German visitors to the Salon, whose susceptibilities were then carefully spared to attract their participation in the coming world's fair, prevailed once more, and the artist set to work to make a third distribution of his nationalities. With temporary water-color paints he dressed the captives once more, as Austrians, thus making the scene an episode of Solferino. On returning Mr. Hawk his picture, these body-color retouchings were washed away, and America now keeps the picture in the guise supposed to be so offensive to the Germans.

Cabanel is very favorably exhibited in Mr. Hawk's selections. His two large pictures of "Ruth and Boaz" and "Lucretia and Tarquin" are thoughtful and fine, especially the first. The night-scene with the Moabite heroine is excellent for depth, tone, purity, unison and tenderness. It is profoundly biblical, and the reader can hardly perceive, by mere description, its breath of aromatic Eastern inspiration. The curtain of three thousand years seems to roll upward, and we see Boaz sleeping on his threshing-floor, with Ruth seated at his foot, vigil-keeping under the large Syrian stars. Her figure is entirely epical and statuesque, and we feel that she is one of the heroines of the Messianic succession; she is the Gentle woman destined to pour into the line of Judah that warmer blood that was to redeem it and infuse the spirit of Gentle toleration—the blood that was to flow after two generations in David, and after twenty-eight in Christ. Ruth is painted as no Jewish woman, but a native Palestinian, watching like a homesick slave at the foot she has softly uncovered. As she leans her head upon her hand and looks musingly out upon the future, her arm is supported on a sheaf of the alien barley. Everything about her attitude tells that her watch has been long. Her dark Oriental face, enwreathed with its drapery from the looms of Moab, is printed as a clear silhouette against the sky, where the sacred pallor of day is spreading upward from the horizon. The Moabitess—more like a Sibyl than a simple gleaner—looks fixedly at the wheeling constellations that pass above her, and whose motion shall never cease until the star comes to guide the Magi and stand over this very Bethlehem. The threshing-yard of the good Bethlehem stretches around; a blanket hastily spread over young trees forms the rich man's tent, and shades him from the starbeams, so dreaded in the psalms of the Jews. One watch-fire, fading in the dawn, glows from the distance, its smoke rising straight in the air as a pillar of deliverance, and crossed by a few drifting threads of cloud. Boaz, wrapped in the stripes of his dark burnous, is thrown along "at the end of the heap of corn" in the most natural possible attitude, the first attitude thought of: the sleepy stretching of his limbs, the wide fling of the arms, being those of the ordinary laborer, who elongates those muscles that have been most contracted with toil. Yet the artist contrives to fill this careless posture with dignity and patriarchal pride, and even to bend one elbow behind the head in the manner consecrated by classical art to the expression of sleep. Boaz is, to the very life, the worthy Jew; his heart made merry with grapes from the slopes of Olivet; his lips parted as he dreams, with defenceless simplicity; his arms bared, as when they cast aside the sickle, now hanging on the tent-prop, a symbol of that wholesome manual labor which was common then with his race, but which they have since so entirely cast aside for speculation and head-work. In this group the difficult foreshortening of the male figure, and the relief of the knee beneath its drapery of the female, are the chief complications overcome, while the naked harvester's arms of Boaz both show an easy skill in drawing and tell an instructive story. Here is the simple millionaire of a primitive society, who turns back the sleeve for the harvest work, and sleeps at night at the limit of the

reaping or the place of the threshing, with a canopy and a truss of straw with signal-fires to keep away the jackals, as much at home here as, when framed in the brazen architecture of the city gates, he sits to administer even-handed justice to all. We owe some debt of gratitude to an artist who can not only paint with tender grace, but can reanimate history with a conception so sane and true. The draperies are soft and natural, and flow over the figures with the ease of a liquid, without the least look of arrangement or statuesque pretension. The soft clouded colors, floating into one another, and all subdued under the sultry shadows of night, form an

feeling, fine in religious feeling, fine in its creditable austerity, and that our country is to be congratulated on securing perhaps the happiest of Cabanel's experiments in sacred art.

Cabanel's more recent contribution is classic in theme. It represents "Lucretia and Tarquin" (4 x 7 feet) and was painted in 1877. Lucretia, the model of a noble Roman matron, sits at her loom; the strange vaunting and challenge of the camp at Ardea, the test by the husbands of the excellence of their wives, has taken place; the spies have hastened "from the besieged Ardea all in post," and Lucretia has been found spinning, while the other wives were feasting;



SALUTING THE WOUNDED.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE SKETCH FOR THE PAINTING BY E. BÉTAILLE.

enveloping charm for the whole picture; its landscape sentiment melts harmoniously into the character of the figures. It is a linked harmony of hues that struggle out to the eye from behind an immense bath of dusky air. The characters melt into the night scenery like landscape-features, involved in the shades and fumes that roll down the distant hills as a drapery. The deep and palpitating sky, pricked here and there with large, calm planets, forms an ethereal field on which these two motionless forms of a Hebrew idyl are set. The exquisite ballad of Ruth's story is taken up by Cabanel, not in an archaeological feeling, but with a sentiment that matches its innate poetry and tenderness. The picture is neither an imitation of an old master, with ornamental folds and pedantic anatomy,—though Cabanel, being one of the old students of the Villa Medici, and a disciple of Ingres and Picot, would have had an excuse for such emulation—nor one of the Turqueries of the extreme modern school, with scriptural lay-figures displaying the costumes from a modern bazaar. Enough to say that it is fine in poetry, fine in landscape

Collatinus has gone back to camp delighted, but the wicked son of the king steals again into the presence of the beautiful embroidress, and with traitor compliment demands her hospitality. Her doubt and his passion are expressed in the figures. Directly she will stab herself, after the false prince has threatened to kill her and a slave together. Her suicide will change Rome from a kingdom to a republic; Brutus will take his oath on her dagger, and the Tarquins will be expelled, involving in their banishment her own innocent and patriotic husband. Meantime they gaze forever, in Cabanel's picture, he with eagerness, and she with foreboding, as if aware that her own sacrifice must purchase the deliverance of Rome.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper,
For thoughts unstained do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never lined no secret bushes fear;
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm expressed.

So sings the Avon poet in his youth; but the painter, by imagining an oracular foreboding in Lucretia's eyes, may be thought to have improved on the young Shakespeare.



A LANDSCAPE STUDY.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. A. RUDAUK.

The large picture by Huntington represents "Titian, Clement VII, and Charles V." The incident depicted took place in 1530, when Titian, after a residence of many years at Venice, repaired to Bologna to meet the Pope and the Emperor, for the purpose of painting their portraits. The towers and buildings of Bologna are seen through the broad casement, whose light falls upon the magnificent canvas of the "Entombment," a picture which the Venetian master painted about this time or after, and which is now in the Louvre. By means of a judicious use of the splendid costumes and rich furniture of the period, our native painter accumulates a striking mass of sumptuous accessories around the art potentate, the church potentate, and the most powerful monarch of Christendom, all interested in one of those biblical themes which the art of that day was in the habit of developing for the delectation of popes or sovereigns. Of Titian's "Danaë," Michael Angelo observed that if its correctness of drawing equaled its splendor of color, the artist would be the greatest who ever lived.

By Metzmacher is a representation of that subject dear to so many artists, and imprinted with a piteous antithesis, "The Grasshopper and the Ant" (12x16 inches.) The stolid self-approval of Industry, and the sorry predicament of Idleness, who presses her knees together and humbly asks shelter from the piercing blast at an unkindly door, are forcibly interpreted. In these handlings of the topic, the painters

always take sides with Bohemia, representing her as winning, innocent, and hardly used,—differing therein from sarcastic La Fontaine, who sympathizes with the "Ant," and enjoys her tart rebuke.

"The Hour of Rendezvous," by Toulmouche, is a small picture of a disappointed young lady who consults her watch and experiences the pains of hope deferred. The cosy screen, the polished floor, the lounge with its pillows unpressed, the Japanese paneling of the walls, compose a frame of luxury and ease; uneasiness and anxiety, however, now fill this scene of snugness with as much discomfort as it can possibly hold. The small canvas contrives to enclose a whole world of suspense. "I have been made to wait!" said the Austrian princess in utter surprise, and then she knew that her fortunes had turned, and that the downward part of the world's road had begun for her. This lady, in the discreet coquetry of a chamber-robe and a fan, indicating that she is at home for the day, and eligible for a long period of flattery or beseeching, will never forgive the lost minute or two that the dial is recording. If the lover is discreet he will stay away to-day altogether; for absence can be fibbed guiltlessly away, but for tardiness at a fair one's feet there is no place of repentance.

A small picture by Dieffenbach, whose scenes of simple German rustic pleasures form a sort of corollary to those of



THE RETURN TO THE OLD HOME.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY MEYER VON ROHMEN.

Knaus, represents "The Convalescent." In the first warm spring day, the new baby and the weak young mother are

brought outside of the vine-wreathed cottage. Her sturdy first-born runs up with apple-blossoms and field-flowers, with



A SPRING SUNDAY AFTERNOON.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY R. BEYSCHLAG.

which he decorates the cradle of the infant and makes his congratulations to the girl-mother. The pigeons peck about at her feet, wondering why they are not fed from her hand as of yore; the dog licks her pale fingers. The gentle joy of returning health and Spring is in the air. The choice of subject is full of tact and address. With many a beholder, this idyl of rustic happiness far outweighs any technical mastery of the painter's art.

Meyer von Bremen is represented in a gloomy scene; considering his usually placid temperament, this story of desolation may be held to stand for deep tragedy. "The Return to the Old Home" (12 x 18 inches) delineates a simple-minded German peasant-girl among the ruins of a conflagration which has destroyed everything she knows of shelter and earthly stability. The world seems undermined beneath her feet, and she grieves with bursting heart as she leans on the basket which has conveyed all her earthly possessions to and from the place of shelter occupied in the interval since the fire. Eve scarcely felt the world to be more of a wilderness beneath her exiled feet than this helpless maiden feels it now; and for her, there is no indication of an Adam to delve and create for her a second home. Meyer is not a master of painting-quality; but in his thorough comprehension of peasant character, his loyal adhesion to the emotions and adventures of the poor, he does occasionally find a simple eloquence that reminds us of the homely pathos and patient sympathy of Crabbe, or of his contemporary Wordsworth.

Beyschlag, one of the most graceful executants among the young Munich school that has sprung up in the wake of Piloty, is represented in this collection by a "Sunday Afternoon in Spring-time" (3 x 2 feet.) A pair of handsome girls are in the foreground in mediaeval Marguerite costumes; they are of the type of beauty invented by the modern Munich artists, and used in common by Makart, and Max, and Fritz Kaulbach, and the present painter; a type more stolid and impassive,

less nervous or flexible, more weighty and beefy, than the French; one would call it Austrian, perhaps; but beautiful it is, and refreshingly sane and wholesome. A city of the middle ages is seen in the background of the picture, and a loving couple are following and coming after the girls who display their substantial graces in front. A modern picture-connoisseur collates the ideal of comeliness from a number of different countries. Alfred Stevens, with his Belgian impression of the feverish Paris woman—George Boughton, with his Americanized refinement of the beefy English beauty,—Villegas and Alvarez with their dark Spaniardesses,—and Simonetti with his shallow Italian flirt—these artists, in polyglot art-language, express their notion of loveliness all at once in many an American gallery. To this international group of fair women, the healthy, square-built girl of Beyschlag or of young Kaulbach should be cordially welcomed, with her full, opulent bodice, her strong, firm arm, her taper yet short-nailed fingers, her broad, low, prominent forehead, her expression of decision, constancy and amateness.

Rudeaux's pictures of Parisian artists and rustic girls—the sophisticated city poisoning the country with its fascination and its superior brain-power—have been several times engraved. There is always a sly jest or amusing contrast of character in them. Thus in "The Artist's Rest; a Landscape Study," in this collection, the buxom, inexperienced farmer's daughter comes perpetually up to the bars, like a bird fascinated by a serpent, lingering and delighted, finding an expedient



THE PICTURE BOOK.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU.

or a forgotten trifle every time, and making a pretext for staying out of the explanation that she must be going. Her

point to retreat or advise flight, but she lingers, and smiles, and hesitates, and finds a moment for one more word. The lordly recipient of this simple homage has nothing harder to do than to lie on his back in the grove, and smoke, and be irresistible. "He is but a landscape painter, and a village maiden she;" but our Lord of Burleigh is for this innocent adorer the most distinguished and aristocratic of beings. It is a pretty summer game—for a Parisian, the true essence of country charm. When an over-citified young man from the Latin Quarter or Montmartre bids adieu to his rouged and depraved assortment of city models, and begins to try and fascinate a mere humble country model in a muslin cap, he feels the innocence of Eden stealing over his soul. All things are comparative; and intrigue may become simplicity to the

clinging to her with the confidence of instinct; one is at her breast, one spells his lesson at her feet, one cowers in the shelter of her robe and looks out upon the world as if its most hostile powers were futile against the asylum built up out of Charity's mantle. Bouguereau is often reproached for the smoothness and polish of his style, for the even and regular finish which makes perfection a defect. But with a theme like this the adamant surface becomes an assistant of the impression: it makes "Charity" seem invulnerable, as she should be. Bouguereau is a draughtsman of high accomplishments, though not the highest. He never seeks the more difficult problems, and his drawing is patient and finished, with no Rembrandtesque mystery, no vigorous foreshortening, no starting out from the canvas of projecting parts; with these



RUTH AND BOAZ.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ALEXANDRE CABANEL.

conscience by mere force of contrast with other forms of intrigue that are particularly artificial.

Bouguereau is represented in one of those serene, elaborate, polished compositions which show the hand of experience, the eye of taste, the tranquillity of a habit of success. With him, at this period, a picture seems almost to paint itself; there is no hesitation, no after-thought. Taking for his authority the noble "Charity" of Andrea del Sarto, in the Louvre, he composes a group so placid, fixed, and elegant, that we seem to be rapt into some ideal state of being, where the accidents of life are unfeared or unknown, and the underlying serenities of existence alone exist, in their permanent manifestation. "Charity" seems a habit of human nature, not an accident of impulse. This tranquil young "Charity," who sits in her shrine with the tenderness of a peasant-mother and the fixity of an idol, has an eternal look which is reassuring for the permanence of the human virtues; no fear that she will change to-morrow and become uncharitable. The temperament is fixed, her beneficence is everlasting. The babes

sensational surprises of the painter's trade he has nothing to do; his canvases have hardly more light and shade than works of sculpture. They avoid those climaxes which seek to surprise, and which have the effect of diverting the eye from the general expression to be lost in a sense of wonder at the technical legerdemain. The impression he seeks, on the contrary, depends on the placid elegance of a true and just contour, on our satisfaction in a form of beauty. One can imagine a warmer-hearted, a more emotional "Charity" than this. But the emotions are remittent and unreliable, and a deliberate consideration of the case will lead us to feel a more permanent faith in this "Charity" who shows the patience of long habits of benevolence, the repose of a native world of goodness that is subject to no change, no chance, no caprice. The background of one treatment of this is a niche like that of some cathedral statue, a marble chair of throne-like grandeur, a sumptuousness of robes that seem precious and sacerdotal; "Charity" is exalted among the virtues, and revealed in vision for the homage of mankind, not caught up with the stains and



E. MITCHELL DEL. & SCULPT.

The Grasshopper

G. RAY DEL. & SCULPT.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

From the original picture in the collection of H. B. Hall, Esq.

1840.

accidents of humanity upon her. Millet would have made her, perhaps, a ragged peasant-nurse with meagre appliances and resources; that would have been the accident of goodness, not its permanence and stability. The view of our painter is different, and he presents "the greatest of these" as a divine manifestation, with no insecurity about her supply, no earthly shortcoming about her beneficence. He is not so fixed in his

Book." It is a life-size representation of a little boy's head and shoulders, with a large scrap-book placed before the wondering and curious eyes.

The reminiscences of travel—natural to one who has voyaged far into the East and the tropics—have a place of honor in this gallery. "The Noonday Halt on the Nile, near Cairo," by Leopold Carl Müller, of Vienna, is a large and



THE HOUR OF THE APPOINTMENT.

ENGRAVED BY DUMONT FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. TOULMOUCHE.

conception, however, but that he is able at need to figure "Charity" as a dweller in green lanes and rustic hamlets. Another replica of the same figure, likewise owned in New York, and the property of Mr. Drexel *filis*, delineates the same figure with the same infants, seated on a country bank, with green trees around her and fresh sod under her feet. Charity indeed may be revealed among the shrines of churches or among the wildness of nature. The feeling is the same, and the refinement of goodness that forgets self and spends for others is the adornment alike of the marble hall and the rural village. Bouguereau is seen in Mr. Hawk's collection in another example, a smaller painting entitled "The Picture-

crowded scene, full of carefully-studied oriental types of character. By Le Brun, of Paris, is another Eastern scene, with figures. An old traveler is never tired of studying these faithful representations, which fix the impression of distant scenes in the memory, and have the force of taking one directly back to recollected pleasures.

One of the loveliest figures yet painted by Jacquet, the admirable artist of the "Reverie" in the Luxembourg, is the representation of a girl "Going Out for a Walk" and buttoning her glove (canvas 2x6 feet.) The beauty of her face, the elastic grace with which she stands, the discreet richness of color and opulence of accessories, make this lady a glorious

addition to one's circle of household inmates. The connoisseur with discrimination and means enough to acquire such pictures may always move in the society of the "élite."

"The Naturalists" is one of the glancing, sparkling water-colors of Vibert, representing a type of scientist common enough in Germany and France; where an English gentleman out of work becomes a Pickwick, and takes to spelling out undecipherable inscriptions on buried stones, his brother on the continent acquires an appetite for the innocent butterflies, and rises as promptly to a beetle of unusual brilliancy as a gudgeon would do. Vibert has appreciated the fun of the thing, and devoted a page of serio-comic satire to the movements of this curious animal, the would-be savant.

Rambert's agreeable picture of "Wieland Reading one of his Poems" corresponds, in school of painting and style of treatment, with Beyschlag's "Sunday Afternoon," already considered. In both, we have the same kind of buxom young German women of redundant health, through whose stout tissues goes stealing the exquisite poison of the little love-god. In the one picture, as Wieland reads his poetry to a pretty cousin and comrade—in the other, as the young frauleins observe that the young men are following them—a sudden sweet dilatation of the healthy cardiac organ takes place; the powerfully constructed lungs swell—that is to say the bosom heaves; the enviable circulation concentrates in the massive jaw—that is to say, the cheek blushes. An organism

that seems intended for giants, feels the stress of the softest of emotions, and exalted raptures, wild dreams, delicate refinements of feeling, are turned into the cells of bodies tending to a lusty embonpoint—like Ariel's spirits flaming amazement in the stout ship of Prince Ferdinand. Elevated hallucinations in the bodies of Titanesses, magnificent lungs heaving and blowing with sensibility, languishing tenderness in eyes made dreamy with beer—these are the conditions of sentiment in Germany. Wieland here, with the youthful comeliness so dwelt on in the memoirs, sits reading his poetry to his inamorata of the day. That she is fond of sauer-kraut does not disturb his sentiment in the least. To digest one's sausage and feel the poet's sacred fire along with Cupid's,—between one fair listener who is digesting cabbage, and another who assimilates pumpernickel,—what can be more German, what can be more full of *geist*?

Another instance of this treatment of the buxom German type of beauty occurs in "The Deer Park," by young Fritz Kaulbach; but this time in a presentment so elevated, so refined, so etherealized, that the last stigma of Philisterism seems disappearing, and the Munich belle seems to sink her remaining traces of a Gothic origin in a delicacy quite on a par with any to be found in the Latin races. The picture is a lovely fancy, of fair women making acquaintance with their shy sisters, the fawns. Like Coleridge's albatross, the wild things grow partly human with human food.

CATALOGUE OF MR. SAMUEL HAWK'S COLLECTION.

ALVAREZ, L.—*The Flower Shop*.
 BÉRANGER, EMILE.—*The Young Mother*.
 BEYSCHLAG, R.—*Sunday Afternoon*.—*Middle Age*.
 BLUM, R.—*Venetian Bead-Stringers*. Water-color.
 BOUGHTON, G. H.—*An Idyl*.
 BOUGUEREAU, W.—*Charity*.
 " " *The Young Reader*.
 BUELLANGER, G.—*Turkish Jantler*.
 BRETON, JULES.—*The Gleaner*.
 BRICHER, A.—*Autumnal Moonrise*. Water-color.
 CARANEL, A.—*Lucretia and Tarquinius Sextus*.
 " " *Ruth and Boaz*.
 CHAPLIN, CH.—*Prayer*.
 CHURCH, F. E.—*South American Landscape*.
 COLEMAN, S.—*Venetian Boats at Public Garden*.
 Water-color.
 CONTI, TITO.—*The Wine-Taster*.
 COROT, J. B. C.—*Landscape*.
 DE BEUL, L.—*Sheep in Snow-Storm*.
 DEFREGGER, F.—*The New Brother*.
 DESGOFRE, B.—*Flowers*.
 DETAILLE, E.—*Salvating the Wounded*.

DEVRIENT, JULIAN.—*Christine de Pisa*.
 DIAZ DE LA PENA, N.—*Landscape*.
 " " " *Fountainhead*.
 DIEFFENBACH, E.—*Convalescent*.
 DUPRÉ, J.—*Landscape*.
 DURAND, A. B.—*Landscape*.
 GIFFORD, S. R.—*Castle of Chillon*.
 HART, J. M.—*Cattle at the Ford*.
 HEALDE, M. J.—*Tropical Landscape*.
 " " *Apple-Blossom*.
 HÜNNER, J.—*Holland Interior*.
 HUNTINGTON, D.—*Clement VII and Charles V Visiting Titian*.
 JACQUE, CH.—*Sheep in Snow-Storm*.
 JACQUET, J. G.—*Going to the Races*.
 KAULBACH, F. A.—*The Music Lesson*.
 " " *The Deer Park*.
 KENSITT, J. F.—*Scene on the Missouri River*.
 LEINWEBER, H.—*The Old Story*.
 LEPOUTTEVIN, E.—*The Arrival*.
 MAX, G.—*Head*.
 MERLH, H.—*Grandmother's Story*.

METZMACHER, E.—*The Grasshopper and the Ant*.
 MEYER VON BREMEN.—*Return to the Old Home*.
 MÖLLER, C. L.—*Halt of Caravan*.
 MUNKÁCSY, M.—*Peasants entering Church*.
 NISKEY, E.—*Springtime*.
 PALMAROLI, V.—*The Coyette*. [Poem.]
 RAMBERG, F. A. VON.—*Wieland Reading one of his*
 RICHARDS, W. T.—*Sea-Shore*.
 RIEFSTAHL, W.—*Entering the Monastery*.—*Tyrol*.
 RUDAU, E.—*A Landscape Study*.
 SCHREYER, A.—*Arabs on the War-Trail*.
 SEIDEL, GUSTAVE.—*Flowers*.
 SEIGNAC, P.—*Learning to Read*.
 SHATTUCK, N. D.—*Landscape*.
 TILTON, J. R.—*Island of Philis*.
 TOULMOUCHE, A.—*The Hour of Return*.
 T'SCHAGENY, E.—*The Shepherd's Pet Flock*.
 VAUTHIER, B.—*The Thief*.
 VIBERT, J. G.—*The Naturalists*. Water-color.
 VOLTE, J. F.—*Cattle*.
 WEBB, C. M.—*The Critics*.
 ZISM, FELIX.—*Doge's Palace, Venice*.



THE RETURN TO THE CONVENT.
 From the Original Drawing in the Collection of Mr. H. G. Walling, New York.

Printed by J. H. P.



ANCIENT CONVENT WALLS, NEAR SEVILLE.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FOR HIS PAINTING BY MARTIN RICO.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. R. L. CUTTING.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY ROCHERGROISE.

ESTINY has guided into Mr. Cutting's hands a few pictures of no common order, pictures representing the best phase of modern genius, and of which the possession would be disputed by experienced collectors the world over. The two

examples of Fortuny, the Madrazo, with its rare effect of rain on a thronging street-scene, and above all the unsurpassable Zamacois, earnest of a genius now extinct,—these specimens argue a nice taste and rare advantages of opportunity. The last-named is especially fine. Never did the regretted Spanish youth wrap himself in a more dazzling mantle of brilliant technique, never were his touches as a character-painter more Hogarthian and dramatic. Zamacois's

"Return to the Convent" represents a scene at the entrance to a Spanish Franciscan monastery, perched as usual on a hill. The roofs of a Spanish village, covered with snow, make the white squares of a chess-board pattern on the plain beneath, and snow lightly trodden lies around the frescoed wall and escutcheoned gateway of the dark cloister of the Pyrenees. As evening closes, the *frères quêteurs*, or mendicant monks, begin to return with their reports and their loot. The yield has been prodigious. The peaceful roofs below have been drained, emptied, phlebotomized, to the last drop of their capability of giving. The last sacred beggar comes toiling up the hill, staggering under his loaded sack; potted meats and toothsome preserves, well tied up in jars of faïence, encumber and cover the gateway; the melon, the basket of oranges, are set about indifferently in the snow, like champagne in ice. The white donkeys of those who have already arrived are tied up at the rings in the wall. But one of these donkeys is recalcitrant, and will not be persuaded to approach: his rider is the firmest and fattest and most strong-willed friar in the monastery. He is not to be thwarted by the obstinacy of a brute, and the question becomes one of survival of the fittest. Already the balking animal has pulled the monk, firm as a statue on his set heels, a long distance away from the entrance, his scraping track making a fine slide in the snow; the hood

and little cap have fallen from his tansured head; his fine aquiline face, wont to be so imposing in the confessional, is wrinkled up with an agony of exasperation; and tête-à-tête with it is the equally willful profile of the donkey, its hideous yellow teeth denuded by the vicious curl of the lip, the ears set back as far as they will go, and the eye showing a little corner of blood-shot white. The worthy man's umbrella is planted in the snow; the pet spaniel of the holy house leaps over it in his excitement, like a circus performer. The items of the donkey's load that have preferred to roll are circulating

—Oh! those melons! If he's able
We're to have a feast; so nice!
One goes to the Abbot's table—
All of us get each—a slice!"

There are cowed faces in the corners, too seriously delighted with the friar's discomfiture to laugh. Their joy digests its meal of spite, tranquil and satisfied. Others, more frank, double themselves up in silent laughter, too timid to let the overbearing brother hear their delight, but revealing it in the fullest latitude of expression. Every type is represented,



LE BERGER ET LA MER.

ENGRAVED BY FAURE FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY AUGUSTE BONHEUR.

about the umbrella; those that have preferred to smash, as the eggs, are hesitating around the donkey's feet, in yellow puddles and bankrupt shells; the live ducks, tied together, are quacking and beating their wings,—all is devastation; the donkey is still calmly and unconquerably backing, and across the front of the tragedy the monk glides too in his tracks, rigidly passing before the eye from left to right, like a theatrical property of fixed expression and reluctant movement. This apocalyptic spectacle of their firm-charactered brother at a disadvantage, is too much for the risibles of the brotherhood. Are they all good-natured and sympathetic about it? Read Browning's *Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister*, to understand the tempers which are cultivated in convents by unwise seclusion and propinquity.

"There you go, my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damn'd flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you!"

the fat, the lean, the puckered, the contemplative. These hideously hilarious faces are a vision of sardonic joy.

The other Spaniard, Ramon de Madrazo, is superbly represented by his scene in a shower, "*Une Sortie de Vêpres.*" Spanish beauties, in mantillas and rich shawls, put up their little graceful umbrellas, like expanding primroses, to catch the rain. A priest dashes in for shelter, his sombre petticoats tucked up, with the intense concentration upon personal safety felt by elderly dowagers and pampered curés. Beggar-women, under umbrellas very different from those of the belles, squat at the portal, amphibiously begging in wet or dry indifferently. Over the pavement is a fresh varnish of rain that makes it a mirror. Apart from the figures, the landscape or impressional character of the study is most valuable. The artist makes capital out of the accident of rain to observe Nature in a novel aspect, glazed and enameled with a sudden film of brightness. We do not always appreciate the impromptu magician's mirror

which a passing shower can make. The ordinary work-day world is transfigured. The grimy ground becomes a floor of mirroring crystal. The transparent air is changed to a railing of glassy pencils, trembling, descending, changing among themselves, and forming a fluctuating screen over the distance. Stray sunbeams, imprisoned in this crystal fence, quiver over the objects. Where all was commonplace, all is now magic. The world becomes a fairy spectacle of diamond and pearl, the buildings are like ice-palaces, and lost sun-rays get imprisoned here and there, playing upon the salient surfaces that attract them. The artist has fixed a series of the most graceful characters of Spanish life and manners, to be brightened by new enamels and to inlay his polished panel. No more graceful *majas* than those of Madrazo ever entered into the love-dreams of Byron, or scintillated across the changeable canvas of Goya.

"Le Berger et la Mer," a conception of the year 1868, is by Auguste Bonheur. The barefoot shepherd-boy, sitting with a certain rustic grace on a grassy knoll by the ocean, dreams about what the old Greek poets used to call the flocks

ashore with every heave of the billow; the edge of the breaker shears them, and leaves them shining on the beach.



GARDEN OF THE PALAIS ROYAL—TIME OF THE DIRECTORY.
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. DETAILLE.

In his country simplicity he wonders how rich he would be if all the flocks of the sea were his. The repose of M. Bonheur's picture is "marvelous perfect." The playful and pretty lamb in front is the only living thing that seems to have any vivacity, and even it is lying down. The traditional black sheep has no reprobate character, but is meek as the rest. Over all the group the silence of noon seems to hang like a mesmeric spell. One travels very far from city life in contemplating such a picture.

The two specimens of Fortuny owned by Mr. Cutting are of the character of dazzling impromptus, defective but magical, obscure yet intense. An irregular, while dazzling, masterpiece is "The Conversation." This, if it had been ever finished, would have borne a certain resemblance to Mr. Stewart's "Amateurs of Engravings," being an interior of similar degree of illumination, with figures in old-fashioned costumes. Mr. Cutting's example is in an embryotic state, and makes one think of those limbos in Greek mythology where the soul of heroes stray, waiting to be born. If this composition could have been enabled to get prosperously through its period of gestation, a noble paragon it would have made: it belongs to the class of which, if they could only have succeeded in being alive, everything fine might have been expected—*tu Marcellus eris!* As it is, we see but vaguely the rich detail, veiled in incompleteness, of the massive room, the ponderous calm of eighteenth-century



POMPEIAN MAIDEN.
ENGRAVED BY LOS EOS FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. DETAILLE.

of Neptune, the silver fleeces of the foam. A line of these bright fleeces, glossy, just-washed, uncontaminated, is driven

slowness and idleness in the sitters, with their rich and formal costume, the suppleness of the couchant dog, the flexible flutter of the female figure. It is something like the débris of butterflies' wings in an entomologist's neglected box. A large, magnificent hound dreams in the foreground: he is himself a dream. To develop things into accurately modeled objects is but 'prentice toil henceforth. This singular and interesting picture was partly sketched in oil, partly in water-color. Another Fortuny, with a figure on a larger scale, is an "Oriental Driver" among his hounds. The squatting human figure is designed with all needful skill, but it has nothing of the magician's rod laid upon it; you do not feel the strong hint of creative power, the surmise of a creator doing his mighty business, which you perceive in the other picture.

The specimen of Boldini owned by Mr. Cutting was one of the first brought to this country, and remains one of the most charming. The ladies are playing with a parrot—that is all the incident—there is no sentiment, or moral, or profound meaning; the composition is a mosaic of difficult textures and petal-like colors, and reminds one of the designs made of flowers on South American pavements on the occasion of certain festivals. The modish graces of yonder fair dame, in her Reine Hortense costume, are ephemeral, mundane, capricious; our artist can catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of the minute. A new material and vehicle seem to have been found by Boldini for pictures like this; they have the iridescence, seemingly, of insects' wings, of Cyprus glass, of changeable silk.

There is an unusual self-consistency in the collection of Mr. Cutting. The efforts of the Spanish-Roman school of painters—men so frankly considering a canvas as a mere decoration—associate perfectly with the various figures in the

costume of the "Incredibles," attending nonchalantly to duels, or grasping their clubbed sticks in the Palais Royal, like the conspirators in "Madame Angot." It is one general world of superficial modes, careless yet enlightened manners, brightness, ease and euphemism. This triviality of subject does not exclude very conscientious and studious technic. Thus, among the more striking pictures, Sorbi's "Duellists" are cool, well-bred, unscrupulous, but unquestionably courageous, true ci-devants of the court of Mme. Tallien; the same artist's "Pompeian Maiden," aware that her destiny is towards a purely decorative function, stands calmly and adjusts her bracelet with the simple gravity—as of a being born to be looked at—that distinguishes the Caryatids of the Athenian portico. Detaille's dandies, with the gravity and responsibility of perfectly dressed standards, occupy conspicuous hired chairs in the public garden, so as to place themselves well "in evidence." To make the bull's-eye watches, ticking in each fob, run alike, and adjust them both by the noon explosion of the Palais Royal cannon, is the weightiest care of their existence.

Rico's "Ancient Convent Walls, near Seville" are sketched with his peculiar crisp, sunny pencil, flashing over the architecture and the trees like the searching light of a bull's-eye lantern; his own beautiful sketch, in that vigorous etching touch, wherein he is every artist's master, gives the motive of this composition on one of our pages. And, to make these Incroyables, these Boldini ladies, these Spanish-Roman subjects, still more at home—to give them all the mutual support of a coterie—there are placed near them works by Villegas, and Alvarez, and De Nittis, and Vibert. The ante-chamber of Godoy, "the Prince of the Peace," might have been hung with such landscapes, and rustled with the buckram of such knights and damsels.

CATALOGUE OF MR. R. L. CUTTING'S COLLECTION.

ACHENBACH, A.—*The Mountain Torrent*.
 ALVAREZ, LUIS.—*Filtration in a Grotto*.
 BÉRAUD, J.—*On the Boulevard*.
 " " *On the Champs Elysées*.
 BERNE-BELLECOUR, E.—*In the Woods*.
 BOLDINI, G.—*The Parrot*.
 " " *Fishing on the Seine*.
 BONHEUR, AUGUSTE.—*Le berger et la mer*.
 BOGAARD.—*In the Stable*.
 BOUGDIERA, W.—*The Bunch of Grapes*.
 CARRUTHER, E.—*The New-Born Lamb*.
 CHARNAY, A.—*Boating Party*.
 " " *The Poultry-Yard*.
 CHIALIVA, L.—*The Turkey-Pasture*.
 CLAYS, P. J.—*Boats on the Menne*.
 " " *Dutch Boats on the Scheldt*.
 COROT, J. B. C.—*Morning*.

DALBANO, E.—*Going to Church*. Water-color.
 DE BRAMONT, E.—*The Well*.
 DE NITTIS, G.—*The Quarrel*.
 DETAILLE, E.—*Les Incroyables*.
 DIAZ DE LA PENA, N.—*The Faggot Gatherer*.
 DUTRAY, L. H.—*Soldiers*.
 DUFRÉ, JULES.—*The Pond*.
 FORTUNY, M.—*Tête-à-Tête*.
 " " *Arab and Dogs*.
 FROMENTIN, E.—*Donkey at a Ford*.
 GAUDEPROY, A.—*Bien gardée*.
 GOUBIE, R.—*Equestrians*.
 HEULLANT, A.—*An Idyl*.
 JACQUE, CH.—*Sheep and Shepherdess*.
 MADRAZO, R.—*Sortie de vépres*.
 " " *The Bouquet*.

MOREAU, A.—*Lady in Wheat-Field*.
 MOUCHOT, L.—*The Monkey-Tamers*.
 RICO, D. M.—*Ancient Convent Walls, near Seville*.
 " " *Landscape*.
 " " *On the Seine*.
 SORBI, R.—*The Duel*.
 " " *A Pompeian Maiden*.
 STEVENS, A.—*The Surprise*.
 TISSOT, J.—*Summer Hours*.
 VAN MARCKE, E.—*Cattle*.
 VIBERT, J. G.—*The Captain's Letter*.
 VILLEGAS, JOSÉ.—*The Armorer's Shop*.
 VOLLON, A.—*Cherries and Parrot*.
 WORMS, JULES.—*The Love-Letter*.
 ZAMACÓIS, E.—*Return to the Convent*.
 ZERM, F.—*The Doges' Palace, Venice*.



HERCULES AND OMPHALE.

From the original Painting in the Collection of Mr. W. W. Benson, Brooklyn.

BARRIE, PHILADELPHIA.



W. & C. COLEMAN, DEL.

Engraved 1851 by J. B.

H. STUBBS, COLLECTOR, & CO.

ART AND LITERATURE.

From the Original Drawing in the Collection of the late Col. J. Bricker, Jenkins, Baltimore.

SAVED FOR THE ALPHABET



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GRAVER: GOUPEL & CO.

A YOUNG ROMAN AT THE BATH.

From the Original Painting in the Collection of Mr. C. J. Smith, New York.

HARPER, PHILADELPHIA

MISCELLANEOUS ART TREASURES.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY MUNKÁCSY.

BYING concealed in a handsome house in Philadelphia, seldom examined and utterly out of the current of the connoisseur's researches, is the fine collection of pictures made in Europe in two or three seasons, some ten years back, by Mr. W. P. WILSTACH. This noble gallery, now treasured by Mrs. WILSTACH rather as a souvenir and relic of widowhood than as a pleasure-giving

hoard, was gathered under the best advice by the intelligent collector, and is noted as containing the famous picture of Munkácsy's début, "The Last Day of a Condemned Man"—a crowded prison-scene, with a Hungarian criminal confined for murder. The picture is a superb study of contemporary romance, and is full of wild original types of the Danubian peasantry, ranging from the scowling and sullen assassin to gentle forms of women and children,—among which last the prisoner's little daughter is studied by the artist from the same model as that in the sketch which forms the initial to this chapter. The WILSTACH collection contains fine examples of almost every living master. Among the wealth of specimens, the canvas selected for illustration, "Grandfather's Birthday," is an example of the sumptuous painter of festival scenes, Carl Becker. The birthdays of the poor, and the family consolations of indigence, are no theme for Herr Becker's pencil; Burns and Crabbe are not to his taste. He revels in depicting the joys of the family where "family" means something ancestral and immemorially prosperous. He takes us back into the splendors of past ages, and into the gayer times before Germany was Protestant. Here, among the splendid furniture turned out by the old cathedral-carvers, the rich hangings from Arras, and the brocades and velvets woven in Flanders, he composes scenes of well-bred domestic revel. Carl Becker was born in 1820 at Berlin, where he still lives as professor in the government art school. A pupil of Cornelius, the mystical and philosophical fresco painter and portrayer of Bible scenes, Becker has taken an entirely different line from his master's. The exposition of religions and philosophies has no charm for him. He goes back for the great day of German and Flemish and Dutch painting for all that they can yield of luxury and pomp. Rubens teaches him the beauty of florid complexions and splendid costumes, Franz Hals and Van der Helst lend him the jewelry and

velvets and laces of their grand portraits. This taste for parade almost allies him with the old school of Venetian colorists. It is complained, however, that of late he paints with less feeling than of old, that his eye for color is declining, and that he is straying further and further from the Venetian harmony, satisfying himself with old tricks of contrast and stale recipes. "Instead of gaining in clearness and depth," says a writer in the *Zeitschrift*, "he has got lost in a superficial decorative mannerism that is not very far from carpet ornamentation." The best German critics, however, still regard Carl Becker as a true son of Rubens, one of the standard-bearers of the modern German school in the principles derived from the glorious old Nuremberg glass-stainers. "His talent," says Ludwig Pietsch, "has two beautiful and unusual peculiarities; it does not allow itself to be turned from its course by any irritating expressions of ill-will from the critics, nor does flattery lull it into inaction and self-satisfaction. He works on unweariedly, with a desired goal ever before his mind. In this way he has succeeded, in his own manner, in accomplishing unusual things; he excites popular approbation with unexpected feats, and by his last works has silenced the voices of the carpers and disarmed his opponents." Certainly the painter of "Durer at Venice" and "The Petition to the Doge," and of this glittering scene of a "Grandfather's Birthday" has little to fear from rivalry in the particular flowery walk he has chosen.

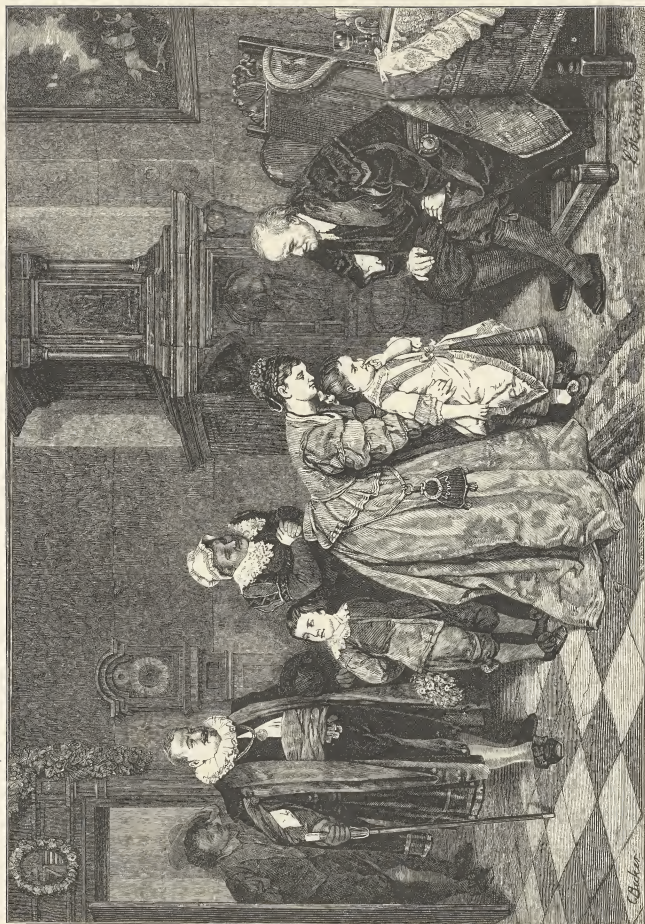
Kaulbach's "Mother-Love" is owned, in its large life-size form, by Mr. PROBASCO, of Cincinnati. A diminished color-study by the artist's hand is to be seen in the GIBSON gallery, at Philadelphia. The picture is an allegory of Maternity. A classical-looking and superb female figure, in draperies of no particular period, and in a landscape environment that does not shelter but is simply decorative, embraces an eager group of four little children of different ages. The woman's visage is of that long-faced Austrian type, with high cheek-bones and prominent mouth, which the example of Marie Antoinette teaches us to accept as one of the forms of beauty. It is the fellow of a great many fair and strong faces which Kaulbach has introduced into his various allegorical compositions. America is rather rich in the works of this great frescoer and cartoonist,—this painter of mighty Battles of the Huns, Confusions of Babel, and Crusades. The example in Mr. Probasco's gallery, however, is certainly his most important oil-painting in this country. Miss C. L. Wolfe, of New York, owns his "Triumph of the Cross," the Pennsylvania Academy his portrait of the great art-patron, Ludwig of Bavaria, and the mother of the late Mr. Durfee, of Fall River, the celebrated cartoon of the "Reformation." Wilhelm von Kaulbach died in 1874, in possession of a professorship at the Munich

Academy, that Academy which has so completely renounced his teaching for the more practical realism of Leibl and Lenbach. He was one of the *vielle garde*, one of the last Seers or visionary painters of the old school of Cornelius and Schadow. He was born in 1805 at Arolsen. Cornelius was his instructor, at Düsseldorf, and he removed to Munich at the age of twenty-one. The New Museum at Berlin is filled with his gigantic frescoes, each of which represents some typical moment of history, represented fancifully, with attendant angels and powers of the air. From this grand, or at least grandiose, style he could willingly stoop to the satiric familiarity of "Reynard the Fox." The strong love of fable which characterized his intellect was equally happy in homely satire or more ambitious allusion. On the whole, vicious as are the examples of Kaulbach for models in a painting-school, they must be recognized as impressive specimens of the reach and originality of the profound German mind, in its incomparable fecundity of illustration and invention.

The German school is represented, again, in Carl Hoff's "The Unexpected Return," in the Philadelphia gallery of Prof. FAIRMAN ROGERS. This is a celebrated picture, a vast favorite in the shape of photographs and engravings, and probably, on the whole, its author's masterpiece. A gallant knight, of the indefinite romantic period wherein so many operas are laid, comes home to his family; words are unnecessary to describe the rush of the young wife into her husband's arms, the trembling joy of the old parents, the smiling congratulations of the family servants, the whole tableau of a home awakened from suspense into delight. The meeting is placed at the hour of the household banquet, giving the opportunity for the painter to develop his skill in depicting a rich table-service. All is velvet and lace and silver in this tender scene—all is embroidery in this ballad of the affections; it is Emotion in her Sunday rig. Carl Hoff, however, in showing home life in its sumptuousness, works with a difference from his compatriot Becker; he gives the delicacy, the transparency, the attenuation of painting, in the same environment and theme which Becker loads down with the burly splendor and impasto of a Rubens or a Jordaens. While Becker seems to exaggerate the thickness of the silks, and carve the furniture like church porticos, Carl Hoff refines upon everything with a kind of dilettante touch, as if he had in mind the decorative porcelain painters of Dresden, who worked when Marcolini was superintendent of the royal potteries.—Also, in Prof. ROGERS' gallery, is a witty little picture by O. Cortazzo, a young Italian artist of the present day. "The Interrupted Sitting" shows a modern studio; a handsome spark of an artist, who is probably Signor Cortazzo himself, has been painting Venus rising from the sea—of course from a living female model in the authentic costume of that event. The visitors who descend upon him are his intended bride—one of those pure and candid girls who come out of the convent to the bridal in Catholic countries,—her mother, a dowager enthroned on the proprieties, and the correctly grave footman. The baggage has scuttled behind a screen, wrapping a studio drapery about her; the proprietor of the place, bowing and looking over-innocent, receives the

procession of dragons, taking care to stand where he can intercept at need any prowling round the screen, which at this moment hides a secret almost as awkward as does the famous screen in the *School for Scandal*. This quiet little picture bears investigation; it is impossible to suppress a whimsical smile of appreciation as you perceive that the artist, with neatest sense of *les mœurs*, has chosen just those kind of beings for the bride and her mother who would do the most harm in case the bottom fell out of the basket. The girl is just the kind that would break her heart most precipitately; the dowager has just the sort of lips to turn from honey to vinegar. Oreste Cortazzo was born at Rome in 1836, of Neapolitan parentage. Coming to Paris, he entered the atelier of Bonnat, and his first Salon exhibition was made in 1869. In the next year, 1870, he exhibited there the "Interrupted Sitting."

Mr. A. J. DREXEL, of Philadelphia, is the possessor of Ramon de Madrazo's "Soubrette," whose Paris name is "Dindon Tendre." This life-size figure is a masterpiece of technical art. Painting flesh in a blonde tone, without any darks, is the terrible quicksand of oil-color manipulation, and Madrazo has perfectly succeeded, in a large picture which is of uniformly high key throughout. This masterly canvas is truly worthy of a brother-in-law of Fortuny. The personage represented is the favorite model and eternal guest of Madrazo's Paris studio. Here she is represented in her costume of the masked-ball, with the assumed theatrical innocence of the soubrette; a bouquet and a letter at her feet are the accessories. Such a modish, mundane, bewitching picture, seemingly dusted all over with pearl-powder and pastel, is more important than its flippancy of subject would indicate. It comprises, for the artist, some of the most difficult problems of his craft, solved with the easy mastery of a magician.—In Mr. DREXEL's collection is also to be seen a crowded genre-picture of considerable size, "The Marriage at the Church." It corresponds with "The Marriage at the Mayor's Office," by the same artist,—Simon Durand of Geneva, the principal genre-painter of Switzerland, without a rival since his compatriot Vautier went off to live in Düsseldorf. It is a street-scene in Geneva, with a very burgher-like party getting out of carriages to enter a church-door. The street is narrow, the church is squat, heavy and gloomy, the lumbering cabs of Geneva are not distinguished for elegance or style. A street Arab has condescended to attach himself to the tail-board. The discrimination of character in bride, groom, and parents, is worthy of any comedy-writer in the world, and all the happy scene harmonizes together to show the honest, frugal, unfashionable alliances in the provincial towns of the Republic. The companion to this picture, (not in Mr. DREXEL's collection, but exhibited at the last Paris Exposition) showed the Civil Marriage, or that in the Mayor's office; and here a sorry joke was introduced by the painter, for the bridegroom was absent, and the bride in her orange-blossoms, and her family in kid gloves, and the mayor in his scarf, were all made to await a most problematical appearance. Sad is the bride who goes to the wedding of a fugitive bridegroom! M. Durand, in this pair of pictures, respectively



GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CARL BECKER IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. A. H. WILSTADT, PHILADELPHIA.



LA SOUBRETTE.

PARIS. — 1888.



GRAVED BY G. D. N. CO.

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THE INTERRUPTED SITTING

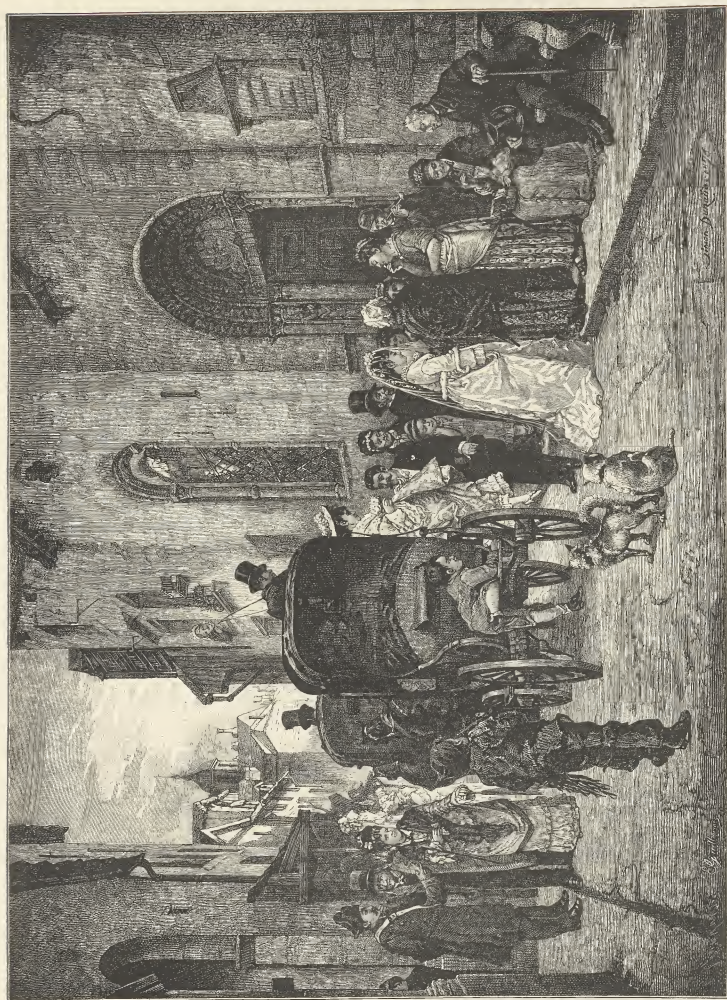
From the Original Painting in the Collection of Mr. William Rogers, Philadelphia.

MADE IN - PITTSBURGH



WASHERWOMEN ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY D. N. KNIGHT, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. J. G. WELLS, PHILADELPHIA.



A MARRIAGE AT CHURCH.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SIMON DUKAND, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. A. J. DREXEL, PHILADELPHIA.

illustrates the civil and the religious marriage, either of which is binding in free Switzerland. The laws governing a Geneva wedding are explained by Victorien Sardou, in his ingeniously-constructed drama of *Daniel Rochat*, where the gravest complications are made to pursue a French bridegroom who weds by the civil ceremony in Geneva.

The Philadelphia collection owned by Mrs. J. GILLINGHAM FELL contains some pictures of unusual excellence, such as J. F. Millet's "Feeding the Poultry," Rousseau's "Plain of Barbizon," Oswald Achenbach's "Ball-Players at the Villa Torlonia," and Merle's "*La Folle*," or "The Crazy Mother," a picture which cost, when pictures were cheaper, as much as ten thousand dollars. Mrs. FELL's gallery also includes some exceptionally fine home work, amongst which "The Washerwomen," by D. R. Knight, is one of the best American pictures. Another scene with "Washerwomen," by Mr. Knight, having the same general qualities, is selected for illustration; it belongs to Mr. MATTHIESSEN, of New York. Of these two corresponding canvases, that of Mr. MATTHIESSEN shows a heavily-laden beldam, at the right, leaving, with her daughter, the row of kneeling girls; that of Mrs. FELL shows, at the right, a pretty boy lifting a pail of water. It is a little drama of that sweetest hour when, like the chorus in a village opera, the women of the place can all collect by the edge of the sweet purling water, and gossip and entertain each other to their hearts' content over work that is almost like play. American housewives know nothing of this enjoyable drama, played every week in concert, when the free stream is the wash-tub, the wooden bat the weapon, and there is neither scalding nor rattle of machinery. What the club is to a man, the meeting at the *lavoir* is to the woman. The charm of Mr. Knight's painting consists in his appreciation of this holiday-like and almost idyllic character belonging to the merry and social French washing-party. Mr. Knight, a pupil of the Pennsylvania art-academy, studied under Gleyre in Paris, returned to America for a bride about 1869, and immediately removed to France for a permanency, where he has resided since without interruption. His abode is fixed at Poissy, near Meissonier's studio, where the famous master extends to the young American an honor he very seldom allows—that of signing himself the pupil of Meissonier.

The just-mentioned painter, Gleyre, author of "The Young Roman's Bath," in the New York collection of Mr. C. Stewart Smith, might have been alluded to immediately after the other Swiss painter, Durand, but that it was desirable just then to keep among the Philadelphia galleries. Gleyre, whose best contribution to America thus adorns a New York drawing-room, is the most considerable classic painter ever produced by Switzerland. Entirely unlike his younger compatriots, Durand and Vautier, he restrained himself to the academic style, which he managed with a grace and knowledge all his own, sweeping the whole broad lyre of classic beauty with a most delicate, if not a most powerful hand. When he died recently, the Swiss authorities made liberal offers for the "Young Roman's Bath," to adorn the national gallery of home glories, thus indicating this particular canvas as desirable and creditable beyond the common. It simply

represents a girl who has herself been taking a bath, watching a nurse as she washes a boy baby at an alabaster font. The figures are all good, but the supreme elegance and purity of the nude and aristocratic girl, as she leans on her slender wrists at the basin, is something memorable. This picture, belonging to the day when the triumvirate of academic art in Paris consisted of Ingres, Delaroche and Gleyre, is of a certain cultured, almost mannered refinement of line and pose which hardly a modern artist attempts. One may admire as much as one will the austere and pure nudes of Jules Lefebvre, but always in them one sees marks on the artist's part of the struggle for attainment, while with Gleyre we see the repose that has attained. In the figure of this sunny-haired Roman girl, with its fineness as of an ivory statue, we seem to see the artist's hand creating, with the calm of perfect knowledge and consummate taste. Gleyre, who spent his maturity in Paris, succeeded Delaroche as an instructor, and long maintained the most popular atelier or art-school in the capital. The French Government bought his "*Illusions Perdues*" for the Luxembourg Gallery. In his native canton is preserved with great reverence, among other specimens, his picture representing the ancient Swiss, the Helvetians, forcing the Roman army to pass under the yoke.

"Hercules and Omphale," by G. R. Boulanger, is a large painted group belonging to Mr. KENYON, of Brooklyn. The same theme, by the by, inspired the last-mentioned artist, Gleyre, to one of his most charming achievements. Boulanger's work exhibits plenty of anatomical knowledge and technical skill, but in taste it is defective, and any one can feel the artist's want of self-possession in delivering his idea. It is the straining of a painter accustomed only to a small scale and to manageable easel-pictures, determined to make something striking by main force. We seem to see the Farnese Hercules broken up on the ground, with its joints snapped, and with an irretrievable loss of the sense of proportion belonging to its natural attitude. That the Omphale is too vulgar, is not an error affecting the academic value or the science of the work; Rembrandt would have made her vulgar, and would in his way have made a masterpiece. But her figure is insufficiently modeled, and the posture is strained. The lack of self-control evident in the worker, resulting in remarkable sense of discomfort affecting every spectator, shows how dangerous and uneasy a thing it is for even a trained artist to leave his accustomed scale.

The group called "Art and Literature," by W. A. Bouguereau, belongs to the estate of the late Col. J. STRICKER JENKINS, of Baltimore. It shows the peculiar ease and polish of style belonging to this favorite and well-rewarded painter. A sitting and a standing Muse, furnished with a scroll or with an artist's palette to define their special tutelary providence, could hardly be represented by an artist in a more still and sculptural semblance, unless by—what would have been better—sculpture itself. The painting shows the figures in the size of life.

"The Right Road," by the late Hugues Merle, belongs to the collection of Mr. THOMAS WIGGLESWORTH of Boston. It shows the special temptations of a life of art. Young

Giorgione, or Masaccio, grasping the implements of his ennobling profession, pressing meditatively forward in the road of duty, and deafening his ear to the calls of Pleasure and Folly as they hail him from their portico, is a sufficient allegory of life at large. It is to be regretted that this bit of good advice was not concocted till the nineteenth century, as a major part of the young man's predecessors in the craft have gone directly counter to the way it inculcates. In the same collection is "The Reception of an Ambassador," by the young Spanish painter residing in Paris, Ignace Leon y Escosura. It is a pompous court-scene, laid in that glittering period of the Renaissance which the painter has studied to the very foundation, by means of an indefatigable accumulation of articles, weapons, furniture and costumes belonging to the era. The accessories may be relied on, down to the heads of the nails and the stitches in the embroideries. This little painting was long exhibited in the Boston Museum. In fact, a very large proportion of Mr. WIGGLESWORTH's pictures having been lent by him for the public enjoyment at various times, the privacy of his gallery (one by no means paraded to the curious inspection of the stranger), has been lost to such a degree that the idea of seclusion intended for it by its owner may be considered practically removed, and that by the most liberal, generous, public and far-reaching of revelations.

"Isn't it Cold?" one of the graphic bits of descriptive painting executed by Giuseppe De Nittis, belongs to Mr. C. J. BLAIR, of Chicago. Pretty city dames are seen on a path in the public park, taking exercise while their carriage waits for them in the background, and making the ungallant snow ashamed of itself by the plaintive interruption of their delicious little feet. De Nittis is an Italian, who seasoned himself to Paris for a time, but since the war with Prussia has been much in London. Evidently what surprises his warm Southern eye is the snow of the boulevards in winter, in Paris, or the rizzle of the clammy streets in London. These chilly aspects of climates alien to his own, have struck his fancy capriciously, and his landscapes are never so happy, so to speak, as when they have to tell of frost, and wet, and a

blanket of fog. His power of rendering the very inmost quality of these peculiar landscape impressions is unique, and recognized by all landscape painters. At the same time he is as subtle a student of the modern society-woman as any comedy-writer of Paris. Her postures, her graces, and her gait, her character as affected by city attrition, are evident to him as to a clairvoyant, and he can often put a whole horoscope into an attitude. It is not for me here to undertake the dangerous task of lowering Alfred Stevens, the painter of women *par excellence*, from his pedestal. But it happens that Stevens keeps his refined and sensitive woman in the salon. De Nittis has discovered another orbit for himself. He takes the city woman out of doors, and plants her in the most appropriate, the most harmonious, the most original of landscapes. His comments on landscape being quite acrid with their statement of unpleasant truths, and his interpretation of woman being keen and searching too, his setting of woman in an out-of-doors of his own is generally conspicuous for incisive truth and excellence. He is a sort of out-door Alfred Stevens.

James Bertrand, of Paris, who almost always paints elegies, is the author of the beautiful "Virginia," in the possession of ex-Minister KELLOGG, of Green Bay, Wisconsin. A small color-study for it, by the artist, is in the possession of Mr. John Wolfe, of New York. In this graceful picture we have the heroine of the world-famous novel of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who was drowned for a scruple of modesty. The graves of Paul and Virginia, on the estate of Pamplemousses, in Mauritius, are still shown to strangers. M. Bertrand has admirably expressed maidenly delicacy surviving in death, along with an uncommon share of grace; there is character even in the striped stuff of the dress, which is suitable to our ideas of the tropics—stripes ever getting broader and brighter, if the stage is to be believed, as the climate grows hotter. Here the tropical striped fabric, the real murderer of Virginia, is glued by the water to her fair young form, and forms at once her destruction and her shroud. Bertrand has no sweeter figure than the "Virginia."



END OF THE FIRST SERIES.



DESIGNED BY J. COOPER.

THE RECEPTION OF AN AMBASSADOR.

From the painting by the late Mr. J. C. Cooper, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

Printed by J. COOPER, 1788.



VIRGINIA.

From the original painting in the collection of the Hon. John W. Aldridge, New York.

1874.



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ISN'T IT COLD?

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THE UNEXPECTED RETURN.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CARL HOFF, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. FAIRMAN ROGERS, PHILADELPHIA.

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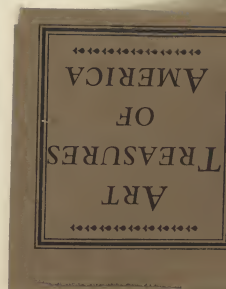
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